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IN TWO HEMISPHERES



JAMES D. LAW

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JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER.

Only child of Frederic de Peyster and Mary Justina Watts.

Brevet Major-General N. Y. Brigadier General M. F. S. N. Y., A. M., LL. D., Litt. D., Ph. D..

Hon. Fellow S. S. L. & A., London, Life Member R. S. of G. B. London, etc., etc.

In his 70th year.



HERE AND THERE IN TWO HEMISPHERES

BY

JAMES D. LAW

AUTHOR OF "DREAMS O' HAME," "COLUMBIA-CALEDONIA" AND OTHER SCOT-
TISH AND AMERICAN POEMS; "THE SEA-SHORE OF BOHEMIA";
"LANCASTER: OLD AND NEW," ETC.

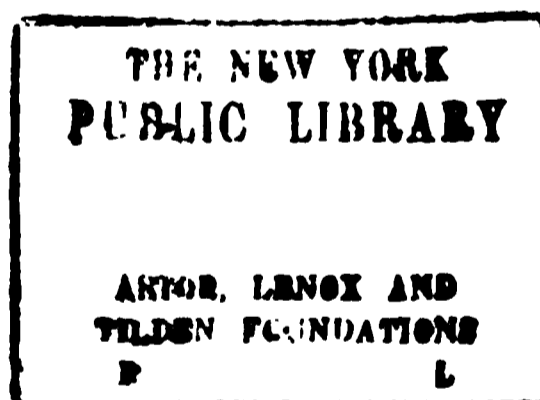
"Here a little, and there a little." —ISAIAH, XXVIII., 10.

FIRST SERIES

LANCASTER, PA., U. S. A.
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1903

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PRINTED BY
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY
LANCASTER, PA.

TO

GENERAL JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER

OF

"ROSE HILL" (TIVOLI P. O.), NEW YORK,

AND

NEW YORK CITY, U. S. A.,

SCHOLAR, PATRIOT, PHILANTHROPIST,

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED

PREFACE AND INTRODUCTION.

No matter what kind of a book one may produce it is impossible to please everybody. Some people will find fault with the title, and others with the topics; a certain clique will condemn the language, the grammar, the style; many critics will be opposed to the shortness of the chapters, while their length to a certain set will be their chief offence. Extra wise readers will find nothing novel, and many who do will not be generous enough to admit it. Even the envious ignoramus will be heard to murmur something about "old rubbish from the noospapers."

As to the autobiographical and personal strain that figures in the following pages I make no apology. The book is not only by me but very largely about me, and no one who has read the advertisement of it has bought it under any false pretences. It would have been an easy matter to have knocked out every "I" and yet even then the blindest reader could have seen as much "self"—and perhaps more, because of the studied attempt to hide it. In my opinion most forms of frankness are less offensive than a sickening attempt to appear unduly modest; a manly self-esteem is much more commendable than the "pride that apes humility."

I have but small respect for those
Whose pride can ne'er be tickled;
Could I arrange it, goodness knows
They'd all be caught and pickled.
While men can taste and see and hear
And gauge and weigh and measure
A little bit of wholesome cheer
Can give them no displeasure.
Away with all the mawkish airs
Of him who makes pretension
And says he neither knows nor cares

How folks his name may mention!
 The ladies don't—the pretty dears—
 In their polite dominion,
 But happy is the man who hears
 Another's good opinion.

There is just as much difference between outspoken accomplishment and empty braggadacio as there is between the real Ananias and the fabled George Washington. There is also

“A luxury in self-dispraise;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.”

Perhaps the least defensible paragraphs are those where my pen has been allowed to run on too liberally in a *relational* vein; or where allusions and references are made that may only be understood by a few intimate friends; but these are mistakes of the heart more than of the head, and if not fully appreciated by the majority of my readers may be excused in consideration of the bulk of other good things that all can undoubtedly enjoy.

If some passages seem severe in tone they have not been written with any wanton desire to declare what is unpleasant, or maliciously to show up the despicable, —but were considered necessary in giving a *truthful* account of what was seen or heard, and are now allowed to stand in the hope that by drawing attention to disappointing and depressing conditions they may be remedied or removed by those who have the power to do so. I am pleased and proud to say that some of my previously published strictures in this line have already borne good fruit, admittedly traceable to my pen, thus completely vindicating the writer and justifying what was written. Even if no better results should follow, reforms have been accomplished, and definitely promised, that will bring positive comfort and happiness to

not a few families for many generations, and by good example will undoubtedly benefit whole communities. It is sometimes necessary to be severe, and in the cases to which I allude the end justified the means.

In the desire to give variety and novelty, different styles and forms of presentation have been permitted in this book with the result that each chapter stands pretty much on its own merits. I have not bothered myself too much about pedantic technicalities, always preferring spontaneity of style to stiff and stilted correctness even were the latter at my command.

And now, to assume the *haut ton* of the superior writer: The author presents "Here and There" with confidence that it will give instruction to some and entertainment to many. He is willing to believe that the book will be found of sufficient interest to be read by most of those who shall have the opportunity, and may even to the great majority yield some pleasure in the operation. But that those who dissent may not feel either slighted or lonely, and also with a desire to help them to a few ready-made "fierce phrases and delightful denunciations" a brief glance at some famous by-gone reviews may not inappropriately be introduced here.

It is now pretty generally conceded that William Shakespeare is one of the greatest authors of all time. Samuel Pepys was an important man in his own day, and he also has left us—in his immortal "Diary"—one of the six most remarkable English books. Yet Pepys deliberately wrote down that in his opinion Shakespeare's Plays were insipid and ridiculous. Even Dryden preferred Beaumont and Fletcher to the Bard of Avon, and Voltaire could see nothing in him but a drunken savage. Byron contented himself with merely speaking slightly and sneeringly of the gentle William, and including Dryden in his list said such poets had their rise and they would also have their fall.

Samuel Johnson, the great Dr. Johnson, professional critic and king of his clan, did not hesitate to ridicule Milton's sonnets, Sterne's pathos, and Swift's satires. Of Gray who wrote the divine "Elegy" the lexicographer declared he was dull in company, dull in his closet and dull everywhere.

Horace Walpole took a whack at Johnson, and amongst other beautiful compliments said he was a pedant without either ear, taste or criterion of judgment; full of old women's prejudices; a polysyllabic pilferer, an absurd old babbler; utterly insensible to the graces of simplicity; his "Life of Reynolds" a trumpery performance, stuffed with crabbed phrases, vulgarisms and much trash imagined to be anecdotes; and his Diary like the Diary of an old almswoman, full of pride, bigotry, presumption and arrogance. Boswell's Life was simply the story of a Mountebank and his Zany. The truth is, says this elegant reviewer, Johnson was mad and his disciples never knew it; and Walpole finally asks, What will posterity think of us when it reads what an idol we adored? He also considered Sheridan's "Critic" wondrously flat and old; denounced Garrick as an endless and sickening seeker after flattery, and said Mrs. Siddons was quite commonplace. He decided that Goldsmith's Comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" was a very wretched comedy. She stoops, he sneered; yes, indeed, she does—the Muse, that is; she is draggled up to the knees, and she has evidently trudged from Southwark Fair; the author is immodest as his humor is low.

Coleridge looked up Walpole and said his "Mysterious Mother" was the most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. Of Goethe's "Faust" Coleridge wrote that it had no whole as a poem, the scenes were mere magic lantern pictures and a large part of the work very flat, much of

it, indeed, vulgar, licentious and blasphemous. The same critic said Gibbon's History was detestable, made up of a few prominent epochs exhibited by candle-light, and the whole only a disguised collection of fine anecdotes to be found in any book.

Coleridge caught it from Southey, who let him off easily, however, by simply remarking that "The Ancient Mariner" was the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity he ever saw.

Jeffrey's caustic comments on Wordsworth are better known. He began by saying, This will never do, clenched that by affirming that the case of Wordsworth was hopeless; that he gave him up as altogether incurable and beyond the province of criticism, his "Excursion" being a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, strained raptures and fanatical sublimities. Shelley was branded an unsparing imitator; as a whole insupportably dull; to tell what the writer knew about the poet would make a disgusting picture, but an unavoidable comment on his own text.

Gifford, in noticing Keats, repeats Keats, Keats, Keats, if that be his real name; and, continuing, confessed that he almost doubted any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody as "Endymion," a copy of Leigh Hunt, but more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype—rhymes, rhymes with no meaning.

Byron also spoke of the Keats trash, and wrote a letter wondering why some one did not review and praise "Solomon's Guide to Health" which had better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keats. No more Keats, he entreated,—flay him alive; if some of you don't I must skin him myself; there is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the mannikin.

Who has forgot the "Curritics" of the "*Athenæum*"

who dubbed Carlyle Blockhead and Strenuous Failure, and even so far back as Lockhart's day made good-natured Sir Walter Scott refer to them as trumpery fellows? Who shall say that their erudite ignorance was not highly honored when the Sage of Chelsea used their spoiled paper to kindle his breakfast-fire?

Of American authors it will be sufficient to quote what Peter Bayne said of Walt Whitman in the *Contemporary Review* as late as 1876. Bayne was editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and presumably had some taste and judgment with a wide experience in literature. He asserts that Whitman's entire work is founded on extravagance and affectation; that in whole or part it is atrociously bad and should be received with scorn and disgust; describing it as inflated, wordy, foolish prose; extravagant conceit; offensively silly, nauseous drivel; pretentious twaddle; showing evidence of idiocy; sensational, with fakir-like gesticulations; not more rational and infinitely less amusing than the talk of The Walrus and The Carpenter in "Alice through the Looking Glass"; mawkish rant and rubbish; brainless catalogues; a grave offence; an abominable blunder; unfit for society; senselessly foul; and finally the most flagrant and offensive example ever met with (by Bayne) of big badness trying to palm itself off with great excellence. Whitman and Bayne are both in their graves, and Whitman still lives, his admirers and worshippers increasing daily.

Have I not shown that even able men are not always to be relied on as judges? Have I not provided an ample and varied assortment of vituperative epithets for hurried literary hacks with poor and hackneyed vocabularies? Have I not proved the folly of trying to crush or kill a writer by such vehement vaporings, no matter who may hold the pen or wield the blue pencil? And in doing all this I hope I have also convinced my

readers that while scum rises to the top as well as cream it is not yet possible for any of us to gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; neither is it plausible to expect any book, big or little, to escape unchallenged or to circulate freely without exciting the skill of some critical hair-trigger sharpshooter. An easy and safe rule for ordinary people to follow is to skip what they do not comprehend, or pray for more light to aid them; to enjoy what they like, and not be afraid to say so.

J. D. L.

LANCASTER, PA., U. S. A.,
November 26, 1903.

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JOHN WATT OF "ROSE HILL."

"'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town."

This is the story of a hunt for a house, resulting in the discovery of a great man.

In the summer of 1902 the writer was asked to try and locate the old mansion of "Rose Hill" which was the home of the Watts of Edinburgh, the Scottish ancestors of General John Watts de Peyster of New York City and of Tivoli, N. Y.

All the available information was furnished by General de Peyster who has left nothing undone to glean from the misty past what has been recorded of his family history. Many previous attempts had been made to identify the old house and neighborhood, but no definite result had been reached in recent years, and Edinburgh in the vicinity of the ancient "Rose Hill" was changing with every passing season, making it more and more difficult to fix the locality with absolute certainty.

In the year 1710 the Hon. Robert Watt settled in New York City where he resided until his death in 1750. He emigrated from Edinburgh, Scotland, his residence there being known as "Rose Hill," which was also the name of his estate. The exact location of this property has been described as "about a mile west of Edinburgh on the old Glasgow road." It was further stated that "the 'Rose Hill' estate is now nearly all built over, the Caledonian Railway passing through it."

The "Rose Hill" house, it was claimed, "still stood in 1860 in a fair state of preservation. It was a quaint, old-fashioned building, some sixty feet square and three stories high, with four windows in a row on every floor. Its situa-

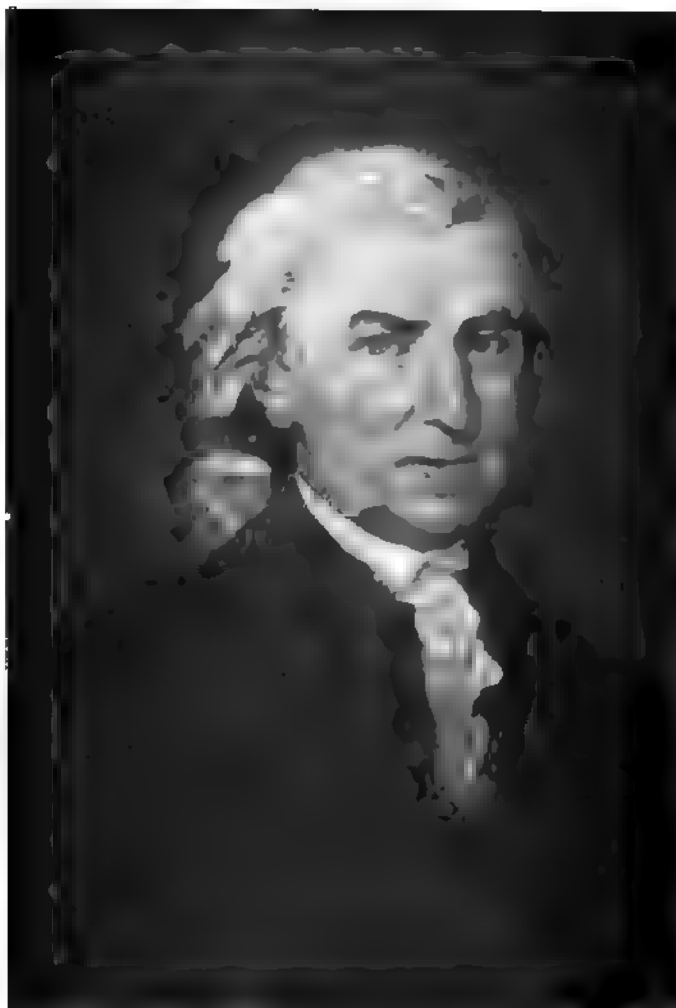
tion was high, affording a splendid view to the west and south. There was a two-story building, about twenty feet square, a little to the rear of it, like a tower, separate for offices."

The first matter to be fixed definitely was the *time* when the foregoing statements were written. "A mile west of Edinburgh" changes its meaning often. Within a mile of Edinboro's Toun, Tom D'Urfey could locate smiling hay-fields where busy streets have been for many generations, and every year the mile limit is pushed farther away from the heart of Mid-Lothian. As the period of the writing could not be fixed, the next step was to find the last geographical reference to "Rose Hill," and by consulting the City Maps and Directories the date accepted was 1885. In that year "Rosehill Place" was in existence and was supplanted by "Morrison Street" which is the current name in the present year (1903). Presuming that "Rosehill Place" had some connection with the old "Rose Hill" estate I took the street cars to Morrison St., and made a general survey of the district. Even the physical appearance of this tract of ground has been changed many times within the memory of old citizens: hills levelled, valleys filled up, new streets opened and closed, until very little remains as was to be seen some fifty years ago. With the data in my possession I commenced enquiring for "Rose Hill," quoting the description of the house as already given. The prefix "Rose" was quite common to the neighborhood, and amongst others I looked up "Rose-bank," "Rose-burn," "Rose-vale" and "Rose-field," but found nothing nearer to "Rose-hill" than "Rose-mount." I carefully interviewed many old people,—including merchants, housekeepers, real estate men, hotel keepers, dairy-men, coal dealers, manufacturers, land owners, ministers, doctors and lawyers—was often encouraged by seemingly good clues, but all were run out without good results. This

drove me back to the public records and public offices, and amongst others I enlisted the aid of Sir James Balfour Paul, the Lyon King at Arms; Hew Morrison, of the Edinburgh Free Library; Mr. Paton, a professional searcher at the Register House; Mr. Hay, a leading Antiquarian Bookseller in John Knox's house; the best locally posted men on the staffs of "Chambers' Journal" and "The Scotsman"; the proper officials of the Caledonian Railway, and the leading men of all other public offices likely to be of any service to me. I also addressed a public letter of enquiry to the "Scotsman" which has the best circulation in Edinburgh, as it has in the whole of Scotland, but nothing new was elicited. In the meantime I kept up my personal investigations in the Morrison St. District. Simultaneously several people decided that they remembered the house and all agreed on the same place. General de Peyster had also sent me newly found data which in the main tallied with the Edinburgh views. The house had been located where the "Morrison St. Mineral Depot" of the Caledonian Railway now is, and several old gentlemen who remembered it took me to the exact spot which is now occupied as a Coal Yard. They remembered the Building well, and recalled the names of the two last tenants, who were Mr. Burns, Coal Merchant, and the Ryrie family, Market Gardeners. The Ryries are now keeping the Haymarket Hotel, nearby, and I had a long talk with them in which they confirmed the description of the house, as I had it. They were succeeded as tenants by Mr. Burns, Coal Merchant, who died there, leaving his widow in charge. At that time the Proprietors were the Caledonian Railway Co.—as they are still owners of the land—and they purchased the ground from the Walkers of Dalry. Mrs. Burns did not wish to move as soon as the Caledonian Co. desired, and the old house was almost pulled

down about her ears. She had not time to move away all her furniture, and claims she lost valuable goods in the hurried and enforced "flitting." This was in 1869. The old lady is still living and I succeeded in locating her in the Braid Hills district. All she told me was confirmed by Mr. Watson, the present Real Estate Factor of the Caledonian Railway, whose office is in Glasgow, and who was a clerk in their employ, collecting the rents from the property when it was pulled down. Mrs. Burns also told me that she had heard that Drummond of Hawthornden (the Scottish Poet-Contemporary of Ben. Jonson and Shakespeare), had often visited the house and slept in it, and Drummonds (of the same family) had paid pilgrimages to it in the last century on account of its old associations. As the most noted ancestor of the Watt family, *John Watt*, was also living when Shakespeare flourished these associations make the place classic ground. "Rosehill" must have been one of the most prominent estates and mansions near the Capital City, maintaining its prestige for centuries. Its site is now given over to commerce and its lawns and fields part of the big modern Athens, as much in the bustle of the City as Princes Street was in the days of King James VI. Before leaving off my researches I had maps and sketches drawn showing the exact location of the old house of "Rose Hill" on the information gathered, a particularly valuable (and official) draft being made by the Cartographer of the Caledonian Railway Co. from the complete charts in their possession.

It is remarkable how soon the most prominent places are forgotten in the march of progress, and particularly so if they fall into alien hands. It is also exasperating to find how inaccurate the average man may be and how persistently errors will be passed on from sire to son. But these phases of our common life are



HON JOHN WATTS, SR.

Great grandson of famous John Watt of Rose Hill, then near and now within Edinburgh,
Scotland Second of the family in New York
President of the King's Council First President of the New York Hospital, etc.
intended Governor of the Province of New York should Great Britain be victorious.
Born in New York City, 5th, April 1715 Died an exile in Wales 19th January 1793.

mild in comparison with the desire of most people to personally profit by such enquiries as the one I was prosecuting, and the itch developed for claiming kin in the hope of material benefit. Pedigrees of almost any length will be furnished for a consideration, the wildest assertions made and even deliberate lies told in the expectation of exciting interest. Everything has to be tested, gauged and judged, and the hall-mark of approval only granted after the most rigid analysis. Many a mare's nest is brought to light, and many a long tramp made to end only in a blind-alley by one who digs into the dusty past. But by proving all things and holding fast to that which is good, satisfactory results can be attained. As positively as can now be done the site of the old mansion has been located, although even the name has disappeared from Edinburgh. It is curious to know that the Watt of Edinburgh, who was the first to establish himself in America, brought with him the name of "Rose Hill" which was first given to a tract of land in New York City owned by him. Since then the name has been copied in many states, no less than a score of places styled "Rose Hill" being in the American Republic, entirely exclusive of private seats or country residences.* Thus although extinct in the land of its nativity the transplanted name has here flourished and

* Places named "*Rose Hill*" in U. S. A.

Rosehill, Covington, Ala.

" Citrus, Fla.
 " Muscogee, Ga.
 " Oconee, Ga.
 " Mahaska, Idaho.
 " Cook, Ill. (Part of
 Chicago now.)
 " Jasper, Ill.
 " St. Clair, Ill.
 " Wabash, Indiana.
 " Butler, Kansas.

Rosehill, Mercer, Ky.

" Madison, La.
 " West Baton Rouge, La.
 " St. Louis, Mo.
 " Jasper, Mo.
 " Onondaga, N. Y.
 " Duplin, N. C.
 " Cavalier, N. Dak.
 " Darke, Ohio.
 " Harris, Texas.
 " Lee, Va. (21 in all.)

spread, and is likely to multiply still more and more. It is also interesting to note that soon after reaching this country Robert Watt added an "s" to his name, and was ever afterwards known as "Watts" which has been continued by his descendants, and, showing the popularity of the new form, notwithstanding the great name of James Watt, while there are only three places in this country named "Watt" no less than fifteen "Watts" are to be found scattered all over the Union.*

JOHN WATT, HAMMERMAN,

AN EDINBURGH BALLAD,

*in which is shown
the saving of a Sovereign
and the Preservation of a City
by the Powers of One Man.*

James VI & I, the Scottish King,
That heir'd the English croon,
Play'd mony a time a merry spring
In Edinboro toun.
But aince the fearless Burghers there
Garr'd him dance sic a jig
His sacred air and regal ware
Look'd onything but big.

* Places named "Watts" in U. S. A.

Watts, Butler, Ala.
" Jefferson, Ala.
" Learcy, Arkansas.
" Haralson, Ga.
" Kootondi, Idaho.
" Baltimore, Md.
" Clay, Minn.
" Lincoln, Neb.

Watts, Lauder, Nevada.
" Iredell, N. C.
" Multnomah, Oregon.
" Lancaster, Pa.
" Abbeville, S. C.
" Milan, Texas.
" Robertson, Texas.
(15 in all.)

'Twas on a cauld December day
In Fifteen ninety-six,
The date as nearly as we may
Presume wi' truth to fix,
When a' the place was in a lowe
Aroon his royal hame,
Whatever cause was for the row
Or wha was first to blame.

The noted preachers o' the time
Were keen to guard their richts,
And didna fear to censure crime
According to their lights.
They didna hesitate to tell
Stracht forrat to his face
His mighty Majesty himsel'
Gin he forgot his place.

This wintry day they had their fling
The pulpits were as one
In condemnation of the King
For something said or done.
The Crown and Throne they so bemired
And stormed so long and loud
Their congregations first they fired
And then they fired the crowd.

Forth rushed the mob from square and street,
And close and pend and wynd
With itching hands and eager feet
Their sacrifice to find;
And shouting loudly "Shoot!" and "Hang!"
"Whate'er the gain or loss,"
The lawless and disloyal gang
Swept past the Market Cross.

The Monarch heard the cries afar
And quickly turning tail
He fled behind the bolt and bar
Of old St. Giles's jail.

There trembling like an aspen leaf,
Escaped from instant scaith,
The City's and the Nation's Chief
Felt very near to death.

“Gif mobs against the sceptre briz
How Majesty takes wing!
How poor a man a Monarch is,
How helpless is a King!
What Tyrant, were he ere so great,
Could stand for half an hour
Engirt by all his pomp and state
Would people use their power!”

Thus royal James did moralize
When in the Toolbooth penn'd
And put petitions to the skies
That Fate might waft a friend.
But louder rose the cries without,
And dreader seemed the roar,
When some one, with a lusty shout,
Came knocking at his door.

Ah, now his latter end had come
The frightened King felt sure,
His limbs grew weak, his tongue was dumb,
And who could work a cure?
At ilka thud his leaping heart
Made echoing reply,
As if conniving to impart
That he was doomed to die.

But hark! above the wild uproar
Was heard a welcome voice,
The slogan of a friend of yore
That made the Prince rejoice.
And what altho' for joy he grat
To see the dags and blades
Of Deacon of the Deacons Watt
And all the allied trades.

The Standard Bearer of the King
Was John the bold and brave,
Who did not leave undone a thing
His Majesty to save.
While others dreamed Watt laid his plans
At once to dare and do,
And stopp'd not till he mass'd his clans
Beneath their blanket blue.

His Hammer high above his head
The valiant dagsmith held,
And he would not go hence, he said,
Until the row was quell'd.
The sacred person of their lord
No mob should dare to harm,
While he had mallet, gun, or sword
And strength in his right arm.

Such firmness had at once effect,
The rabble soon dispersed,
Once more the Sovereign stood erect
His recent state reversed.
And under shadow of the wing
Of Watt, the brave and good,
The greetin' and the grateful King
Retired to Holyrood.

Yet oft his Majesty recalled
The insult of the mob,
And told how deeply he felt galled
Concerning all the job.
But only one bright spot remained,
Howe'er it could be scann'd,
And that he said was all contained
In Watt's heroic stand.

Had it not been for John's display
So grievous was its fault
The town he would have wiped away
And salted it with salt.

From highest hill to lowest park
He would have razed it clean,
And only left a stone to mark
Where once the place had been.

Then honors high to worthy Watt
Who saved both King and Crown,
And something more to add to that
Saved Edinboro town.
His name and fame should stand the shock
Of all Oblivion's wiles,
As long as on her castled Rock
Edina looks and smiles!

The foregoing ballad relates to one of the most interesting and exciting incidents in the history of Edinburgh, and in the life of "the most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the Faith," etc., although he was at that time sovereign of Scotland only. The sensational adventure is referred to briefly in all first class histories of that reign, but for the full details concerning the riot and the saving of the King's life by John Watt it is necessary to consult many local records, private documents, rare books, and unique manuscripts. All these fell to my good fortune in stirring up information regarding "Rose Hill," and when supplemented by the data already collected by General John Watts de Peyster, the story assumed a completeness that has not hitherto been available. In retelling it my aim will be to keep as closely as possible to the original extracts—in other words to let the various narrators speak for themselves, in their own style, and, as far as possible, in their own language.

JOHN WATT, described variously as "Hammerman," "Smythe," "Dagsmith," etc., at the time of the Church or Religious Riot in Edinburgh was at the top of his

profession. He is styled "Deacon of Deacons" (which is the same as Deacon-Convener) of "the allied Trades," or "Crafts" or "City Corporations." In Colston's volume dealing with "The Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh" John Watt, Hammerman, is shown to have been Chairman of the whole Trades from 1584 to 1596. An excellent account of the "Trades" may be seen in "Pennecuik's History of the Blue Blanket, or Craftsman's Banner," and in this book John Watt is given the title of "His Majesty's Standard Bearer." An extract from this volume makes a good introduction to our tale. After briefly referring to the beginning of the Riot, Pennecuik proceeds:

"And so great was the zeal of the unwary populace, that taking their march they went straight towards the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where the King and his Council were sitting, and would have forced open the doors, which, upon the noise of the Tumult were shut, had not his Majesty's Standard Bearer John Watt, Deacon-Convener of the Trades, drawn up his lads, the soldiers of the Blue Blanket, and kept the rabble back till their fever cooled, and the Earl of Mar sent a Company of Musqueteers to guard the King," etc., etc. . . . "Sir Alexander Hume of North Berwick, Provost of Edinburgh, with the Crafts (Watt, of course, leading) convoyed the King to his royal Palace at Holyrood House; from whence next morning he went to Linlithgow, where he swore, 'Had it not been for the Loyalty of the Crafts he would have burned the Town of Edinburgh and salted it with salt.' . . . By the steadfast adherence of the Crafts to their Sovereign, even when they did not approve of, but were sorry for his actings, our Capital City was preserved from destruction, as by their behaviour afterwards it flourished in his favors."

In Dr. Lee's "History of St. Giles" the exact date of the Riot is given as "17th December, 1596."

A Diarist of the period was Robert Birrel, and such a disturbance could not be overlooked by him. An

extract from his account is worth giving as it was written by the old man, the quaint spelling being what was current in his time:

“Yair wes ane honest man, qua wes deiken of deikens, his name wes Johne Watt, smythe. This John raised the hail craft in armis, and came to the Tolbooth quher the entre is to the Checker hous, and yair cried for a sight of his majestie or ellis he suld ding the yet up with foir hammers sua that never ane in the Tolbooth suld come out wi’ yair life.”

So that the full sense of this passage may not be missed, it is rendered in modern English thus:

“There was one honest man, who was deacon of deacons, his name was John Watt,—Smith. This John raised the whole Crafts in Arms, and came to the Tolbooth where the entry is to the Exchequer, and there cried for a sight of his Majesty, or else he should force the gate up (or open) with forehammers, so that not one in the Tolbooth should come out alive.”

A very full account of the trouble between the people and the King is to be found in a book entitled: “Views in Edinburgh and Its Vicinity,” published in two volumes by A. Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, in the year 1820. From the details given in the first volume, beginning at page 147, it seems that the Presbyterian ministers were afraid of a restoration of the Roman Catholic Religion. Many actions, sayings and writings of the King lent color to such an impression,* and, as the masses of the people were clearly and forcibly opposed to any change, the Scotch Clergymen did not hesitate to express their opinions, caring little whether they pleased or angered his Majesty. One of the most violent orators was a Rev. Mr. Black of St. An-

* King James was unquestionably coquetting with the Romanists at this time, and prominent Catholics in exile with fulsome flattery were egging him on in secret, hoping soon to see him openly show his hand.

draws. He did not mince matters, in his harangues, declaring that "all Kings were the devil's children"; that "Satan had the guidance of the Court"; that "Queen Elizabeth was an atheist"; that "the Lords of Session were a set of miscreants and bribers," and that "the nobility were enemies to the church, false, godless and degenerate." Being summoned before the Privy Council to answer for such treasonable talk Black disavowed their jurisdiction and defied their authority. The King then took a hand and ordered the Commissioners of the Church to depart from Edinburgh. Their answer to this was that 'they preferred to obey God rather than man,' and they refused to budge. The Privy Council found Black guilty, and referred his punishment to the King. James, afraid of an additional affront, asked the ministers themselves to censure Black, but this they refused to do. Again they were ordered to leave the City, within the space of six hours. Anonymous letters were circulated which helped to widen the breach between the sovereign and his subjects. A Rev. Mr. Balcanquell magnified the dangers, and he was followed by a Rev. Robert Bruce who added fuel to the flames, and even went personally before the King to demand a fair hearing. His Majesty beat a hasty retreat from this interview and Mr. Bruce returned to his friends and announced that he was denied an audience. A sermon was preached on the story of Haman, and some one in the congregation shouted "Bring out Haman!" Another cried "Let us hang him!" Some called "To Arms!" and in a very short time the people were on fire and hurrying to the Tolbooth with the one desire of killing the King and all his advisers. It was at this juncture that John Watt appeared on the scene, and acted as has been described. Without question, by his promptness, his prestige and his courage he saved the King's life,

quelled the mob, and saw the Prince safely lodged in Holyrood Palace. Next day the King moved to Linlithgow Palace and issued a proclamation that struck terror into the hearts of the people of the Capital. His Majesty declared that Edinburgh was "an unfit seat of residence for the King or court or for the administration of Justice." This greatly disturbed the citizens, but the ministers still continued defiant. They tried by every means in their power to retain the support of the people, and even sent an invitation to Lord Hamilton to come and assume the leadership of them and their followers. But the citizens refused to go any farther and Lord Hamilton took the letter to the King, who immediately ordered the apprehension of the ministers, as ringleaders in the rebellion against his authority. The reverend gentlemen received notices of this in time to escape to England, leaving the citizens to face the King's wrath. He told them that ere long they would know he was King, and again plunged them into the abyss of fear and confusion. When they were all declared by the Privy Council to be guilty of high treason the climax of their despair was reached. They made pleas for mercy, offered all kinds of reparation, vowed summary vengeance on the ministers who had brought about the trouble, and promised never again to permit such traitors the liberty of speech. King James finally agreed to give them a trial in Edinburgh and abide by the verdict of his court. The finding was that all the citizens were guilty of high treason and that the city should be razed to its foundation, salted with salt, and a pillar erected to proclaim its infamy for all time! This gave the people the sharpest shock they had yet had. They again prayed, petitioned and promised, and even invoked the aid of Queen Elizabeth who wrote a letter to King James beseeching him to save Edinburgh from destruc-

tion. His Majesty now had everything his own way, but for some time he did not relax the pressure. Some writers say that it was only in remembrance of John Watt's heroic stand that the King finally agreed to be less exacting. In the end he dictated his own terms, and after some trying days of anarchy and anxiety Edinburgh was permitted to return to her normal condition.*

It is not known that John Watt profited either in honors or in estate on account of his gallant deed, but from that time he was a marked man, and an object of hatred to the discomfited and disgraced clergymen. They never ceased their rancor to him and in less than five years he met with an untimely end, for which it is believed they were responsible. The old diarist Birrel says:

"Upon the 17th of Apryll [1601] Johne Watt deit suddenly in the field callit the Burrow-muir and Alexr. Slummon being besyde it was alledgit yet he had feld (killed) him. The said Alexr. was accusit and cleanzit (declared innocent) be due Assyze, and the said Johne buriet upon the 28 of Apryll."

Calderwood, who wrote the "Historie of the Kirk of Scotland" gives the following version which is plainly colored by his prejudice against the King and any one opposed to the clergymen:

"Upon the 17th of Aprile John Watt deacon of deacons [was] shott to dead in the Burrow Mure of Edinburgh suddenly. He offered, after the 17th day of December, to invade Mr. Robert Bruce his person, for which cause he (Johne Watt) was weil lyked of by the King; who was exact in the tryell of Alexander Slummon who was suspected, but with

* Some fifty years earlier a remarkable historic parallel is to be found in the History of France, when on account of the turbulency of the Parisian mob, and the perversity of the municipality King Francis I. threatened to remove his parliament to Poitiers.

out caus, to be the instrument of his death. The judgment threatened against this man by Mr. Robert Bruce came to passe.”

Robert Bruce, it will be recalled, was one of the ministers who influenced the mob to attack the King, and having been balked by Watt, the pious agitator delivered imprecations against the Leader of the Crafts. It seems very probable that Watt was killed by some creature in the pay of the disaffected clergymen, or in sympathy with them, and as retaliation for their defeat in 1596. King James had not forgotten Watt's services, and had it been possible Watt's assassin would have been discovered and given his deserts.

In addition to owning “Rose Hill” John Watt also occupied the place on the Burgh Moor where he was killed. This is clearly brought out in “The Laing Charters,” a copy of which may be seen in The Register House, Edinburgh. The following extract is of special interest:

“4th August, 1592. Charter by William Littill, provost, and James Nicol, Thomas Fischer, Archibald Jhonstone and William Smail, bailies of Edinburgh, narrating, as in former writs, a letting of the lands of THE COMMON MOOR, *and* granting in feu farm to JOHN WATT, ironsmith, and his heirs male, whom failing, the elder heir, female, etc., that piece of arable land, along with the east garden of the late Sisters, nuns of the Seynis [Sciennes], formerly occupied by Henry Kincaid, and recovered and evicted to the burgh by a decree of the lords of Council; also that piece of waste-land of the *Common Moor* next adjoining the said piece of *waste* [sic. l. arable] land on the north side of the same extending in all to two acres and three particles of land measured, lying within the liberty of said burgh and shire of same, betwixt the lane leading towards the village of Libertoun and fixed stones, and the piece of arable land, called ‘the tane of the buttes,’ with the passage towards St. Giles Grange on the

East, the Church houses and the yards of the said nuns and the stones there fixed on the west, the arable lands of Mr. Archibald Grahame, the said Henry Kyncaid, and the heirs of the late Mr. James Makgill, on the South, and the said highway or common passage leading from the said burgh to the place of the said sisters, and the wester moor of said burgh and stones there fixed, and the piece of waste land of said moor on the north side of said lands and stones there fixed on the north. Price* (left blank). To be held of the burgh. Reddends† yearly, five bolls and a half of barley as feu-farm, Dated at Edinburgh, 4th August, 1592. Witnesses: Alexander Uddart, dean of guild; John McMorran, treasurer, John Arnote, Thomas Aikenhead, Mr. Michael Chisholme, merchants; George Hereott, younger, Goldsmith, and William Penstoun, tailor. Signed by Provost, three bailies, and Mr. Alexander Guthrie. Fragment left of seal [140, Book. 4]."

At the office of the City Clerk of Edinburgh may be seen the City Registers dating back to the days of James VI. The volumes are not indexed, nor conveniently classified, and being written in a strange, quaint and crabbed hand, and mostly in Latin or old-time Scotch-English, they are hard to decipher. That JOHN WATT was a man of standing before the great event of his life is shown by the following extracted entry:

"1853-84 James Marshall, Merchant, and JOHN WATT, Smith, were elected to be collectors of the entry silver, upsets, weekly pennies and unlaws" (fines).

In April 19, 1587, it is recorded:

"JOHN WATT was made Burgess of this Burgh by richt of Euphame Porteous his Spouse, lawful daughter to umquhile Patrick Porteous, Merchant of the Burgh and paid 13/4 d."

Under date of September 12, 1590, we read:

* It was not uncommon to leave price blank.

† "Reddends" corresponds to "yearly feu-duty."

“The quhilk day in presence of the Provost, Bailies and Council, JOHN WATT, Smythe, and Deacon of the Hammermen, and ane auld Burgess of this Burgh before the Decreet Arbitrall, is made Guild Brother of the same, and has paid for his duty to Alexander Veddart, Deacon of Guild, Ten pounds (£10).”

The “Decreet arbitrall” was a resolution cancelling all Burgess honors, and compelling a new recognition, which WATT received with complimentary references.

In some old records JOHN WATT is described as “Dag-Smith” (which means “Gun-Smith”). His will is recorded 29th July, 1601, and from its tenor it appears that he had been twice married. The document was given in by Janet Boyd, his widow, in behalf of John, Margaret, Janet and Katherine “his (not “their”) lawful bairns.” He left several sums of money, three horses, some grain in the ground, many ells of cloth, household furniture, etc., his Inventory amounted to £408 18s 4d, on which a duty of £19 was paid. It tells what was currently owing to servants. Richard Skirving, Merchant, Burgess of Edinburgh, was the Cautioner.

At the City Chambers Museum, Edinburgh, the Hammerman’s Badge may be seen—the very one used and worn by JOHN WATT and his successors in office. It is a bronze badge or medal, with design of a hammer, surmounted by a crown, and the crown being “a James IV Crown” determines the age of the badge. This relic is in the locked case of the City Museum, also containing the Edinburgh Regalia now in use.

In the book “Royal Receptions in Edinburgh” it is noted that on Sept. 20, 1589, JOHN WATT and others were commissioned “to consider and conclude for the Queen’s entrie”; and, at another time, JOHN WATT and two more “are ordered to provide 40 persons with halberts, upon the town’s expenses.” On March 18,

1590, "the King's letter anent ships for the King from Denmark was read to JOHN WATT and others, and steps taken to get estimates."

The original records of the Edinburgh Hammermen dealing with the period of JOHN WATT are still in existence, and contain many references to JOHN WATT as an office holder. In his day the Corporation of Hammermen owned the "Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene," briefly known as the "Madaline Chapel," a building still in existence, and altho not well known, one of the most ancient, interesting and unique structures in Edinburgh. It is situated at the western end of the Cowgate, and while few perhaps could identify it, in all photographs or engravings of the Martyr's Monument in Grey-friar's Churchyard, the spire of The Madaline Chapel prominently figures. The Chapel was founded in 1503, by a Michael Macquhen or Macquhan and his wife Janet Rynd, and was left in trust to the Corporation of the Hammermen, *who still own it*. The meetings of this guild were held in the Chapel, and the Chair that JOHN WATT occupied as Deacon is still shown to visitors. Over the entrance from the Cowgate can be read cut into the stone a version of Proverbs XIX and 17 that differs from the edition of 1611: "*He that hath pitie upon the poore lendeth unto the Lord, and the Lord will recompense him that which he heth given.*" Many decorations relating to the Craft are also to be seen. The Chapel Bell cast in Flanders, is believed to be of nearly pure silver. The interior of the Chapel is still more interesting. The first item to attract attention is the stained glass windows. As the windows did not look upon the street they escaped destruction from the "reforming mob" and at least four panes, still perfect, are said to be not only the oldest, but the only surviving specimens of pre-Reformation ecclesiastical coloured glass in Scot-

land. After the lapse of nearly three and a half centuries the colours are singularly brilliant. Along the walls of this room are many panels with gold lettering in description of gifts made to the Chapel, or to the Hammermen, dating from 1555. In the vestry is the table on which lay the headless body of the Marquis of Argyle after his execution by "the maiden" in 1661. A notable thing about the chapel is that while it was founded as a Roman Catholic meeting place in less than a hundred years from that date it was the scene of the gathering of The First General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with John Knox in the chair. This was in 1560. The General Assembly also met in it in 1578. At this convocation

"Mr. Andro Melville was chosen Moderator, whar was concludit That Bischopes sould be callit by their awin names, or be the name of Breither (Brother) in all tyme coming, and that lordlie name and authorite be banished from the Kirk of God quhilk has bot a Lord Chryst Jesus."

Besides Knox himself, John Craig, Melville and Henderson, all spoke in this little place; "in point of fact," says D. F. Harris, to whom we are indebted for most of this information, "the seeds of the Reformed Religion, which have since grown into the Church of Scotland, with all its offshoots and secessions, were sown in this little Cowgate Chapel." In addition to the building the Hammermen also own some valuable land nearby, on part of which the Edinburgh Free Library stands, and for which a yearly rental or fee duty of eleven shillings and five pence half-penny is paid.

The next particular notice of the Rose Hill Watt family brings us to the end of the 17th Century, and is to be found in the Register House, Edinburgh. From the Commissariat E Testaments, vol. 80, we find

"Testament of John and Patrick Watt, 20th August 1694." Mr. John Watt of Rosehill died 1679. Patrick died Nov. 1690. Given up by Adam Watt, lawful son of Mr. J. Watt, only executor. The will shows that there was due to the Watts by Alexander Earl of Moray, £193 17s 8d, with £234 of interest (Scots money) by bond granted to Adam Watt, W.S. (Writer to Signet) and father of Mr. John Watt; also money due from John Home of Huttonbell £751 3s 6d.

The will of Patrick Watt, confirmed 23rd March, 1698, shows that he deceased in the month of ———, 1689, and was "brother of Mr. John Watt of Rosehill." Due to him by Sir James Campbell of Lawers £2735, by Bond granted by Sir James to the deceased Adam Watt, Commissary of Peebles and W.S.,—Bond dated 18th December, 1652. The actual bond is registered in Court Books of Justice 4th March, 1654. It was assigned to the said deceased Patrick Watt on 3rd December, 1669, by assignation registered in Books of Council of Session 11th November, 1680.

The Commissary of a County was the officer in charge of Wills, Testaments, Deeds, Records, etc.

Volume 99 has a still more interesting document, being

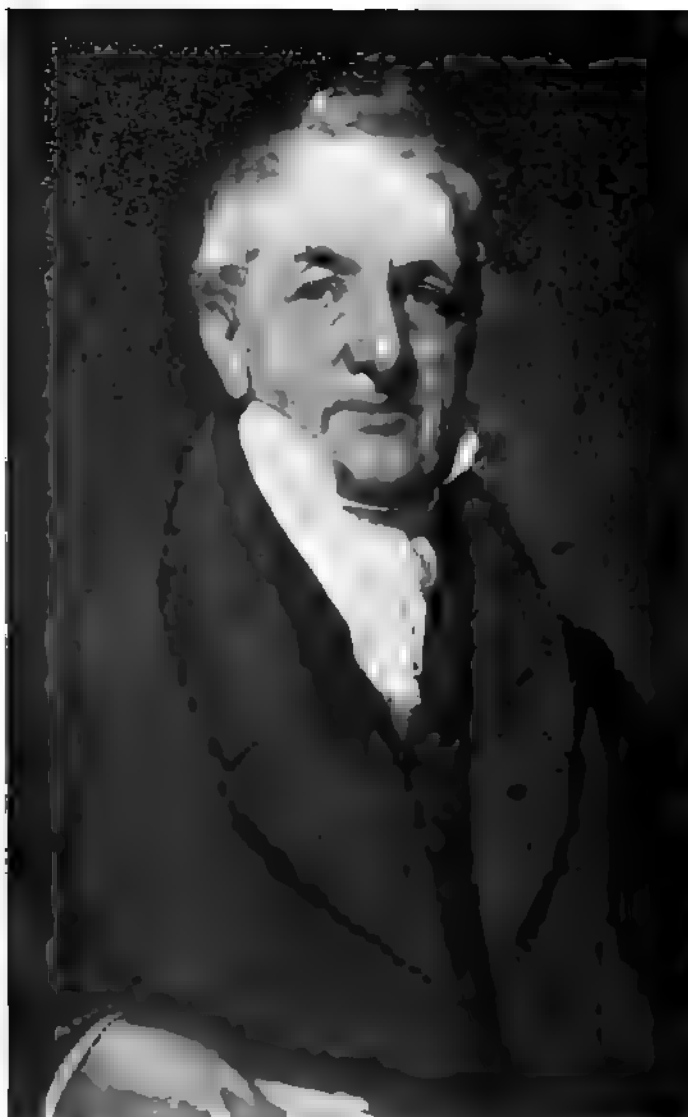
"The Testament dative and inventory of the Goods, Gear, Debts and Sums of money pertaining, belonging and addebted to umquhill (former) Mr. Adam Watt, Advocate, Town Clerk of Edinburgh the tyme of his decease, who deceased there upon the twenty-first day of November 1736, faithfully made and given up by Mrs. Sarah Riddell, relict of the said defunct, only executrix" (by right of creditrix, on account of a marriage dowry explained at great length).

From it we find that Sarah Riddell was "the youngest lawful daughter to the deceased Sir John Riddell of that ilk." The contract was dated 19th December, 1701, and signed "Adam Watt of Rosehill." The

deed quoted tells all about Mrs. Watt's allowance with provision "in case of bairns." There is a most complete inventory, covering many pages, and every item would no doubt be interesting to detail but the writing is difficult to decipher and would require days to copy. Among the entries are: Sheets, Table Cloths, Napery, Towels,—coarse and fine; silver spoons, silver jugs; beds, bolsters and coddies, curtains and blankets, a dozen of *Dutch* chairs; cupboards, Dressing Glass, Big Easy Chairs, Tongs, Pokers, Jacks, Brass and Copper Pots and Pans (all definitely valued in the money of the period), Arras Hangings, Carpets, Clocks, etc. There is also given a complete list of Mr. Watt's Library showing a fine collection of the Classics. A few names are: Puffendorff, Grotius, Bruce's Military Law, Baillie's Dictionary, 2 vols., Virgil, Juvenal, Pliny, Cicero, Greek New Testament, Lives of German Philosophers, Bayne's Criminal Law, Livy's History, Demosthenes, many volumes of Sermons, Life of Mahomet, Locke's Letters, Boyer's Grammar, War in Spain, Aristotle on Poetry, Two volumes Scots Proverbs, John Calvin, John Bunyan, many Law Books, and Books of General History, Netherlands: Vants, Display of Heraldry, Cornelius Nepos, Buchanan, 2 vols., Terence, 2 vols., Plautus, Seutonius, etc.

Amongst debts owed to Mr. Watt the following are named: George Irvine, Conjoint Town Clerk of Edinburgh £283 6s 8d Scots (advanced quarter's salary), *David Hume*, writer in Edinburgh, £104 Scots, with £10.8/- expenses, decree against Hume. The whole document (copy) was written by "John Watt, writer in Edinburgh, and Extractor before the Dean of Guild Court there." No doubt this Watt was of the same kin.

In 1727 Mr. Adam Watt was elected Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and taught



HON JOHN WATTS, JUNIOR.

Last Royal Recorder of the City of New York, etc., etc.
Born 27th August, 1749 (O. S.) and died 6th September, 1836 (N. S.) in the City of
New York. Founder and Endower of the Leske and Watts Orphan House.
&c. &c. &c.

until his death in March, 1734. He was the son of "the City Clerk of Edinburgh," as may be verified by consulting Dalzell's and Sir Alexander Grant's "History of the University of Edinburgh."

Patrick Watt is also described as "brother of John Watt of Rose Hill" in the "Register of Great Seal," Vol. 69, No. 91. There is a parchment dated 21 July, 1682, giving a mortgage in favor of Patrick Watt over the lands of Ressleraw, in Berwickshire, owned by Sir James Cockburn.

This brings us to the Watts de Peyster Family Memoranda from which we find that John Watt of Rosehill, Edinburgh, Scotland, was born about the year 1650. His oldest son was named Adam Watt, who in turn had two sons and a daughter, the second son being the Edinburgh University Professor of Humanity. John Watt's second son was *Robert Watt*, who was born at Rosehill, Edinburgh, 1680, and this is the Watt who emigrated to America. He resided in New York until his death on Sep. 21, 1750. For some reason, now unknown, Robert Watt added an "s" to his name, and ever afterwards his descendants used the form "Watts" instead of "Watt" in writing their names. Robert Watts was certainly in New York as early as 1706, as in that year and in that City it is recorded that he married Mary Nicoll, daughter of William Nicoll, of New York and Islip, Long Island. That he kept up communication with the old land may be judged by the fact that two of his daughters died in Edinburgh, Anne (in 1724) and Margaret (probably in the same year), both unmarried. The fourth child of Robert Watts was John Watts, born in New York, April 5th, 1715, who may be regarded as the American head and founder of this noted new-world name. From this point the history of the Watts of New York is clear and complete down to the present time (Octr., 1903)

when the family is brilliantly represented by Major General John Watts de Peyster of New York City and "Rose Hill," Tivoli, N. Y. The Scotch branch is long ago extinct. General J. Watts de Peyster, born in New York, 9th March, 1821, is the only living male representative of the Watts and de Peyster families from the original progenitors by first marriage. Of his life genius and achievements it is not necessary here to write further than to say that no man of his day and generation has had a more conspicuous career and few indeed can truthfully show such a fruitful, versatile and honorable record.

IN CARNEGIE'S COUNTRY.

"My heart's in the Highlands—my heart is not here";
By Bonar and Skibo, and Dornoch, sae dear!
And fondly keeps turning to a' the grand shires
That lang were the hopes and the hames o' my sires!

When I commenced to write this it was mid-afternoon on the eleventh day of September, Anno Domini, 1902. Sitting on a fine natural terrace, comfortably cushioned with long soft grass, I had only to raise my head to see as pretty a bit of scenery as any shire in Scotland could show. The little post-office of Spinningdale was at my back, and also the turnpike that runs from Bonar Bridge to Dornoch, and much farther, doubtless, in both directions. In front was the lovely Dornoch Firth, hemmed in by heath-clad hills, rocky steeps, smiling fields, woods, glens and grassy links. It had been "Carnegie's country" since I crossed the Bonar Bridge, which spans the Kyle, or Estuary, that separates Ross from Sutherland.

The nearest station on the Highland Railway is Ardgay, and at the "Balnagown Arms" there I found excellent accommodations, and the best fare, at very moderate figures. A three-horse carriage was at the depot, and a glance told me it was one of the many turnouts belonging to the Laird of Skibo; but, although welcome to use the conveyance, as I was there by invitation of the owner, walking being one of my particular fads (when the distance is not too great), I decided to leave the wheels to others, and put my trust in my never-failing "Shank's mare."

I had been told I would find "mine host" of the Balnagown Arms a rare fellow, full of fun and anecdote, if I was not too particular as to facts. "But the wife's

a' richt," was added. "Whatever she tells ye can be believed."

After a short rest I crossed the Kyle to Sutherland, and at once found myself on the Skibo estate.

Without being offensively inquisitive, having a good Scotch tongue in my head, I did not fail to "speir" or ask whatever questions might occur to me in my wanderings among the natives. Some were stiff to talk, eyeing me somewhat suspiciously at times, but in the majority of cases—and I chatted with many—I succeeded in finding what I sought. "Carnegie is a good laird." "He has put lots of money in circulation here." "My trade has quadrupled in the last four years, and I can trace it directly to Skibo." "He and his Lady are very kind to the children, and give them books and toys every year." "Last year he gave us £5, as my husband was sick, and Mrs. Carnegie put £5 to that." Such are fair specimens of the statements made to me. The nearest approach to an adverse comment from the village was made by a tailor, who summed up his opinion by saying: "Carnegie is a fine gentleman," and adding, after a long pause—"in the leebrary line." I had not been long in Bonar when I was asked to go and see the Carnegie Free Library.

I found a nice two-story building, faced with yellowish free-stone, and surmounted by a neat clock, which struck the hours, and, as I was informed, was "an uncommon fine timekeeper." Over the door, and on each wing of the inside glass door, may be seen the well-known legend, "Carnegie Free Library." Tablets, with inscriptions, are on the front of the building, one on each side of the window, below the clock. On the left side may be read:

"All that mankind has done,
thought, gained, or been, it is
lying as in magic preservation
in the pages of books."

On the right side is the same sentiment in Gaelic, which I copy as a curiosity:

“THA NA-H-UILE NITHE
A CHNUSAICH, A
RINN, A BHUNNAICH,
NO A BHA DAOINE,
TAISCTE, CLEIDHTE, CU
MIORBHUILEACH ANN
AN LEABHRAICHIBH.”*

The library building has two nice rooms upstairs, one devoted to newspapers and magazines and the other to games, such as chess and checkers. In the reading room I noticed a magnificent, statistical, up-to-date map of the world, with special attention given to the British Empire in all its ramifications. A glance at the large areas covered, and a perusal of the eloquent figures shown, should be enough to touch the pride and stiffen the patriotism of anyone acknowledging Edward VII. and I. as King. From a casual look, it appeared to me as if even Uncle Sam had to play second fiddle.

The lower floor of the library is equally divided, between the lending department, where books are kept, and the residence of the man, who acts as librarian. “He gets the sensational salary of £5 a year,” said my guide, “but (in condonation, added) has free light, fire and house.” The reading room and chess room can be

* The passage, though not credited, is, I believe, from Carlyle. I am away from all libraries or books of reference, and cannot verify it. A local critic informed me that the Gaelic version was badly bungled. “‘ Magic ’ has been translated ‘ miraculous,’ ” said he, “ and there are other errors.” As he talked I paraphrased it for better remembrance:

“ All that man has done or thought,
All that man has gained or been,
Wheresoe’er it may be sought,
But in books it may be seen;
There, as if by magic art
Caught and saved and set apart.”

found open at any reasonable time, but the lending department can only be patronized at certain hours. I found the library with a stock of over 600 well-selected volumes, nearly all presented by Mr. or Mrs. Carnegie. A new library feature to me was the stereoscopic section, and as a supplement to books and magazines it is an excellent idea. There were six volumes of 36 views each, and two instruments, all the gift of Mr. Carnegie, and I understand he has equally equipped hundreds of other libraries here and abroad. The view-sets are handsomely kept in cases that look like books, labeled with such titles as: "Through Egypt with the Stereoscope," "Through India with the Stereoscope," etc., etc. The only weak feature I found in the library was an almost total lack of "local" literature—books and pamphlets pertaining to the parish, shire and district. To my mind this is of the very first importance, and in making a suggestion to the librarian for such a department I think I made some small return for the pleasure I had gained in visiting his treasure-house.

While in the library I had the rare good fortune to make the acquaintance of a most intelligent man, a real prize of a fellow and as modest as he was well informed. His name is Donald Mackenzie, and he is the Inland Revenue Officer, stationed at Bonar. Finding that I was interested in the history and antiquities of the place, as he was at leisure for the day he very kindly spent it with me. He told me all about the Battle of Drumliadh, under the best possible auspices, while we walked amongst the graves of those who were slain at that great contest. It was one of the many fights between the Scandinavians and the native Scots, and took place about the middle of the ninth century. The hill and wood back of Bonar are strewn with hundreds of graves, some marked by loose cairns, and others by grassy or heather-covered mounds. The Scandinavians,

under Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, landed at the "Meikle Ferry," leaving their fleet at anchor in the Dornoch Firth. As usual, on such occasions, the Scotch sent out the "Fiery Cross" to gather the natives from far and near. As the Danes marched inland the Scots retreated, all the time gaining reinforcements from the collecting clans. When it was decided that their numbers were sufficient they made a stand and gave battle. Tradition asserts it was one of the greatest struggles of centuries, and if the evidences of to-day can be believed, it was no ordinary fight. Sigurd himself was slain, and his army completely routed. The very spot is pointed out where the famous warrior fell, and his grave is also shown in the neighborhood. Two extra large cairns mark where other chiefs were buried. When the mounds were excavated some years ago stone coffins and bones were found, and parts of the coffins are still to be seen there.

As we climbed to the top of "Carnnam-fitheach" (Cairn of Ravens) my guide pointed out to me across the Kyle the district of Carbisdaile (now Culrain) where Montrose made his last stand. There he encountered Strachan's Horse, on April 27, 1650, and was so badly defeated he fled to the Wilds of Assynt. Captured there, he was brought a prisoner to Skibo Castle. I read a quaintly-worded account of the whole proceedings, written by a contemporary. A good story is told about the Earl during his confinement at Skibo. A Mrs. Gray was the Lady of the Castle at the time, and she insisted on placing Montrose at the head of the table, much to the disgust of his captors. When one officer made a grumbling protest against such honor being shown their prisoner, Mrs. Gray flung a leg of mutton at him, as she forcibly said, "to teach him better manners." After a short stay at Skibo, Montrose was taken to Edinburgh, and there executed on May 21,

less than a month from the time he met his victorious foemen.

From the top of another knoll we had a view of Loch Migdale, nestling at the foot of Migdale Rock, rising over 700 feet from the water's level. Cairn-Chrain, nearby, is 2,080 feet in height, and Ben More, in the distance, over 3,000 feet.

We had the hills all to ourselves that particular afternoon. I saw very little game, an occasional rabbit or stray grouse only being disturbed by our approach. My guide informed me that "the deer are very plentiful here." "Mr. Carnegie is not a shot," they say, "but seems to have much pleasure in fishing. He rents his shootings, like many a needy laird, but not for need of the rental."

As the gloaming began to gather, I accepted an invitation to spend an hour amongst Mr. Mackenzie's books. Here was a genuine and pleasant surprise, and I doubt of all Mr. Carnegie's many visitors, if any one but myself has been privileged to see this quiet Highland scholar's unique collection. As a Tinker woman on the roadside put it to me: "How much the rich people miss! They go from train to carriage and from carriage to castle, and the same way back again, only looking at a new drawing-room or a different dining-room from the own." This was only another version of Mark Guy Pearse's recipe for getting good stories and real knowledge of the great big heart of humanity. And have not Walter Scott and Abraham Lincoln eloquently testified to the valuable lessons learned from communion with the common people? But, of course, this is only half the truth. The castle can give lessons as well as the cottage, and if one has the proper ability "all is grist to his mill." Donald Mackenzie's library consists of only about 500 volumes, but there is not a common book in it. It is strong on

Gaelic literature, and of that I am not competent to write. His Doric Scotch collection amazed me, and I am positive he has many works in it that are not duplicated north of Inverness. Here, for the first time, I saw a collection of the Addenda to Henderson's Scotch Proverbs. It is a small pamphlet, but worth tons of ordinary Scotch or English books. I found, also, every book worth having on local history, and could then understand the source of "Big Donald's" marvelous knowledge of the district. He has also a rare collection of facetia, curious anecdotes and witty sayings, and is particularly strong on theology, orthodox and heterodox. Who would have expected to find the best treatises on Phallic Worship at far-off, out-of-the-way Bonar Bridge? Yet here they were, and not kept for show, but perused and studied until they were mastered. Donald does his own thinking, and I learned from others that he was "not in the best of books" of some of the local ministers, but was by every one considered "a match for any." He has also a little museum of curiosities worth seeing. He tells a laughable tale about one of his own curios. Mr. Carnegie expressed a wish to have a specimen of man-trap to forward to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, and Donald, who had two samples, gave one to a local hotel man to give to Mr. Carnegie. It was accepted with thanks and the boniface asked to ship it on. Months passed and nothing was heard of the valuable consignment. After much inquiry, the man-trap was finally located at St. Petersburg, Russia, to where it had been addressed! Pittsburg or St. Petersburg were equally out of the world to mine host of the village hotel; but "all's well that ends well," and, although somewhat delayed by its roundabout journey, the precious man-trap finally found a resting place in Mr. Carnegie's big museum and may now be seen there.

The Skibo estate is in the county of Sutherland, from which the Duke of Sutherland takes his title. His Grace is proprietor of one and a half million acres, making him the biggest land owner in Scotland, as he is conceded to be one of the best. His castle of Dunrobin is not only the finest in the north of Scotland, but one of the grandest in Great Britain. The present Duke and Duchess are popular with all classes, and considering their exalted station, it is remarked with wonder that they seem to be as happy as well doing common people.

“A man may own a rich estate,
Have palace, park and a’ that,
Yet not for birth but honest worth
Be thrice a man for a’ that;
While Donald herding on the moor,
Who beats his wife and a’ that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Not half a man for a’ that!”*

The old-time Dukes of Sutherland were Chiefs of the Clan Chattan, that is, “of the Clan of Cats.” This shire was known as “The Wild Cat County,” from the

* Wha lives will be as bold as say
And to it stan’, for a’ that,
That he that may an earldom ha’e
Is nae a man for a’ that?
Tho’ some may whiles their duties jouk,
It’s yet the case, for a’ that,
To be a lord or be a duke
Is nae disgrace, for a’ that.

But nobledom is sae beset
Wi’ pleasure’s snares, and a’ that,
Wi’ a’ the fret o’ etiquette,
And fashions cares, and a’ that,
That for a chiel to struggle thro’
And show his grit, for a’ that,
Is nae a little feat to do
We maun admit, for a’ that.

many wild cats to be found in it. They are now extinct, but in by-gone days were valuable allies to the fighting natives. Tradition tells that Sutherland was once invaded by a hostile band which, on landing, was opposed by an advance guard of furious wild cats, and so well did they defend the coast that the enemy skedaddled without coming to the scratch!

Skibo has a good share of antiquities, vitrified forts, standing stones, ancient hut circles, and such like. In the parish churchyard I noted many gravestones too old and worn to be deciphered. A fine specimen of a vitrified fort is to be seen a little off the road at a place called Dun-creich. "Creich" is the name of the parish, and "Dun" means a castle on a hill, so the name, like many more, tells its own story.

From Bonar Village, on the way to Skibo Castle, the road passes through a fringe of larch, fir and spruce trees, through which may be seen, to the right, the blue water of the Kyle, smooth and calm, and reflecting in every detail the Hills of Ross, on the opposite shore. To the left of the road, at this part, are steep heather-clad braes more densely wooded. It is a place of solitude and peace, only the whistle of an easy-going train or the report of a far-off sportsman's gun reminding one, with their softened echoes, of the distant work-a-day world. With every twist of the turnpike new and delightful scenery is encountered. At Spinningdale the ruins of an old spinning mill tell the traveler why the little hamlet sprang into being in this out-of-the-way corner. After a destructive fire the factory was never rebuilt, which was no doubt a severe blow to the villagers at the time. Now their little place has become quite a fashionable summer resort, with all the cottages rented, and new ones being erected every season.

There is a small Carnegie Library here in a beautiful building by the roadside, and as the hamlet expands the

institution will not lack for patronage. I had a pleasant interview with the schoolmaster of the district, who gave me his opinion of things in general, and Mr. Carnegie in particular. He said the Laird of Skibo was a "clinker," which was a new word to me, but after investigation and explanation I found it was a local synonym for such words as "corker," "buster," or anything that is superexcellent. I stopped a night at Vass's, the most prominent house in the place. Mr. Vass keeps a general shop, a horse-hiring establishment, and also has a license to sell spirits "to be consumed off the premises." He is a thriving man, and will dispense a bottle of beer or conduct family worship with equal readiness. When the time arrives for him to "take the Book," which means to commence religious services, the door of the shop is locked and the spirituous gives way to the spiritual. There are some funny stories told of an occasional mix-up, but doubtless they are considerably colored and magnified by jealous and envious neighbors. It will be remembered that a Mr. Vass acted as ghillie to Johnson and Boswell when on their Highland tour.

It seems that Mr. Carnegie has made up his mind to root out every place on his estate where intoxicating liquors can be sold, and in Vass's establishment only is any kind of strong drink obtainable. All the women and the well-behaved men applaud this policy, and point with pride to the changed aspect of things around Clashmore since the last inn there was closed. It used to be a storm center of disturbance night and day as long as it was the rallying point for the workmen employed on Skibo Castle improvements, or attached to the general estate staff. Now a man with a spark in his throat has to go a long distance to "lay the lowe," and the net result is that excessive drinking on Skibo is practically unknown. Furthermore, Mr. Carnegie re-

wards all in his employ who are total abstainers for a whole year with a ten per cent. premium on their year's wages. Yes, "he is very much down on drink," and by his methods of handling the problem he has not only been successful at Skibo, but ranks with the very foremost who have satisfactorily vanquished "the serpent of the still." If all Lairds in Scotland were to take as much interest in their tenantry and servants Caledonia would lead all countries as a temperate nation.

I was also told that Mr. Carnegie was more than generous in his dealings with those in his employ, tolerant of unavoidable mistakes and misfortunes, and prompt to recompense good work. When he retired from active business and sold the Carnegie Company to the Steel Trust, everyone in his service received a present of a year's salary. He is constantly improving the houses and land on his estate. The old and sick are not overlooked, Mrs. Carnegie in this domain playing the part of "Lady Bountiful" with rare tact and grace. Even little Margaret, their only child, has done her share by distributing toys and books and more substantial presents far and near among the little ones on the estate. I saw overwhelming evidences of this in every house I visited. It is admitted, I talked with some who seemed to be thankless and showed little appreciation of the kindness showered upon them, but that is only to be expected, and is merely noted to complete the picture, where contrast is as essential to truth as it is to beauty. There are some people so constituted that generosity is poison to them, and it is idle to look for gratitude in such natures. They begrudge the man who gives the power that enables him to give, and his continued success only increases their envy.*

* In this connection it may be worth while telling a Carnegie story that I heard more than once when in the North, and in the main I am

An instance of Mr. Carnegie's thoughtfulness is the way he helps the old and the feeble who wish to go to church on Sundays. He sends out a big three-horse brake to gather in as many as it will hold, and after reaching Dornoch the passengers can go to the churches of their own selection to find their conveyance awaiting them for their homeward journey when the services are over. As proprietor or heritor, Mr. Carnegie is entitled to a Laird's seat in every church in the neighborhood. I found that he favored the Dornoch Cathedral, which is now used as the parish church, the service being that of the Church of Scotland. This is the state-supported Presbyterian Church, sometimes called the "Established Church." Here Mr. Carnegie has a well-furnished "pumphil," not far from the pulpit. Back of this are the seats reserved for the Skibo Castle servants. The ducal compartment of the Sutherland

inclined to think it is true. When Mr. Carnegie rented the Cluny Castle he became quite well acquainted with an old man who lived on an adjoining estate. This woodsman was often troubled with rheumatics, which were aggravated by the leaky condition of his house. One day when he met Mr. Carnegie the old man plucked up courage to tell him of his miserable shanty and expressed the belief that if he were more comfortably housed he felt sure he would soon get rid of his rheumatism. Now the property was not Mr. Carnegie's, neither did he rent it, and he felt a reluctance to interfere on the estate of another. But, finally, he decided he had the right to help a friend, so he asked John how much it would take to put his dwelling in good repair. Then John's greed began to operate. Thirty pounds would have been an ample sum and left something over, but here was Carnegie—the richest man in Scotland—so John said "a hundred and thirty pounds!" Mr. Carnegie wrote out a check for the amount, and told John to have the work done at once. When he reached home the old man in great glee told his wife that he had met Mr. Carnegie and he had given him a nice check to repair their house, just the very sum he asked. "And how much?" his wife queried. "A hundred and thirty younds," John said, almost ashamed to mention the amount. "You big fool," said his worthy spouse, "why did you not ask two hundred and thirty? He would not have missed it! Go back and tell him you have made a mistake, and that you find it will take two hundred and thirty." So next day John sallied out, met Mr. Carnegie, and told his revised tale. "Who went

family is close at hand, and directly over the graves of some dozen Earls of Sutherland. The present parish minister of Dornoch is something of an antiquarian, and in the vestry of the church I saw good specimens of "querns" (stone mills), for grinding corn, as used by the early Scots, and similar to what the Egyptians had four thousand years ago; of jugs and pillories; and of monumental effigies, including one a Crusader dug up near the Cathedral. The walls of the church are decorated here and there with stone and brass tablets, recounting the military deeds of the "Sutherland Highlanders" or the private benefactions of former worshippers.

Dornoch is a dear little town, famous for its fine golf course and notorious from the fact that the last witch that was burned in Scotland suffered that insane punishment near this place in 1727. The new light railway

over the figures with you?" said Mr. Carnegie, according to the story. "My wife," John answered. "Have you the check with you that I gave you yesterday?" "Yes." "Let me have it." And when it was handed over Mr. Carnegie tore it up and said, "You may now go home and ask your wife to help you to repair the house," and John lost all, illustrating the Scottish rhyme:

"Sic like greed
Can never come speed!"

The incident was afterwards told by John himself, who felt, on reflection, that he only got his deserts, but how his good wife received the outcome has not been divulged.

Another tale in a different vein is told of a builder, who contracted to erect a wall near Skibo Castle for a stipulated sum, to be paid on acceptance of the job. He was not a rich contractor, and when the work was completed he had paid out his last penny. The night before it was to be accepted by Mr. Carnegie a storm destroyed it, and the builder was in despair, considering himself a ruined man. He went to Mr. Carnegie and related what had happened. "Rebuild it!" Mr. Carnegie said. "But I cannot," said the mason; "all I possessed went into the wall destroyed, and I am not able now to pay men to work for me." "But they will work if I pay them, won't they?" Mr. Carnegie asked; and the outcome was that the contractor was paid for the first wall, and for the second wall, too.

from the Mound is giving a great impetus to Dornoch expansion. I thought the people distant and the women particularly queer. They talked neither Gaelic, English nor Scotch, but an affected lingo that was ridiculous in the extreme and painful to hear. They had not got over the novelty of the new line when I was there, and before making trips to suburban stations fell upon each other's necks and wept, and made as many passionate farewells as if they had been starting out for Ceylon or Siberia. The swell inn of Dornoch is "The Sutherland Arms," which also rejoices in an "Annex." If the managers manage all the year round to get the rates that were current on my brief visit they can soon afford to annex the town, but, alas, for such a hope! Already plans were being made for a bigger and better and more moderate priced hotel, under the control of the railroad company and one or two private speculators.*

Across the Firth is situated the beautiful royal burgh of Tain, which was the birthplace of the great Culdee evangelist, St. Duthoc, and after his death became his shrine, and a place of pilgrimage of the ultimate rank. In later years it was the cradle and chief center of the Reformation in Ross and the North. In St. Duthoc church may still be seen the pulpit sand-glass used to time the minister's sermon; and I was told the still more interesting "Parson Extinguisher" was also employed in this building. According to some ecclesiastical antiquarians, the pulpit represented the candlestick of the church, and the preacher was himself the

* A Dornoch editor did not quite relish the foregoing paragraph when it first appeared in a local paper, but several correspondents from the north have written me and asked me to let my Dornoch statements stand, assuring me "they hit the situation to a 't,'" and giving explanations "how" and "why." One acquaintance summed it up in the phrase: "The toon wad *dee* if the fowk were better";—which is a gey dubious compliment, I'm thinkin'.

candle. What is now called the "sounding board" over his head was originally a movable lid, fastened to a rope or chain, controlled by the patron of the parish. If the preacher became too tedious, a jerk of the chain was apt to improve his pace, if not his style. If he said anything that did not suit the man that controlled his berth he was similarly admonished. If he became too tiresome or too rebellious, he was simply snuffed out! The solid, concrete, tangible wooden hint continually hanging over him, like the sword of Damocles, proved the best of critics from the laird's point of view, and insured to the worshippers a luminary that did not fail. What originated in actual fact in time became only true metaphorically, but the "Parson Extinguisher" is by no means extinct in our day, whether the string is controlled by the State, by the local "big man," by the creed, or the whims of the congregation. When I was at Dornoch I heard of a case in point where a most eloquent New York preacher, temporarily supplying a local pulpit, had his light puffed out by a simple servant girl, and to his credit be it said the result had no connection with either "spark" or "flame."

On my way from Dornoch to Skibo Castle, as is my custom, I fell into conversation with a fellow-traveler. He was a native of the district and the burden of his song was a panegyric on his Grace of Sutherland's methods in making improvements on the buildings of his farms. He said only seasoned wood was used by him, while other proprietors worked up timber freshly cut and "as green and soft as the runts of Kail." He also contrasted the changed times on Skibo since Mr. Carnegie became proprietor. Pointing to a steading we could see from the road, he said, "I remember when a Laird of Skibo set that place on fire to evict the tenants," a statement which I afterwards verified to the letter.

The Skibo Castle policies are surrounded by a stone wall, according to the manner of the country, and electric lights are dotted all over them. The policies are well filled with thriving trees of every variety, and the avenues and walks are always kept in apple-pie order. On the way to the Castle the gardens and conservatories are passed. At present they are in a transition stage, being in the course of remodelling and enlargement to more fitly harmonize with the extensive improvements and additions made on the Castle since Mr. Carnegie's ownership.

Skibo (pronounced Skee' bo) is a Norse name, meaning "the dwelling on the wing of land," or "the home on the peninsula." The monks, who were the first to settle at Skibo, while they pointed the way to Heaven, always made sure of the choicest spots on earth, and the Bishop of Dornoch located his palace where Mr. Carnegie's castle now stands. Like most Scottish houses of importance, Skibo has come through many changes. It has been plundered and burnt more than once, but it is safe to say that it never surpassed its present grandeur. Since Mr. Carnegie selected it as his Highland home he has, so far as money can accomplish it, made it the equal of the finest in the land, and far surpassing the great majority of castles, new or old. Its geographical location, on the northern margin of the Dornoch Firth, protected on the north, east and west by densely wooded heights, makes it at once cosy, conspicuous and picturesque.

It is impossible in a short sketch to describe the interior of the castle and its many magnificent features. Everything has been arranged on a liberal American plan. The rooms are big, with high ceilings, and furnished in the most exquisite taste, the keynotes being strength, simplicity, warmth and elegance, and not, as in many fine mansions, a mere jumble of gew-gaws and

gingerbread that only too often irritate rather than inspire, and mean little more than a vulgar display of riches. In Skibo Castle the visitor feels that he is in a home, and the soul expands with the air of comfort and freedom about the place. Needless to say, every appliance for ease and assistance is to be found around Mr. Carnegie, from electric lights to automatic elevators, and from the telephone to the private yacht. I was naturally much interested in the library of the world's greatest giver of libraries, and I found it in every way to my heart's desire. This was my first acquaintance with Skibo Castle, and the one place I regretted most to leave. The Laird of Skibo was not in when I called, and, having been ushered into the library to wait for his arrival, I thought: "If the New Jerusalem has anything better to offer to my tastes and my wishes I'll forfeit the chances now, if I could make sure of immortality at Skibo." My idea of Heaven, anyhow, is a place where we shall have the finest books, the sweetest music, the grandest company and plenty of work we like to do and can do better than anyone else. To that add the ones we love, plus a few modest extras that would not conflict with peace or progress, and my ideal would be realized.

What a contrast from the Skibo appointments are my present surroundings! Temporarily from home, I am now writing this in a third-story room, with four bare walls, my collection of books contained in two boxes, without possible arrangement for convenient reference. My desk is a small table, which only leaves me about two square feet for elbow room. I feel checked and hampered at every turn, and do not think I will ever have to experience worse conditions for literary work. But even here I am grateful for quietness and seclusion. I know this cannot last forever, and I feel that if life and health be spared I can in due course command a

literary work-room as much to my liking as the glorious one I recall at Skibo Castle. The tangible glimpse of Paradise granted to me there instead of filling me with depression, or chilling me with jealousy, or killing me with despair, gave me more courage, good will and healthy ambition than a mere dreamer could gather in a lifetime of vague and gloomy imaginings, with occasional intermissions devoted to rainbow-chasings.

Here was the real thing, and all accomplished in the lifetime of the owner, who started his career with probably less advantages than the poorest boy in Lancaster. He found his way by making it, and the fact that he "got there" proves that it can be done.*

A study of his record shows that he made many changes, but in every instance to his ultimate benefit. Beginning as a "bobbin-boy," at about a dollar a week, he was successively and successfully engine-tender, clerk, telegraph messenger, telegraph operator, railroad president's secretary, railway and telegraph organizer in the Civil War, investor in sleeping cars, then in oil, bridge builder, and, finally, Steel King of America! When he retired "from making money" (as he modestly puts it), in 1901, he was said to be the owner of over two hundred million dollars. I know that most of my readers know all this as well as I do, but it bears retelling at any time, and has special significance when we are considering the man at his own fireside. And

* The question has been asked if Mr. Carnegie has had an uninterrupted run of good luck, but it is a foolish query. Of course, like every mortal man, he has had his share of disappointments, not to speak of occasions when everything looked blue as indigo. According to a Pittsburgh historian, several times during the panic of 1873 the Carnegie firm was on the point of going under, and prior to that Mr. Carnegie was so little assured of his steel company venture that he wrote a letter, which is extant, upbraiding his former partner, Thomas N. Miller, with getting him into the steel business, inducing him to invest and then pulling out of the firm because of a personal difference with another partner of the concern. The entire edition of Mr. Bridge's

just as he has probably beaten all comers as a money maker, so is he without parallel as a giver. You and I, dear reader, may think we would do better if we had the same opportunity, and the chances are every one of us would do differently; yet how many that have a surplus do nothing at all, but spend it on their own selfish, individual pleasures! And, remember, Mr. Carnegie, much as he has given, has promised to do much more, so wait until the end of his chapter before passing final judgment on him as a philanthropist.

While I was enjoying myself in his library, looking at his books, his works of art, the caskets and souvenirs and curios presented to him from cities and societies and institutes, he quietly walked into the room and gave me a hearty greeting and cordial welcome to Skibo. No picture of him that I have seen is what I would call a good likeness. The real man is different from the photograph. He wore an outing Oxford suit, with knickerbockers, the cloth of a pronounced black and white check pattern, and cap with snout and ear-flaps of the same material. He is less than medium size, and has particularly neat legs and feet. His beard is quite white, and his skin had the glow of health. His walk was erect and brisk. His eyes were keen and penetrating, but the natural expression of his face was that of a kindly Scot. He must have been the double of General Grant, when his beard was darker, and he told me some interesting anecdotes in this connection. There was another New Yorker who bore a close facial resemblance to him some years ago, which often caused amusing mistakes. But the best thing in this line was his story of the Turkish Pasha. Mr. Carnegie was sitting in a railway carriage in London recently, and, hap-

recently published story of the big Steel Trust proved of sufficient interest to sell at \$100.00 per copy. A very satisfactory presentation of this book may be procured for twenty cents, by investing in the "Cosmopolitan" magazine for October and November, 1903.

pening to lift his head, saw a couple of Turks making profound obeisances in his direction. They were joined by others, who also added their salaams. He was puzzled to know the reason for all the bowing and scraping, and it took some time to solve the mystery, as no interpreter was handy. When it finally was explained that they had taken him for Admiral Woods, of the Sultan's navy, no one laughed more heartily than Mr. Carnegie, who still enjoys telling the story.

Where there are so many fine things to make life enjoyable, it would be hard to say what Mr. Carnegie likes best at Skibo. He has a magnificent organ in the castle, with an organist in constant attendance; like the great chieftains of the North, he has his piper (who also happens to be one of the best Highland dancers in Scotland); he has fishing in fresh and salt waters, and he is very fond of plying the rod; he has a magnificent private golf course and has developed remarkable skill at the game; over and above all, I think he finds the greatest sport in his swimming bath, which is without an equal on terra firma, and has already been the envy of Kings and Emperors. I had not been long at Skibo until I was invited to the pond. It is a large building, like a conservatory, the main room being devoted to the long swimming pool. The bottom is of marble, and the water, which gradually deepens from the end next the dressing rooms, is really an arm of the sea decoyed over hot pipes into this finely-arranged basin. Any temperature can be furnished at short notice. Timid bathers are provided with life-preservers, and it is easy to learn to swim in such a place and under such conditions. I had my first lesson from Mr. Carnegie himself, and another pupil in the pool at the same time was Sir Thomas Lipton. The world-famous yachtsman, strange to say, was as much a novice at treading water as I was, but before we gave up we could

both cross the pool several times. It was a record-breaking day for me to be in such company. I can always claim honestly that I have seen more of Mr. Carnegie and Sir Thomas Lipton than most people, even if I have not been around them as often as some! And if Dr. Carnegie and Sir Thomas Lipton are not able to make a man keep his head above water his case must surely be hopeless!!

I found Sir Thomas to be a fine, handsome, modest, manly fellow, with most winning ways. To settle a question that seems continually cropping up, I may say that Lipton was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and his Scottish accent is not the least of his charms. I have seen it so often stated "authoritatively" that he was of Irish birth that I asked the question of himself, and I think his answer should be accepted as final. His parents were, however, Irish, hence his love for the land of the shamrock. I have an invitation to see the next international yacht race as his guest, and this time he should win the cup, so I think I'll claim to be his mascot in advance. Already, since I met him, he has been made a baronet, and I am satisfied higher honors are in store for him in the near future.

Mr. Carnegie is the king of entertainers, and his table is always filled with the world's notables. He must have met more eminent men in his time than any man now living. If a Boswell were in existence to give us "The Conversations of Carnegie," the literary net could be flung wide enough to catch all the big fish of the last two generations on both sides of the Atlantic. What wonderful talks he must have taken part in! It seems a pity that all this should die with him, for he must die in the ordinary course of nature, even if his works live after him. He has the ability himself to write such a book, but probably it would be the last task he should ever consider doing; and yet I thought, in summing up

all the opportunities in connection with Mr. Carnegie, there is nothing that would be more to my liking and nothing that would perhaps pay better, than to own the monopoly of such a work as this.* I wish, for the entertainment of my readers, I could tell a story as well as he does. I'm not going to try, but I am tempted to give a few specimens of his table-talk to prove my assertion that it would make very interesting reading.

He had been on a visit to Mr. Gladstone, at Hawarden Castle, and, after some days of delightful talk together, Mr. Carnegie could tell that the Grand Old Man was getting restless and showing a tendency to be left alone, which the Scottish-American steel manufacturer had no desire to strengthen. One morning Mr. Gladstone said to Mr. Carnegie: "I shall be busy to-day, moving books in my library, and if you have any way to amuse yourself embrace the opportunity." Mr. Carnegie promptly said: "I'll be delighted to help you, if you will permit me?" Mr. Gladstone tried to discourage him, but finally it was settled that Mr. Carnegie could be with him and assist. Then happened a wonderful thing. Mr. Carnegie was on a ladder (the Ex-Premier busy on the floor) when in running his eye along the top shelf of books Mr. Carnegie saw a rare volume, written by a Dunfermline man, and a friend of his own father. He could not help an exclamation of surprise, when Mr. Gladstone, hardly looking up, said: "If you glance along the line a little farther you will find another book by another Dunfermline worthy," and sure enough, here was surprise number two—"A Four-in-Hand Trip Through Great Britain," by Andrew Carnegie. Naturally Mr. Carnegie was tickled and he asked Mr. Gladstone how he came to have it. "Saw a review of it and sent for it," replied Mr. Gladstone, and added,

* Since this was written I have seen it stated that Mr. Carnegie has commenced his "Memoirs," and also heard that Mr. Hew Morrison was busy on a "Life."

“Some good things there.” Then, without any hesitation, assuming his most graceful oratorical attitude, Mr. Gladstone recited verbatim, from memory, Carnegie’s apostrophe to Dunfermline as contained in that book. Mr. Carnegie considered it as fine a compliment as he ever received.* It was entirely unpremeditated, as Mr. Gladstone had no idea of having Mr. Carnegie’s company that day, nor of ever having him browsing in such a manner in his library. It also showed the marvellous verbal memory of Mr. Gladstone; and to have one of his pet paragraphs repeated so accurately, under all the circumstances, by such a distinguished man and consummate orator, was enough to delight any poor author—or rich one, either.

King Edward had made a visit to Skibo a few days before my arrival, and the whole country was delighted with the graceful compliment which His Majesty paid to his host and hostess. I heard many good stories of that call, but do not feel at liberty to retail them, much as I should like to do so.† An item, however, I must record for the glory of Lancaster. In Mr. Carnegie’s private study, that is his inner library, or “den,” there was a framed picture of the skeleton of the largest animal ever known to exist. Its bones were discovered

* I took up Mr. Carnegie’s “An American Four in Hand in Great Britain” to verify the Dunfermline quotation, and found the surrounding matter so interesting that before I put the book back to its shelf I had re-perused every chapter, and re-read the best passages to the family circle. It is an excellent volume for an odd half-hour—light, bright, romantic, historic, poetical and philosophical, intensely patriotic—Scotch as heather, yet starred and striped with America’s best spirit. To follow “the gay Charioteers” is almost as good as a trip to the Old Country.

† One incident gave the King a hearty laugh when he was informed of it some time after. His Majesty arrived at Skibo, a little ahead of his program. Mr. Carnegie’s Organist happened to be in the Swimming Pool when Royalty was announced. The musician did not wait to don his clothes, but rushed to his instrument, and, naked, wet and dripping as he was, gave a spirited rendition of “God Save the King” that certainly made a unique record for the British national anthem.

in Wyoming, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute Research Association, and in compliment to the maintainer of the fund the scientists had named the monster "Diplodocus Carnegii"—but, for short, said Mr. Carnegie smiling, it is called "The 'Cuss' Carnegie." It measured from nose to tail over seventy feet in length. The King was greatly interested in it, and examined the picture closely, asking many questions about the details, and finally expressed a wish that London might have such a specimen for the benefit of scientific students. Mr. Carnegie, with his characteristic generosity, said if another skeleton was found he would see that the King should get it, and since then I understand even a bigger specimen has been unearthed, so that the promise can be made good.

And where does Lancaster come in? The picture so much admired by the King and his courtiers and by everybody who has seen it, was printed at *The New Era* Press of our own city where this book was also printed. It's a far cry from the banks of the Conestoga to the shores of the Dornoch Firth, but the distance was actually bridged, even if it took the skeleton of the biggest mammal ever known to do it! What says the proverb? "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before Kings, etc."

In the same room Mr. Carnegie laughingly pointed to his "patent of nobility," which was a framed hand-bill, giving an account of some of his immediate ancestors, who were imprisoned in connection with some political demonstrations in Dunfermline. I noticed on the wall "Punch's" famous cartoon of Carnegie as "The MacMillion Philanthropist"—the original drawing by Partridge. There were also sketches and verses by Kipling, and I observed in a corner a bust of Herbert Spencer. I was pleased to see, too, in this "inner chamber" a good proportion of purely Scottish books, in fine

editions of fine bindings, but by no means new, on account of their great rarity. Mr. Carnegie's bookplate, which I understand was the design of Mrs. Carnegie, has the motto "Let there be light." A favorite Carnegie device is the picture of the American and British flags, crossed or intertwined. A fine photo of the John Bright statue presented by Mr. Carnegie to the House of Commons gallery called forth a glowing tribute to America's great friend during our Civil War. There was no end to Mr. Carnegie's talk, and everything he touched on was to the point, informative and interesting. Inspiration, the Bible, Shakespeare, Byron, work and workers, speeches, quotations, opinions on men and affairs—each topic would make an article by itself. His habits of thought, and doubtless of action, were well exemplified by the tenacity with which he stuck to a couple of apt quotations until he got them just right to the last word, letter and dot.* He keeps informed

* The first related to Lord Claude Carnegie who had defeated Mr. Carnegie at a game of golf, but not until the Laird of Skibo had made his lordship acquainted with the superior merits of the American golf balls. Mr. Carnegie laughingly made the Byronic quotation:

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

It is a favorite simile of the poets, Moore and Waller also using it as *Æschylus* did long before either of them.

The second quotation Mr. Carnegie particularly admired. It had been used, he said, in connection with the opening of a Carnegie Free Library in England by a working man, who had been happier in his selection than any of the learned gentlemen who spoke at the same ceremony. The lines are from "King Lear":

"So Distribution should undo excess
And each man have enough."

The Baconians who like to claim Shakespeare's works could also quote from their god:

"Of great riches there is no real use,
Except it be in the distribution."

Shakespeare was a successful man of business, and looked after the coins he had collected, but as a poet the only "Excess" he ever craved was "Excess of Music." Bearing the quotations and the Bathing episode in mind the two skits that follow will be better understood.

and up-to-date on everything that interests the world. The leading British and American magazines and newspapers were on file in his outer library.

IN THE SWIM!

*" 'Tis Dissipation, not Accumulation,
That brings a stringency upon a nation;
But to improve a drooping Constitution,
There is no medicine like—Distribution!"*

"Oh, could I say 'Let there be light'
From Land's End to Cape Wrath!"
That all might know I'm now a Knight
Commander of the Bath!

Not so by Royal Edward's will,
At this time, if you please;
But one of Skibo's rarer still
And better K.C.B.'s!

St. Andrew filled my heart with pride,
And only as he could,
When by Sir Thomas Lipton's side
My title was made good.

Thus did Carnegie show his steel,
And give me cause to bless
How finely Fortune whirled her wheel,
Undoing her excess!

A SCOTCH "HIGH-BALL" AT SKIBO CASTLE.

*"Pleased as he was—it pleased him mair to ken
That Fact not Fancy had inspired his pen."*

The Water was the blue, saut sea
Drawn frae the Dornoch Firth,
But warm and pure as it could be
And bubblin' o'er wi' mirth!

The Scotch was of as fine a blend
As Scotland ever saw:

Sir Thomas Lipton and his friend,
Carnegie's sel' and—Law!

Brag nae about *Glenlivet* fine
Nor brands mair choice and rare,
Sic Spirits splashin' in the brine
Were clean beyond compare!

What ferlie tho' I felt upheezed
And inspiration drew
Enough to gar my rhymes be reezed
My life-lang journey through!

I must not omit to note a game of golf on the Skibo links. The course could hardly be more perfect, nor situated in the midst of grander or pleasanter surroundings. With a fine breeze blowing from the sea, and the springy grass or turf underfoot, it is exhilarating to merely look on, but the full benefit is only gained by playing a game. Wherever the eyes are turned the scenery is beautiful, wild, sublime. I can now see before me the blue waters of the Firth, the soft, green fields by the shore, the shaggy woods, craggy fastnesses and shady ravines farther off, and away in the dim distance peak after peak, like Alps on Alps, with valleys in between, and, hovering high over all, the misty clouds that finally touch the sky. The play of shadow and sunlight on the sullen, silent, majestic mountains was not the least interesting feature of the glorious panorama.

One of my partners on the links was Frederick Harrison, the great Positivist philosopher, and among the foremost of English men of letters. He was capital company, and told any number of choice stories, including the teasing and comical one, with the burden of "Golf is not a game." He touched on his recent trip to America, and talked with enthusiasm on his audiences with McKinley, Roosevelt and many other prominent men of our country. I have also pleasant recollections of his references to cricket, tennis, hop-picking and other minor topics. Under the guidance of our pro-tem. tutor, Mr. Ritchie, a jolly Ionian, and the Laird of Skibo's "Minister of Marine," I managed to make a hole at four strokes which entitled me to the medal for the day. Little Miss Carnegie was also out with her golf sticks, accompanied by one of her nurses, and made the complete course. I did not hear of any resident doctor at Skibo Castle, and I think he would be a superfluous commodity at that healthy,

healthful and wholesome region, so far, at least, as being a handler of pills and potions, for certainly nature dispenses better medicine and more bracing tonics than the choicest concoctions of Galen, Hippocrates or Æsculapius.

The sudden death of my father-in-law,* in Aberdeenshire, brought my Skibo trip to an abrupt conclusion, but in my brief visit how much I had seen, and what delightful things I had heard! For a short cut, I crossed the "Meikle Ferry," which was the scene of a great tragedy about a century ago, when, by the overcrowding of a boat, ninety-nine lives were lost. It was a great pleasure to me to handle the tiller and make our ferry-boat zig-zag as I pleased in crossing the "raging" Firth. A gig for Tain met me on the opposite shore, and, after an excellent supper in the "Royal Hotel," I took the train for Inverness, and thus concluded one of the most notable chapters of my long vacation.

* Robert Duff, Esq., of New Noth and Old Noth.

SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON, BART.

Although "The Cup" he ne'er may get
To bear across the brine,
'We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet.
For Auld Lang Syne'!

Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., is as well known by name as any individual living to-day, and his circle of personal friends and acquaintances includes, perhaps, a more motley and distinguished throng than any other single man can claim. About twenty years ago, he laid the foundation of his immense fortune by opening a small provision store in Glasgow. Prior to that time he had tried his luck in America without succeeding in piling up even a thousand dollars. His stores are now numbered by the hundreds, and his mammoth business has been incorporated and endorsed by the British public with such enthusiasm, backed by hard cash, that his present and future success seems to be impregnable. He is only about fifty years of age and his wealth is estimated at over fifty million dollars. According to a recent interview he says that energy, good temper and keeping out of politics are great luck promoters. In Great Britain he is extremely popular with everybody from King to commoner. In this country he is hailed as a true sportsman and a gentleman to be encouraged.

The Lipton country seat is named "Osidge," and is situated in Southgate on the borders of London, just half an hour's distance by automobile from the Lipton head offices on City Road. Sir Thomas is fond of hunting and never has fewer than thirty horses in his stable, including some fine Kentucky racers and jumpers. His home in furnishings and appointments is equal to the finest in the land. His paintings by old and modern

masters would grace any castle, but the portraits of his father and mother he considers the dearest of all his art treasures. His grounds are laid off with less primness than the regulation English landscape gardens, and a fine golf course occupies a conspicuous place in his one-hundred-and fifty acre park.

It is too bad that all this magnificence should only be a bachelor's headquarters, but it is not too late for him to mend, and when he gets the America's Cup* out of the way, after the Greenock folks have had a good look at it, Sir Thomas may a-wooing go, and complete his happiness by inviting "some fair dame to keep his heart and share his hame."

* On the 24th of June, 1903, Sir Thomas arrived at New York to give his personal attention to the trial races of his yachts in American waters, and about that date the following verses by the writer were printed in many newspapers under the simple title of—

GREETINGS!

Sir Thomas Lipton, Baronet,
 Good man, and sportsman true;
 More honor'd yet since last we met,
 Thrice welcome, friend, to you!

Our latest racer is a bird,
 But your persistent pluck
 And all that goes with Shamrock III
 May bring you better luck.

If vanquished we should waken up
 We wish to let you know:
 Were you the one to lift the cup
 It would assuage the blow!

And should defeat be your decree
 We'll toast you to the strain:
 "Since better lo'ed ye canna be
 Will you no come again?"

Whate'er results may be your chance
 We all are in your debt,
 And hope at least you may advance
 To be a Baron nett!

As perhaps every reader knows, the "Cup," which is the trophy in the international yacht competitions was originally a present from Queen Victoria, and was won from Great Britain by the Yankee pilot boat "America." The coveted prize is of silver, stands only twenty-seven inches high, and is intrinsically worth about £100. To keep it in the United States, and to make the various attempts that have been made to recapture it, direct expenditures of many million dollars have been involved.

Very little was heard of the first race, which took place off the Isle of Wight, and was witnessed by the Queen, in 1851. It was before the days of telegraphy, with wire or wireless, and was a more exclusive affair than the International Yacht Races of to-day, that perhaps excite a greater degree of hearty interest among high and low throughout the world than any other single event of our time. The Americans have, however, borne testimony to the valued help they had from the English pilot who guided their first yacht to victory, just as in our day Scotsmen are pleased to note when the American defender wins that much of the result is no doubt due to the fact that the American syndicate placed its *reliance* in a Scotch captain. Of the first race, too, the Americans are fond of telling the story that when the Queen anxiously asked which yacht was leading, the answer came, "America"; and in response to the query "and which is second?" the crestfallen English signalman had to reply "There is no second." Even the great Daniel Webster announced the overwhelming triumph in Congress by using the incident to decorate one of his speeches, as Macaulay employed a similar sporting phrase before him (in speaking of Boswell's Johnson) when he said it was a case of "Eclipse first and all the rest nowhere."

In 1857 the Cup was deeded to the New York Yacht

Club, and since then has been known as the "America's Cup." It took Britain nineteen years to try a race in American waters, when the English sent over the "Cambria." In 1870 she came in tenth out of fifteen competitors. Next year the English "Livonia" was beaten. After a lull of six years Canada made an ineffectual trial with the "Countess of Dufferin," and again in 1881 with "Atlanta." The English "Genesta" was defeated in 1885, and in 1886 the "Galatea" shared the same fate. Much was expected of the Scotch syndicate's "Thistle" in 1887, but on that occasion the American "Volunteer" added another spike in the Cup's fastening. Six years elapsed before Lord Dunraven entered his "Valkyrie II.," which met the fate of all her predecessors. His Lordship tried again with "Valkyrie III." in 1895, and before completing the races withdrew his boat.

In 1899 came the noblest sportsman of them all, the challenger of the present year, Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart, with his third effort to lift the Cup. He did well with "Shamrock I.," much better with "Shamrock II." in 1901, and "Shamrock III." was believed to be so much superior to her predecessor that high and well-grounded hopes were entertained of seeing the American "Reliance" beaten by the triple combination of Lipton Pluck, Shamrock Luck, and the Good Fortune that often goes with a third attempt. One thing is certain: if the matter had been put to an American vote Sir Thomas would have won the Cup by an overwhelming majority, as he is by far the most popular yachtsman that ever graced American waters. He has captured the hearts of the entire male and female population by his liberality, his manliness, his absolute fairness, and his genial perseverance. But having all such qualities the Cup would be nothing to him unless won *on merit alone*, and through all his career, when the

head of even a strong man might be turned by the adulation and the flattery, and the honest good wishes showered upon him, Sir Thomas has always modestly answered, "*May the best boat win.*"

The poets saw to it that Sir Thomas received plenty of couplets if denied any cups, and the following verses are a fair specimen of the current good wishes fairly showered on the well-liked Challenger:

WAES HAEL.

Air — "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine."

Sir Thomas, here's a health to you!

May fortune smile, the bonnie lassie,
And do the best that she can do

To help you lift the Silver Tassie!
She's partial to the man who tries,
And with her eyes on your invasion
We may premise you have the prize
As good as won on this occasion!

The third attempt! That means of course
Not Furies three, but three good Graces,
Have been enlisted to endorse

The three fine fates to help your races!
Old Neptune vows he'll send a fog
Or push his Trident up, if needed,
And Pluto's triple headed dog
Will see your bark is not impeded!

Not yours Ancæos sorry lot!

For with propitious stars to hover
Around your thrice-named Shamrock yacht
Your finish must be made in clover.

Such luck abides with "*thrice*" we know
It takes no gift of Mother Shipton,
Nor three forked Jovian flash to show
This time the cup must go to Lipton!

Sir Thomas had quite a fleet with him in New York Bay when he made his last appearance after the elusive

Cup. In addition to Shamrocks I. and III., each with a crew of over forty, the sea-going tugs "Cruizer" and "Fletcher," with several swift launches were all to be seen in the neighborhood of his big private steam-yacht the "Erin." It is a floating home, fit for a king, and every corner of it is full of the rarest souvenirs and trophies, each telling its tale of honor and compliment and success. The yacht has been visited by more celebrities than any craft that ever sailed into New York Harbor, and seems charged with good company, good stock, and good cheer from stem to stern. Sir Thomas appears to be without a care, and has the merry heart of a boy. He has the happy faculty of making his guests, of whatever degree, feel at home from the moment of their arrival, and he seems to give each an equal share of his attention and his pleasing company. As may be surmised, he does not suffer from loneliness, and among his friends are numbered the most distinguished people of all countries and climes. He is never "caught napping," whether he is entertaining his Sovereign, as he often does, or even when he gets a short-notice visit of such a crowd as all the officers and students from West Point, which happened only the other day. In American waters he is accorded honors equal to those given to an Admiral of the fleet. Every private yacht and ship doffs its hat, so to speak, to the "Erin," and even the city and government official boats vie with each other in the warmth of their salutes to the champion challenger. To this I can bear personal witness as, although denied the pleasure of witnessing any of the Cup Races, I was a guest on the "Erin" prior to the struggle. When the big "Oceanic" passed us in the bay she kept her whistles going in friendly tune and ran a complimentary shamrock flag to her mast-head, while all her crew and passengers waved and cheered Sir Thomas "Good Luck" until they disappeared in the

distance. Such incidents really do more to promote international friendliness than many pompous and dignified treaties, and from this standpoint alone, when conducted with Lipton's spirit, the yacht races are most praiseworthy, and Sir Thomas is entitled to the highest honors as the right kind of a diplomat, paying all expenses, too, from his own pocket.

I had many opportunities of seeing the two Shamrocks, and they have to be seen to really understand what kind of racing machines they are. Some one hit off this type of yacht very well—for as to main design "Shamrock" and "Reliance" are now much alike—in writing of "a spar-deck between a bulb of lead and an acre of sail." The "Reliance" may be described as scow-shaped at both bow and stern, with hull broad and shallow, while the "Shamrock's" hull is narrow and deep. They were each believed to carry between 16,000 and 17,000 square feet of sail, but it turned out that the "Reliance" had at least 2,000 more square feet of sail than Shamrock III., so that it was a contest between a "heavyweight" and a "featherweight" with the natural results. No wonder the towering masts of both had been broken by the high pressure on them. In a stiff breeze the strain must be terrific, and they are almost as much balloons as boats. Every race is different from another, and it is impossible to have conditions twice alike. The wind and the sea alone can furnish endless situations, and so nicely adjusted is everything on board that I believe the changing of positions of any of the crew might materially affect results. The "Reliance" cost \$300,000, and is only fit for old junk when the races are over, but the bill is divided among many Americans. Sir Thomas Lipton's expenditures must go over a million, and while he challenges in behalf of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Belfast his own cheques settle all the scores. And this was his third attempt!

Is it any wonder he provoked such rivalry and evoked such an era of good feeling? Is it any marvel that all the mascots in America found their way to the "Erin"—from grasshoppers and prairie dogs to rabbits' feet and green hens?

One of the most interesting features of the "Erin" to me was the De Forest wireless telegraphy instrument fitted on the yacht, and kept busy receiving and forwarding messages from the water to the land. The Marconi system has been familiar to the public for some years now. Of course Lindsay, of Dundee, Scotland, was in the field long before any recent inventor, as Marconi himself has publicly testified. Colonel Firth, who represented the De Forest system on the "Erin" very kindly gave me a most interesting and intelligent exposition of the theory and practice of wireless telegraphy, and from his talk I gleaned that this weird, if not wired, art is on the verge of still more marvellous advances. To commemorate my introduction to the system I despatched several messages inland including the following skit to a Lancaster friend:

A "wireless" message from "The Erin"

To let you know you're not forgot
And say how splendidly I'm farin'

On good Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht.
Don't think that I am half seas over

Or three sheets in the wind—oh, no!
But that I'm very much in clover

I send this little line to show.

SOME BURNS COLLECTORS OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.

Of Scots who coin collectors be
We know there is no scarcity:—
These all are men of high degree
From Burns's University
And here I've tried due meed to gie them
And briefly show them as I see them.

Royal fellows they are and in their chosen field would make a rare *Society*. The day will come when "F.B.A."—"Fellow of the Burns Association") will be as high an honor as "F.S.A." or "F.R.S."

Perhaps the greatest of all Burns collectors was CRAIBE ANGUS of Glasgow. I never met him in the flesh, but corresponded with him off and on for about a dozen years. In that period he came to be as real to me as if I had known him personally; and, according to all accounts, we perhaps got along as well together as if we had seen each other frequently. Angus, it is to be admitted, had the unhappy faculty of quarrelling with many of his acquaintances, and becoming estranged at different periods from his best friends. He was a masterful man, most positive in his opinions, and a second Dr. Johnson in his independence and outspokenness. When he met men of the same calibre a fight was often the best compliment he could pay them. He not only believed but acted the proverb which says: "Biting and scratching is Scotch folk's wooing." As a consequence he was in the "black books" of most of his rivals, and on this account did not enjoy while living the full credit he was entitled to for his ability and success as a Burns collector. But after his death his petty failings were forgotten, and it is now generally conceded that Angus had a more comprehensive knowledge of

everything pertaining to Burns and his works than any one of his time. I saw his collection in his shop in Glasgow before it was dispersed by auction, and I am satisfied it will take a long time to bring together again such a magnificent array of Scottish literature clustered around the name of Burns. Nothing was too good for Angus when it came to the Bard of Ayr. Poor copies of editions were constantly being replaced by good copies, and even good copies had to retire when perfect copies were purchasable. In the final sifting he had a grander display of choice Burnsiana than had ever been collected before in one building. To own this cost him a tidy fortune. After his death it was hoped that his books would be purchased in bulk, but after many futile attempts to interest libraries and philanthropic individuals the collection was last year dispersed at Mr. Dowell's auction rooms in Edinburgh. Good prices were realized on the whole, and the books were scattered to all quarters of the world, the biggest number of items happily reaching the Smith collection at Washington, D. C. If I had been asked which single volume I should have selected from the lot I believe a fine edition of Lockhart's "Life of Burns" would have been my choice. It was in splendid condition, beautifully bound, and contained unpublished notes, comments and criticisms on the text by Syme and Gracie of Dumfries, two of Burns's intimate friends, who wrote from actual knowledge and personal observation. By the kindness of Mr. John Angus I was permitted to examine this book at my leisure. That Craibe Angus fully realized its worth may be surmised when it is known that he always kept it in his fire-proof safe among his rarest valuables. Mr. Angus was an Aberdeenshire man, from "Turra toun," and rose from obscurity to a commanding position in the "Second City" of the Empire.

I believe Angus has left his true successor in JAMES C. EWING, another Glasgow man, and at present attached to the Mitchell Library there. He was the intimate friend of Angus for many years, and never had an unpleasant word with him. Practically all that Angus knew Ewing knows, and is all the time knowing more and growing bigger. From his official connection with the finest treasure house of Scottish dialect poetry Mr. Ewing enjoys advantages denied to the ordinary Burns enthusiast. He is quiet, unassuming, but unmistakably firm in maintaining any ground he may take. Several discussions he has entered into have been enriched by his information, and settled by his statements. He is not afraid to try a tilt with the best, and never fights except fairly and squarely. All in all I consider him the best equipped Burns man, now living, as a collector, bibliographer and editor. *Remarkable as it may seem we do not yet have a complete and definitive edition of Burns's works, nor has the full truth been told about his life and career.* In my belief Mr. Ewing can fill both wants, but he will not make a beginning to do so until he has weighed, sifted, gauged and measured every scrap in his own possession, or to which he may have access. It goes without saying that he is a Burns admirer; but no blind worshipper; and I would trust him to produce as true a picture of the man, and as full a presentation of his writings, as any student of the Scottish laureate now in the land of the living.

JOHN MUIR, of Galston, is another of my Burns correspondents, and although he is still in the body, and now living in Glasgow, it was not my good fortune to meet him on my last trip to Scotland. Muir devoted more time to writing about Burns than to mere collecting, although he gathered together a very fair amount of books and relics relating to his favorite poet.

Through his efforts Signor Ortensi's Italian translations of Burns's best known productions found their way into Scotland, England and the United States.

The next gentleman on my list is JAMES DEWAR, of Belfast, Ireland, as good a son of Auld Scotia as ever settled in St. Patrick's Isle. Mr. Dewar has been a most devoted laborer in Burnsian fields, and with an unselfishness that is only equalled by his enthusiasm, he has all his life been collecting Burns material to give it away. Mainly through his energetic efforts the Free Library of Belfast established its Burns department, and the shelves of innumerable private collectors have been greatly enriched by Mr. Dewar's donations. He has, perhaps, kept the Burns flag flying in Ireland with more general honor and applause than any other single man. For years he was the respected front and head of all the Burns, St. Andrew's and kindred Scottish organizations, in the two chief cities of Erin, and is still a welcome and much appreciated guest at their leading celebrations. I am glad to say that I had the pleasure of being his guest for a week last winter, of sitting beside him at the 1902 St. Andrew's banquet in Belfast, and was given the honor of responding to the toast of "Kindred Societies Abroad," proposed by my old friend. Mr. Dewar, after a long business career, retired last fall to spend the balance of his days in leisure, but by no means in idleness. He is still as full of energy as in his prime, and is happy that he can now devote more time to the studies and activities of his own selection.

An intense, intelligent and discriminating lover of Burns is JOHN JOHNSTON, banker, of Milwaukee, a native of Aberdeenshire and a graduate of her university. His fine library is rich in Burnsiana of the highest grade, and few scholars are better posted on all that pertains to the poet. But Mr. Johnston has

mastered a wide range of literary topics, and on Scotch matters generally he is continually consulted, and is never appealed to in vain. He has without question the finest collection of books relating to Aberdeen and district to be found anywhere in the States, and time and time again I have successfully drawn upon his stores when every other resource failed me. Mr. Johnston has long occupied a commanding position in municipal and State affairs. He is a northern literary light of admitted brilliancy, his subjects ranging from finance to history and from politics to religion. Last June the University of Wisconsin conferred the degree of LL.D. on Mr. Johnston to the great pleasure of his many friends.

PETER BALLINGALL, of Philadelphia, is entitled to a place among Burns collectors as an excellent type of the Scot in America who in a quiet, unobtrusive way gathers Burnsiana to present to others. Many a choice item to my knowledge, has been secured and passed on in this manner. He is also prominently identified with the proposed statue to Burns in Philadelphia, and his love for the poet has resulted in more than one pilgrimage to the land of Burns. Mr. Ballingall is a public accountant by profession, and has acted as auditor in many big transactions, his reputation as an expert extending all over the United States. Warm-hearted and well posted, with more leisure he is likely soon to become better known as a genuine F.B.A.

A "bairn of Burns" in the highest sense is ANDREW GIBSON, of Belfast, but originally hailing from the "Land o' Cakes." Mr. Gibson, after a general acquaintance with the whole field of Burnsiana, concentrated his attention on the Irish editions of Scotia's darling bard. What he has discovered, gleaned, gathered and described is nothing short of marvellous, and a revelation to all students of Burns. If there is an

Irish edition in existence that has not found its way into the Gibson collection the owner will have no trouble in disposing of it for a handsome sum. But there is no danger that Mr. Gibson will be called upon to pay out any more, as his roster is complete, all big, little, cheap, dear, rare, common, old and modern Irish editions being in his cases, as well as hundreds of other fine editions and books, etc., pertaining to Burns, and all of the greatest value. Mr. Gibson has practically gifted his unique collection to the Linen Company's Library in Belfast, where it is well housed and prominently displayed. He has a complete descriptive catalogue of it in MS. ready for the printer's hands, and its publication will be a pleasant surprise to those who consider they know something about Burns books.

My next Burns man, JAMES W. R. COLLINS, was also a native of Glasgow, but when quite young emigrated to Philadelphia, which he made his home until his much lamented sudden death a few years ago. He was an expert stenographer, and for a long time held the responsible position of secretary to the General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. There was no more popular Scot than Collins in Pennsylvania for many years. He was the leading spirit in all the Scottish societies of the city of "Brotherly Love," and admittedly the best posted enthusiast in Pennsylvania. He collected editions, relics, paintings, engravings, and in fact everything connected with the poet, as well as a vast quantity of general Scottish literature. He was also a contributor to the leading Scottish and American newspapers on his favorite hobby, and many of his articles attracted wide attention. While I lived in Camden I made his acquaintance, and we saw each other almost daily until I moved to Lancaster. His unexpected early demise was a great shock to me, and by his untimely taking off his large circle of friends

suffered a loss that has never been retrieved. His library was dispersed in New York by auction during my absence in Scotland.

A persevering Burns scholar of international fame is Dr. JOHN D. ROSS, of New York City. He is best known as the editor of many monographs and books of "Burnsiana," including such appetizing titles as "Round Burns's Grave," "Tam o' Shanter," "Bonnie Jean," etc. His works on "Scottish Poets in America," and its supplement "A Cluster of Poets," are standard volumes of reference. His own Burns collections and his library of general Scottish literature rank with the best of their kind in this country. One section alone contains 250 different editions of Burns besides 200 works more relating to the poet. Mr. Ross was born in Edinburgh and must still be on the sunny side of fifty. He emigrated to the United States thirty years ago. William Black has honored Dr. Ross by quoting from his anthologies in the well-known novel "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston," and many a literary Scot has been made better known, appreciated and advanced by Ross's kindly and able pen. The late Dr. Peter Ross was a brother to Dr. John and I am not aware of any Scottish family in America that has such an output of literary work to their credit as these two distinguished sons of the Highlands.

While not a "collector" in the regular sense, Mr. GEO. BLACK, of Detroit, has in his possession a Burns prize that the best of the bard's admirers would be very proud to own. The item in question is no less than the "Bishop Geddes Burns," a copy of the poet's first Edinburgh edition presented by the author to the reverend gentleman so well known to students of our immortal Robin. I have had the pleasure of handling this rare volume and of examining it minutely. The poet, in addition to filling up all the blank spaces in his "ken-

speckle'' hand had added over a dozen unpublished holograph poems and altogether made this *the most unique copy of his works now known to the world.*

The Burns specialty of Mr. R. B. ADAM, of Buffalo, N. Y., is the collection of Burns manuscripts. Among his treasures up to date are the following items—surely a most remarkable array of genuine letters and poems entirely in the handwriting of Scotia's national poet:

1779. Jeremiah 15 Ch. 10 v.

“Ah woe is me my mother dear.”

1786. Written in the blank leaf of a copy of my first edition which I sent to an old sweetheart, then married—

“Once fondly loved, and still remembered dear.”

1786. Epistle in verse to Dr. Mackenzie, 29 June, An. M. 5990, [A. D. 1786].

“Friday first's the day appointed.”

1786. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 15 Nov., 1786.

1787. Address to Edinburgh.

“Edina, Scotia's darling seat.”

1787. Second verse of Strathallan's Lament.

“In the cause of Right engaged.”

1787. Postscript of letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 22 Mar., 1787.

1787. Letter to Peter Hill, 19 July, 1787.

1787. On reading in a newspaper the death of J. McL.

“Sad thy tale, thou idle page.”

1787. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [30 July, 1787].

1787. Letter to Mrs. McLehose [8 Dec., 1787].

1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [Jan., 1788]; containing “Clarinda, Mistress of my soul,” and “Anna, thy charms my bosom fire.”

1788. Letter to “Clarinda,” signed “Sylvander” [14 Jan., 1788].

1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 12 Feb., 1788; contains, Epigram on Elphinston's translation of Martial,

“Oh thou, whom Poesy abhors.”

1788. Letter to “Clarinda” signed “Sylvander” [18 Mar., 1788].

1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 26 Mar., 1788.

1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 31 Mar., 1788.

1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 27 and 29 May, 1788.

1788. On scaring some waterfowl in Loch-Turit.

“Why, ye tenants of the lake.”

1788. A Fragment—

“I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn.”

1788. A stanza composed for the air, Captain O'Kain—

“The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning.”

(The three preceding poems are written on one sheet of paper; part of the Lochryan collection.)

1788. Letter to Major Dunlop [30 May, 1788].
1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 21 August, 1788; containing, "The Thames flows proudly to the sea" and "When eighty-five was seven months old."
1788. First sketch of letter to Graham of Fintray.
 "When Nature her great Masterpiece designed."
1788. Revised copy of letter to Graham of Fintray.
1788. Letter to William Dunbar, 25 Sept., 1788.
1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 23 and 26 October, 1788; containing, "A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight" and
 "... Crohallan came,
 "The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout the same":
1788. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 29 October, 1788; containing part of The Poet's Progress.
 "Thou Nature, partial Nature, I arraign,"
 and
 "I gade a waefu' gate yestreen."
1788. Letter to Miss Dunlop [Nov., 1788].
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 1 Jan., 1789; containing part of The Poet's Progress.
 "O Dulness, portion of the truly blest!
1789. Letter to Professor Dugald Stewart, 20 Jan., 1789.
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [Jan., 1789]; containing the Ode, sacred to the memory of Mrs. O. of A.—
 "Dweller in yon dungeon dark."
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 5 Feb., 1789; containing, "Flow gently, clear (sic) Afton, amang thy green braes," and "Now, maddenning, wild I curse that fatal night."
1789. Letter of William Dunbar [Feb., 1789]; containing both versions of verses written in Carse Hermitage,
 "Thou whom chance may hither lead."
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 23 Feb., 1789.
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 4 Mar., 1789.
1789. Letter to Mrs. McLehose, 9 Mar., 1789.
1789. Ode, To the Departed Regency Bill, dated 17 Mar., 1789.
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 25 Mar., 1789.
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 3 April, 1789; containing the Ode to the Departed Regency Bill.
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 21 April, 1789; containing On seeing a fellow wound a hare with a shot—
 "Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art."
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 22 June, 1789.
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 7 July, 1789; containing, Elegy—
 "Strait is the spot and green the sod."
1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 17 July, 1789; containing The Kirk's Alarm—(sic) A. Ballad.
 "Orthodox, Orthodox, who believe in John Knox."

1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 19 August, 1789; containing lines to Mr. Graham:

"I call no goddess to inspire my strains."

1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 2 October, 1789; containing The Five Carlins o' the South,

"There was five carlins in the South."

1789. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 8 Nov., 1789; containing, song—(sic)

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray."

1790. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 3 Mar., 1790; containing Prologue for Mrs. Sutherland's benefit.

"What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on."

1790. Letter to David Staig, Provost of Dumfries [Mar., 1790]; enclosing The Prologue.

1790. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 6 June, 1790; containing Queen Mary's Lament—

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green."

1790. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 9 July, 1790.

1790. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 30 July, 1790; enclosing Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.

"O Death thou tyrant fell and bloody."

1790. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 6 October, 1790; quoting John Hildebroad's famous epitaph.

"Here lies poor old John Hildebroad,
Have mercy on his soul, Lord God,
As he would do, were he Lord God,
And thou wert poor John Hildebroad."

1790. Fragment—Elegy intended for Miss Burnet.

"In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves."

1790. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 6 Dec., 1790; enclosing Tam o' Shanter—A Tale—

"When chapmen billies leave the street."

1791. Letter to John Tennant, Junr., 2 Feb. 1791.

1791. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 26 October, 1791.

1791. First sketch of second letter to Graham of Fintray.

"Late crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg."

1792. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 14 Jan., 1792.

1792. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 3 Feb., 1792.

1792. Letter to Alexander Cunningham, 5 Feb., 1792.

1792. Ballad.

"O Love will venture in, where he dare na well be seen."

1792. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 6 Dec., 1792.

1793. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [1793]; containing songs—

"Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon."

"My Chloris, mark how green the groves."

"Can I cease to care."

"Is this thy plighted fond regard."

1793. Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's birthday, 4 Nov., 1793.

"Old Winter, with his frosty beard."

1793. Song, "Wilt thou be my Dearie."
1793. Song, "The last time I came o'er the moor."
1793. Sonnet—On hearing a thrush sing on a morning walk in January [1793].
 "Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough."
1793. Song, The blue-eyed lass.
 "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen."
1793. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [1793]; containing epigram on W. R.—
 "Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,"
 and song:
 "Thine I am, my faithful Fair."
1793. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [April, 1793].
1793. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [April, 1793].
1793. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [June, 1793]; containing song—
 "O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide."
1793. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [June, 1793]; containing Epigram on Maxwell of Cardoness, Epigram on Miss Davis.
 "Ask why God made the Gem so small."
 Epigram:
 "Silence in love shews deeper woe."
1793. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 25 August, 1793; containing song—
 "By Allan-side I chanced to rove."
1793. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [Nov., 1793].
1794. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [13 March, 1794]; containing Monody on Maria—
 "How cold is that breast now which Folly once fired,"
 and The Epitaph:
 "Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,"
 and Epigram on Dr. B.,
 "That there is Falsehood in his looks."
1794. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [Septr., 1794]; containing Epigram:
 "Maxwell, if merit here you crave,"
 and Epigram on W. R., Esq.,
 "So vile was poor Wat, such a recreant slave."
1794. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 29 Oct., 1794; containing Epigram on Hon. R. M. of P-nm-re,
 "Thou Fool, in thy Phaeton towering"
 and on seeing Mrs. Kemble in Dumfries theatre,
 "Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief."
1795. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [1795]; containing song: "O bonnie was your rosy brier."
1795. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop [1795]; containing The Dumfries Volunteers—a Ballad—
 "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat."
1795. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [August, 1795].
1795. Verses, To Chloris, first sketch with alterations.
 "Tis Friendship's pledge, my young Fair Friend."

1796. Ode, intended for George Washington's Birthday.

"No Spartan tube, no Attick shell."

1796. Letter to Mrs. Riddell [1796].

1796. Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 10 July, 1796.

Copies of poems in the handwriting of Burns:

On a tear—

"Oh! that the chymist's magic art,"

Verses by Helen Cranstoun, who married Professor Dugald Stewart in 1790.

"The tears I shed must ever fall."

Song:

"The auld man's mare's dead."

Letter of "Clarinda" to "Sylvander" [21 Dec., 1787].

Ninety-seven letters of Mrs. Dunlop to Robert Burns.

Of editions of the poems of Robert Burns Mr. Adam has about three score, including the rare Kilmarnock, and four others published in the poet's lifetime one of which is the Philadelphia of 1788.*

When we recall that a single letter or versicle by Burns is now almost worth its weight in diamonds, and when we remember that all the editions quoted bring handsome premiums we can better realize what a wealth of Burnsiana this modest, generous, patriotic, grand old Scotsman has accumulated. He not only has quantity in unstinted measure, but also quality of the rarest value. It ought to make every true American feel prouder that a fellow citizen is the possessor of such a unique fortune, as every son of Caledonia, I am sure, is grateful that such priceless writings are owned by a

* As a magnificent example of Book-expansion—sometimes called *Grangerizing*—Mr. Adam's treatment of the Wallace-Chambers Burns of 1896 deserves special notice. The four-volume large-paper edition has been amplified and extended to *seventeen* sumptuous volumes, full-bound in dark-blue, crushed levant. They contain portraits of 510 persons mentioned in the volumes; autograph letters and MSS. of 56 persons; views of 345 places and scenery; a portion of the lock of hair which Burns gave to Annie Rankine (from the collection of Wm. Potter, Oxton, Cheshire, England), and a small fragment of leather from the travelling-valise of Burns;—surely, altogether, a comprehensive collection of Burnsiana worthy of Scotland's poet, and, in its particularly interesting field, truly "*second to none*."

brother Scot. Mr. Adam is also known as the foremost Johnsoniana collector of the world, and the owner of rare Ruskiniana. When I saw him last he was well under way with a literary cairn to the memory of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd."

General JAMES GRANT WILSON excels as a Burns bibliographer in the Burnsian field, and has compiled the most valuable lists of American editions of our poet. Wilson is the son of a Scottish-American bard, who enjoyed considerable popularity in his day, and the General himself is known everywhere as a writer of the first grade. His "Poets and Poetry of Scotland" is one of the finest and most complete anthologies of its kind, and his histories and biographical sketches of American literary and military men place him high in the affection and admiration of his contemporaries.

In this chat about Burns collectors it would be an unpardonable oversight to fail to mention Dr. A. M. STEWART, editor and proprietor of *The Scottish American*, New York City. Writing me the other day, Mr. Carnegie said: "The Scotch community will gang far before they find a better editor than Dr. Stewart. He has secured for his paper a commanding position, and made it in many respects unique among journals." To this we must all agree. Dr. Stewart has been at the helm for over forty years, and in that long period he has with rare discrimination and never-ceasing industry collected, selected and presented to his readers everything of value that has been printed relating to Burns, from every quarter of the world, and translated from all known languages. I am sure I can say without any fear of successful contradiction that if the Burnsiana that has appeared in the *Scottish-American* since its first number could be collected, arranged, classified and indexed up to date we should have a testimonial to our "high chief of Scottish song" unparalleled in

the annals of literature. And this is only one field from Dr. Stewart's wide-stretching territory. Everything of real interest to Scotsmen in America sooner or later finds its way into the *Scottish-American*, and as a rule ahead of all its contemporaries. The Aberdeen Scot, for instance, who does not see his home paper can keep in touch weekly with all that need be known of his own district, and this applies to each individual county in Caledonia. Every number of the paper also contains a good proportion of fine stories, sketches, poetry, biography, reviews and stimulating essays, not to speak of a budget of high class wit and humor sufficient in the course of a year to set up a volume equal to the best of Dean Ramsay. Encouragement is given to original writers, and as a matter of fact, admitted by the severest critics across the water, the purest Scottish dialect now-a-days is not written in Scotland but by Scottish residents in America, many of whom have winged their first flights or made their best appearances in the columns of the *Scottish-American*. It is also a practical journal mixing its news and entertainment with "admonition due," and at all times maintaining the highest and healthiest moral tone. In the matter of typographical display it is unexcelled, being as carefully printed as it is edited, and all in all I consider it an eclectic magazine of the first rank compared with general publications, while as a weekly newspaper and valuable miscellany it should be a regular visitor in every household that can claim Scotch relationship by birth or descent in the closest or remotest degree. Perhaps no paper published has a circulation of a higher quality. Instances are common where it is sent from an American subscriber to a relative in the old country, remailed to friends in the colonies, finding its way finally on board an ocean tramp or into a soldiers' camp to be handed around and read

until it is literally worn out of existence. Dr. A. M. Stewart was born in the village of Cambus, near Stirling, and has been in this country since 1857.

Good writers always reserve their best for the last, and I have only now to name WM. R. SMITH, of Washington, D. C., who in the vast variety of his accumulated Burnsiana is easily at the present time the leading Burns collector of them all, on either side of the Atlantic. He began when young, and is now an old man. His collection has been enriched with choice gems from all the collections that have been broken up in the last score of years. He is a careful buyer, and never loses sight of any item that would improve his library. He is also notable from the fact that he enjoys the friendship of the prominent legislators of the country, and they have all felt the good influence of his intense love for Burns, greatly to their own gain and the advancement of their constituents. Smith and his Burnsiana together have become as much a Capitol institution as the Smithsonian or the Congressional Library. It is not enough to say that Smith's collection is the best in the United States, and it is not an exaggeration to say that it is nearly equal to all other Burns collections put together in this country, because the simple truth is that with the exception of perhaps half a dozen excessively rare volumes he now has everything worth having, and all his editions are in good condition. Almost every week something new is added, but it can at least be recorded that in August, 1903, Mr. Smith's shelves contained five hundred and twenty editions of Burns, and three thousand volumes relating to the poet. Duplicates of most of the books that were in Burns's own library are now in Mr. Smith's collection and show the poet in a new light as a literary student. The Smith scrap books of Burnsiana and kindred topics excel all others in that line, and contain much valuable

matter. He has also been fortunate in securing a fitting permanent home for his collection, its ultimate destination being the Carnegie Library at Pittsburg. This is a guarantee that nothing will be sacrificed or lost, and no doubt is one of the reasons why Mr. Smith's friends are always glad to send him any rare item of Burnsiana that may come their way. Mr. Smith is also prominently identified with the movement for a Burns statue in Washington, which has every sign of successful accomplishment in the near future, and in this connection he was the originator and founder of the Jean Armour Burns Club, of America's capital city. But better, I think, than all I have mentioned is the kindness that Mr. Smith has shown to the nearest living relatives of Scotland's greatest bard. He has proved a true friend himself and secured for them the helpful friendship of many others that otherwise might not have known them. Mr. Smith is at present in the enjoyment of excellent health, and wherever he is known it is the sincere wish of his friends and acquaintances that he may long be spared to enjoy the gloaming of his days, and continue to add to what he modestly calls his "Burns Cairn," but what is by many considered to be the best existing Monument to Burns.



"LAW COTTAGE" — LUMSDEN VILLAGE.

"The house where James Law lived."

AMANG MY AIN FOLK IN THE AULD HAME.

‘Leith-Lumsden,’ ‘Lumsden,’ ‘Lumis-daine,’—

Whatever name may come
This place will aye be to its ain
‘The Village’ or ‘The Lum.’
And whatna pairish lass or loon
The hale wide wardl o’er
Can find nae music in the soun’
O’ dear auld Auchindoir!

Lumsden Village, where I was born, and where this was written, was founded about 1830 and named after the ‘lord of the manor.’ The original form was “Leith Lumsden,” but on the death of the last Leith Lumsden, the village dropped “Leith” and has ever since been known as Lumsden, or, in popular parlance, “The Lum.” “Lum” is also Scotch for chimney, so many puns and jokes are perpetrated against the little place based on the double meaning of its name. For instance: “Ye canna expec’ muckle cleanliness oot o’ the Lum”; and again: “Even the richest men in London are prood to wear a Lum hat!”

The village is situated in the parish of Auchindoir, which is a Gaelic name meaning “the field of the chase,” from the fact that Lulach, stepson of Macbeth (Shakespeare’s hero), was chased through the district, and killed in the neighboring parish of Rhynie. The district has the usual amount of legends, folk-lore, and historical incidents. It has at least two castles—Craig and Drumminor—dating from the 16th century. It was part of the famous “Gordon Land,” and the Grants, the Forbeses and the Nivens have also been identified with it. Earlier still the Irvines of Drum were proprietors of Auchindoir, a fact of special interest to Americans at this time, since President

Roosevelt of the United States is descended on his Scotch side from the Irvine family. The first Gordon in Auchindoir was one Patrick, in "Fulyemont," now Wheedlemont, who fell at Flodden in 1513. There are good specimens of Picts Houses in the neighborhood, said by antiquarians to be the dwelling places of our prehistoric ancestors. Stone-axes, Celtic crosses, flint arrowheads, querns, with many other old-time relics, are found in abundance,* and the present Laird of Clova, Mr. Hugh Gordon Lumsden, has excellent specimens of everything in his private museum at Clova House. My wife and I had the pleasure of seeing them under the Laird's instructive guidance, with an occasional witty comment, from his brilliant Lady.

* My cousin John Law presented me with a "broad piece" dated 1604, found in Lumsden.

A coin from Scottish Jamie's mint,
 The high and mighty Prince, King James,
 Who wasna slow to tak' the hint
 When Cousin Bess retired for good
 To move his Court frae Holyrood
 To London on the banks of Thames.

Three hundred years is near the age
 O' this wee bit o' siller white,
 And whatna prophet would engage
 To say three hunner years frae noo
 It winna look as fresh in hue
 And be a mair commended mite.

Perhaps it cam' frae Shakespeare's purse,
 A shillin' spent to see him play,
 And left for better or for worse
 Amang the Aberdonians dour
 When he wi' Fletcher made the tour
 That took them North by Forres way.

Be that, hooever, as it will,
 This relic o' their king and time
 Has value in itsel' to fill,
 Far bigger space than I can spare
 Or here can share—an' muckle mair
 Than I can reach in prose or rhyme!

There are many beautiful and romantic bits of scenery near Lumsden, including the three Dens of Kil-drummy, Clova and Craig, the Quarry Howe* and Corbie Tongue; the High Wood and the Bonny Woods o' Clova; the banks and braes by the Bogie, the Mos-sat and the Don, and last, but not least, the magnificent hills that hem in the village and valley as by artificial walls. "Glenlogie," which may or may not be the Glenlogie of the Northern Ballad of that name, is in the parish, about six miles west from Alford. In the same neighborhood is the "Nine Maiden's Well," where tradition states nine maidens were killed by a boar that infested the district. To help along the story the "Boar's Stone" is shown near by, still bearing the marks left by the beast in sharpening its tusks! Some will have it that the boar's head quartered on the Forbes arms originated in this incident; and there are even fanciful theories for the origin of the name itself in connection with the adventure, running from the mild "It was a' *For Bess*" to the ridiculous "Haud ye the fore birse (Forbes), and I'll gore doon" (Gordon)! Farther up the valley may be seen the magical "Bride's Well," which young women on their wedding eve were wont to visit. By bathing the bride's feet and breasts any danger of "Race Suicide" was averted, and by dropping bread and cheese in the well, on leaving, the little strangers to come were insured from want. The Buck of the Cabrach overtops all mountains in the neighborhood, but the Tap o' Noth from its situation as seen from Lumsden is the most beautiful hill I have ever seen anywhere. Directly

* I wish I could recall how many boundaries meet at the Caird's Hole in this fairy-haunted and tramp-infested hollow. It marks the junction of Laird's lands, Presbyteries' Synods, County Council Districts, Constabulary Divisions, Road and Health Precincts,—and who knows what else? A man in trouble could escape into a good many different jurisdictions here with very little exertion.

opposite it, to the south, Mt. Keen and Morven, both in the Grampian range, are discernible, and in the east the Hill of Coreen smiles across to the Buck. Below the village is a Peat Moss that has a never-failing supply of fuel for the villagers, and for the farmers of a neighboring estate. From my window I can see a slap in the hills—now known as “Corse-o’-laigh”—where Edward the First’s Army crossed on one of his warlike expeditions into this part of Scotland.*

Up at Kildrummy Castle, now in ruins, many royal associations are clustered, of the times of Robert the Bruce; and such local names as “Queensbridge” imply association with the first lady of our land in bygone days, although the exact circumstances are not now known.

While Kildrummy is a different parish, many Auchindoir people are buried in Kildrummy Churchyard, my own forbears among the number. Through the kindness of Rev. Andrew Christie, the minister of the parish, I gleaned many interesting and new particulars about some of my kith and kin.

It seems that my great-grandfather, James Law, was a noted salmon fisher, chiefly plying his sport on the River Don. The old story about salmon being so plentiful on the Dee that servants used to stipulate, on hiring, that they should not have salmon oftener than thrice a week, is quite discounted by my namesake’s tactics. He was so fond of the fun, and was so successful with his rod and spear, that he always had more fish on hand than his family or friends could consume. The idea of selling his surplus stock would never have entered his head, so to what use, think you, did he subject the king of fishes? Boiled them down

* In addition to having the Mossat, Packet, Burn of Craig and Bogie, Auchindoir can also claim the source of the “Gaudie” stream, which will flow through Scottish song as long as it “rins at the back o’ Bennachie.”

to make fat to grease his boots with! It was nothing uncommon to see him running bare-footed and bare-legged on the banks of the Don on a frosty morning, his shoes and stockings dangling in his coat-tail pockets, so that he might walk home dry-shod later on! He had a brother who was the strongest man in the county, and many of his feats are still retold in the district. Others of the same stock were also noted for their strength. The Aberdeenshire Laws came from Fife, and were related to the Lauriston family that produced the "Mississippi Bubble" man. A Secretary of State for Scotland and an Archbishop of Glasgow belonged to the same clan. The name, however, is common to the three countries of Scotland, England and Ireland. At present Mr. Hugh A. Law represents West Donegal in the House of Commons, as Mr. A. Bonar Law, the Parliamentary Secretary for the Board of Trade, sits for the Blackfriar's district of Glasgow, and Lord Ellenborough (Charles Towry Hamilton Law), the head of the English branch of the name, has a seat in the Upper House. One of the Salmon-Fisher's descendants, my uncle, who "raised" me (as we say here), was quite a character in his way, and noted far and near for his quaint sayings as well as for his skill in the manly art of self-defense. John Law was once summoned before the Sheriff at Aberdeen for some row in which he had his share, and, as usual, had come out on top. The Sheriff was inclined to take the case "to avizandum"—that is, to reserve decision until he gave it more consideration—and so announced his intention, greatly to John's disgust. He showed his displeasure at the law's delay by shouting, "If you are to let me off, let me off; and if you are to fine me, fine me, and let me awa' hame." The Sheriff was plainly pleased as well as amused at this honest, straightforward sally, but pretended to scold, and said,

“You should have come to me, John, when the man struck you, and not taken the law into your own hands by punishing him yourself.” John instantly answered: “I doot if I had waited to come to you for help, by this time I would have been a gone corbie” (a dead crow)! and the response was so well received that John was allowed to take his departure without any further debate. He was above the ordinary in education, and could coin a new word where he felt the want of it. At one time he embarked in cattle-dealing, but did not make a success of it. Explaining the reason to a friend, he said: “It wasna that I didna wish to mak’ it go, but I didna just hae the *cleverality*.” None could excel him in mock-heroics when he wished to be sarcastic, a good sample of his skill in this line being the pompous style in which he announced the birth of a boy whose father was a sapper, and whose fortune was poorer than even the ordinary run. “Have you heard the happy news?” said John. “One of her most gracious Majesty’s Royal Engineers has last night deigned to visit our humble clachan—without a sark upon his back, and nae a bawbee to buy ane wi!” The best of his stories are unfortunately in the fine, broad, graphic Scotch of Aberdeenshire, and lose much of their point and flavor when translated into English. In a serious vein he let off some excellent things. “Kindness,” he would say, “is better than a’ ye can eat or drink,” and to one who was likely to secure a valuable appointment John advised: “Gin ye do win on and do win on,—Be good to a’ poor thing.” His creed was summed up in a sentence which was also a commandment: “Dee (do) weel and ye’ll be weel here and hereafter.” With malice towards none, but with charity for all, he spent the gloaming of his days amid the scenes of his childhood, and died in his eighty-eighth year with the respect and the affection of the whole community.

An aunt of John's, Mary Law, of the Inner's, was also widely noted for her droll sayings, one example of which must here suffice. She had been warned by the Doctor to keep to her bed, as he saw symptoms of serious illness in her, and also prescribed a poultice of porridge for her chest. Mary agreed to obey instructions, but when the doctor called the next day he found her in a raging fever. Insisting that she had not kept her bed, as ordered, she admitted "that she might have got up occasionally to see what gig or cart was passing." "Then," said the doctor, "that accounts for your fever," to which Mary promptly responded: "Fa could take a fivver wi' a clort o' pot-tage at their breist!"

I have delightful memories of visits paid to Mary when on trout-fishing expeditions with my Uncle John. No "pieces" ever tasted finer than the ones she prepared, unless perhaps the delicious scones and "croods" that I got farther up the hill at the "Saip-lins," where my cousin, Mrs. Reid, resided. As I remember the district in those days there was nothing stinted about the hospitality anywhere. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that I had relatives in every direction. Once when my uncle was pointing out to me farm after farm and telling me in what way there was a family connection, I said: "We cannot be related to everybody in the parish, surely!" "Weel," he said, "there's nae mony hereabout ye couldna hae some claim till gin a' was redd up"—which is not improbable in a settled country with an ancestry located in it for a few centuries.

While speaking of relatives, I may here mention that I have discovered that one of my grandfathers was present at the Battle of New Orleans, and in the same British regiment with him were my two grand-uncles, who perished on that bloody field. My grandfather,

Norman, was also very stout and strong, but probably owed his life to the fact that he was only five feet eight in height, as his brothers Lachlan and John, both over six feet, were shining targets for General Jackson's marksmen, and fell early in the day, to remain forever on American soil. They were all pressed into service as vassals (by courtesy called tenants) of the Duke of Sutherland, and those who survived the American campaign and came home found their crafts turned into big sheep farms and their houses razed to the ground—a fine reward for their loyalty, and a common instance of the despotism, ingratitude and inhumanity of the landed proprietors of those days. Equally interesting to me was the information that on the Celtic side of my ancestry was the last of a race of bards, whose gift of poesy had descended from father to son for some generations. This particular poet's masterpiece, says Logan in his "Highland Clans," is "reckoned by many to be equal to anything in the Gaelic language."

Now for a change in my chat.

In the Bible somewhere I remember reading about darkness so intense that it could be felt. In Lumsden it is so dense that you can lean against it, sit upon it, or lie down on it as on a couch. To be out on its main street when it is dark and rainy is the nearest approach I know to being adrift on the Atlantic Ocean. Not a star is to be seen. There are somewhere, I believe, street lamps, but long ago it was decided that they were too much trouble, not to speak of the expense, so they lie covered with dust and laziness in the corner of some out-house, a gloomy reminder of Lumsden's fondness for "ways that are dark." The folks of the Lum have no desire to let their light shine. In the shortest days here it is dark up to eight o'clock in the morning, and daylight dies out at half-past three on a stormy after-

noon. But the lighting of house-lamps is regulated more by the clock than by the sun, and, most of all, by the pulling down of the blinds. One morning I stepped into the kitchen about 7:30, or "hauf-aucht," as they say here. It was as dark as pitch, and I said, "Where is your lamp? Don't you light it in the morning?" "Oh, ay," said my cousin, Letitia; "but it's oot noo." "Yes," said I, "but see how dark it is!" "Ah, but," she said, "look at the clock!" "Well," I replied, "that does not matter—it's dark." "Yes, I ken," she said, "but the blind's up!" And this to her was a settler. It could be dark or light, as it pleased, she had pulled up the blind, and out the light had to go. Another afternoon I called on my Cousin Jean. We sat and talked while she was busy at her work of dress-making, and, although the gloaming soon set in, she kept at her sewing. When it got so dark that I could not see her, I hinted that it was surely time to light the lamp. "Eh, na," she says. "Fowk would speak aboot's if we lichted up as soon as this. My blind's nae doon yet!" When she saw from her windows that her neighbors had lit their lamps she plucked up courage to follow their example, but not before she pulled down the blind. I really believe some of the Lumsden people are disappointed that paraffine oil ever came into fashion. Candles are still used freely, and I have been able to procure from Donald Ross's widow a fine specimen of a "cruisie," as was in use about a generation ago. This is a primitive lamp, composed of two flat iron shells, with spouts, one hung above the other. Melted tallow or grease is poured into the upper shell, and two or three rush wicks laid in the oil and lighted at the upper spout. The lower shell is to catch the excess drip, and the oil thus saved may be used again. A still more ancient form of light is the pine torch, which I remember using myself. Fat pieces of fir,

full of rosin, were split into long, thin "candles," and, when dried and well toasted, made a fairly good light. Some houses had a "peer man" to hold those fir candles—the "poor man" being simply an iron hand fixed up near the fireplace; but in most cases, if the old man "took the book," or wished to read from a newspaper, one of his children stood by his side and held the torch near him. Such a human candle-stick, as he told me himself, was the late Alexander Geddes, of Chicago, and Blairmore Castle in Glass. As a boy he held the fir for his father to read by, and before he died this same son was able to see his father reading by electric light in the palace erected on the same site where stood the humble cottage of his earlier days—a record perhaps unequalled by any other man in Scotland or in the British Isles. The electric light has been introduced at Craig Castle, within two miles of Lumsden, and is considered such a novelty by the natives of the district that they walk long distances to see it. I found several who rather resented the innovation as an infringement on their Cimmerian prerogatives, and sullenly declared that "nae good could come o' sic' cantrips." But it cannot be denied that darkness has advantages for Lumsden, at times, although individuals may occasionally suffer. Strangers in the village are welcome to run against the pumps that are set up like pillar letter-boxes on the sidewalks about a hundred yards apart. A broken leg helps the country doctor, and even bruises bring some small grist to the chemist's shop. Then there are other compensations. When friends fall out at night, as friends will sometimes do, all the world over, they can give and take completely screened from the rude, unfeeling gaze of neighbors. It was no doubt on such a night of darkness as Lumsden often has that two worthies fell a-fighting. They pelted each other as best they could,

but evidently made little headway when out of the gloom came a shrill, small voice: "Hit him on the watch, father—it will cost him something." It was on such a night as this, too, that one of the ministers, in walking down the main street of the village, almost ran into one of his flock. Poor Geordie had been having a little altercation with his better half, and decided it would be healthier "to sniff the caller air" outside. The minister asked him what he was doing. "Oh," he said, "my lum was reekin', and I just stepp'd oot. I wish you would look in and see how it is doing." Wishing to oblige, the minister walked to the door, and, just as he opened it, a female voice exclaimed: "Is that you again, ye auld deevil?" and the next moment the minister's hat was crushed over his eyes with a cutty stool. Without making an outcry he closed the door, and, stepping up to Geordie, said: "Oor lum at hame sometimes reeks, too," and passed on into the night.

The most of the thrifty people here have only one idea of economy, and that is, to save every penny they can lay their hands on. They are not enterprising, and the speculative element is entirely absent from their composition. If they were shown that by spending a shilling they could get two shillings they would laugh at you, and hold on to their "bob." Every spare copper with them is a prisoner. But there are many, again, who spend recklessly on whisky or tobacco, and it is really surprising how much goes in that direction with them in proportion to income. The general style of living is bare, even niggardly, to one accustomed to a bountiful American bill of fare, and, as to house or home comforts, few know anything whatever regarding them. In many cases, too, it is not for want of means. Farmers worth hundreds, yes thousands, of pounds, will live in a state of semi-star-

vation and barbarity, in half-furnished rooms, often without fire in the middle of winter, and without any of our Yankee necessities, not to mention luxuries. Instances are plentiful where as much money will be wasted in "treating" on a single market day as would keep cosy every room in a big farm-house for a whole winter season, but by such spenders any one who used his money so sensibly (as to be comfortable) would be classed as eccentric or "saft," and his early downfall confidently predicted. They look on people who provide a good table with contempt, and for a man to treat any one to a good dinner or supper at an inn or hotel instead of spending six times as much on strong drink simply means, in their estimation, the height of folly, and the last stage of prodigality. So it is in regard to the condition, furnishings and conveniences of too many of their houses. To my certain knowledge the dwellings on two of the finest farms "in the run of Bogie" are worse hovels than we would ask the poorest and lowest negroes in the United States to occupy. To describe these "homes" in detail would demand the pen of a Douglas, a Balzac or a Zola. The buildings may have been standing a thousand years, to judge from appearances. The walls are as loose as an open dyke; the roofs a miserable patchwork of rotten broom, straw and broken slates, in many cases held down by ropes, stones, planks, and even broken-down harrows, wheels and other discarded farming implements. The windows have not a single sound pane of glass, and are half-filled with brown paper, old newspapers and filthy rags. The doors have never seen paint of any kind. Inside the conditions are still worse. There is no pretense at floors, except that at one time flag-stones had been laid somewhere between the entry and the fireplace. The furnishings of the rooms are of the rudest, crudest type. When it rains,

which it does about five days out of seven, and eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, it is real sport to find a spot dry enough to sit or stand in for ten minutes at a time. Umbrellas are as essential for bedrooms as blankets, if one wishes to sleep undisturbed and wake up dry. Everything is black with smoke and soot, and even in the matter of smell "the offense is rank," and cries out to Heaven. Such "homes" are a disgrace to a civilized community, and a crime that some one should be made responsible for. I know all about the proverb that relates to the bird that defiles its own nest, but the fault is with the defiler and not with the one that has the courage to draw attention to it. If the good people at home sit blindfolded it is a real kindness to remove their bandages and let them see things as they actually are. As John Knox used to ask, and George Buchanan before him: "Is it the truth?" When the answer must be "Yes," whether what is written pleases or displeases is of secondary importance. The proprietor of the farms is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. His dealings with his tenants are through factors, or agents, and in such cases as I have cited the factor is unquestionably more to blame than the Duke. His Grace is personally said to be a humane man, and, as landlords go, considered a good one; but His Grace's servant, in this instance, must have a heart of granite and a conscience of cast-iron to permit such rookeries to disfigure the turnpike side. His duty is to see that the property in his care is fit for human habitation at least, and nothing can be advanced to excuse him from the greatest share of the censure that must fall on every one in any way connected with the disgraceful exhibition. The tenant must also be to blame in part, as, if he is fit to occupy the farms, he can most certainly command better ac-

commodations.* I even felt that I could scold the parish ministers for failing to protest against such hovels, but later experience in the district has shown me how small now-a-days is the influence of the parson and how limited his powers.

I have met all the clergymen here, and good men they are, every one of them. Their sermons are excellent, practical and stimulating, but it's a pretty dour soil they have in which to sow the seed! One particularly fine discourse I listened to was on the subject of "Kindness and Thoughtfulness." It was a model in every way, and touched strongly on faults and failings common to us all. I felt sure it would bear good fruit, and without delay. In coming from church to the village—a distance of two miles—I had noticed many old and feeble men and women, hardly able to make such a long journey. Elders' gigs had passed them by, and, in spite of vacant seats, I had never seen a friendly lift given to any one. Now, after such a powerful preachment as we had listened to, the elders would certainly "tak' a thocht and men'!" But no! They sailed by the old, the halt and the infirm, splashing them with the mud from their gig-wheels in the old-fashioned style. Every vehicle had three vacant seats, that could have made three poor pilgrims happy, but the occupants did not believe in bothering themselves to impart any help or pleasure to their less fortunate neighbors; in other words, they did not pay any attention to their minister's harangue no more than if they had slept through his whole sermon, as probably some of them did!

* It is only fair to state that as soon as the Duke was personally appraised of the condition of affairs above described he gave the matter immediate attention, and ordered new buildings to be erected at once. This placed the blame directly at the Factor's door, and happily, for the good of the Estate and the suffering Tenantry, a change was soon after made in the local management.

I have been told that there is a sanitary inspector who could condemn such houses as I have partially described above, and can only conclude that in such cases as the ones mentioned he has been muzzled and blinded and bought over to neglect his duty, because no fair-minded man could see such horrible conditions and conscientiously say the dwellings were fit for human habitation.

My boy DUFF, who has been here over a year now, says with a large proportion the motto of Scotland is not "Nemo me impune lacessit," but "What's the use?" This is the uniform question and answer to every hint or suggestion implying improvement or change. Ambition with them is certainly at a low ebb. They think and say that what was good enough for their parents is good enough for them. Any betterment of their condition that means the least exertion or extra work is quickly dismissed.

This spirit operates against them in other ways. Many of the young men would rather live on meal and water and hang around home (in very truth only eking out a miserable existence) than push out to try their fortune in better fields. Perhaps it is for this reason that the good, enterprising, successful Scots do best in foreign lands. If they have any spunk at all they escape from country life under the low, sordid, depressing, emasculating conditions around them. The vigorous and the superior grades come to the top like cream, and a praiseworthy dissatisfaction with their life gives them no rest until they find elsewhere what was denied them in their native glens and vales. It is no ordinary spirit or ability that rises superior to the abasing—I had almost said debasing—surroundings of country life that too largely prevail now-a-days in the north of Scotland, and the young man or young woman who succeeds in breaking through their envi-

ronment finds after success in life in almost any sphere and clime comparatively easy. Do not for a moment imagine, however, that all are alike here, any more than elsewhere. Even amongst those who stay at home there are fine specimens of progressive manhood that would reflect honor on any country. I write of the average masses, and not of the exceptions, whether individuals or classes. The farmers who are fairly successful have the best that is agoing in implements and stock, and at rare intervals one will be found that insists on having the best also for himself and family. But, at the finest—and perhaps this is their fairest excuse—farming is a sorry business. Rents are high, and the climate “invariably uncertain.” Many of the crofts and farms Americans would not work as a gift rent free. In the main the rule still holds that the farmer who improves his place can depend upon his reward in the shape of advanced rent at the end of his lease. Retired tradesmen and merchants are always plentiful enough to keep the rents at abnormal figures, so that the legitimate agriculturist has a sorry time of it. There are no industries or factories in this section, the nearest approach being two freestone quarries, that would not give work all the year ’round to a score of men. If a man is not regularly employed at farming he can find odd jobs at breaking stone for road-metal—and when that is mentioned his chances are exhausted.

The village, with a population of about 500,* sup-

* To Mr. W. G. Sillifant the courteous and capable Registrar of the parish, I am indebted for the following figures:

Auchindoir Census, 1901.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
In Lumsden.....	255	232	487
Remainder of Parish.....	356	373	729
Totals	611	605	1216

ports six general merchants, handling all kinds of requisites, one of them being licensed to sell liquors, and one having a chemist's shop. Three of them have tailoring establishments (and there is a new establishment, since this letter was written, exclusively devoted to tailoring). Three of the shops handle newspapers and reading matter of various kinds. There is also a watchmaker in the village, and a baker, but no butcher. There is one inn and one horse-hiring establishment. Three boot and shoe shops are needed, and in any of them you can have footgear made from start to finish. The 'cycle dealer and repairer is here, and there is also a contracting carpenter and a contracting mason. The nearest railway station is eight miles distant, but the village has a postoffice, with two mails daily, and a telegraph office, open from eight to eight "on lawful days," and for two hours on Sundays. That last phrase puts me in mind of a good story told about Queen Victoria. She was fond of asking the Dowager Duchess of Atholl to read the famous notice about the Blairgowrie coach. The name of it was the "Duchess of Atholl," and the name of the hotel which was its headquarters was "The Duke's Arms." When her late Majesty wished to make sure of a good laugh she would call for a re-reading of the advertisement which was as follows: "The Duchess of Atholl leaves 'The Duke's Arms' every lawful day at 6 a. m., and at 10 o'clock on Sundays!" To resume our village directory: We have one bank—a branch of The North of Scotland Banking Company, one public school, one

Number of Houses in Village.....	116
Number of Houses in balance of Parish.....	152
	<hr/>
	268

The total population in 1881 was 1514, and 1891, 1374, showing a decrease of 140 in 10 years and decrease of 298 in 20 years. Is this a fair sample of the depopulation of our Scottish rural districts?

church (United Free), and one blacksmith shop. I have noticed several women assiduously knitting stockings, and believe they do a small business with the merchants in that line. There is no barber shop and no laundry shop. For evening entertainment, young men collect on street corners or frequent the tailors' and shoemakers' shops. Card parties are popular, whist being the favorite game. Occasionally the "dam-brod" is taken out and some good players have been developed. A dancing-master has a small private class two or three nights a week. About the New Year time balls are frequent, and the once famous annual "shooting match" still survives on a diminished scale, but the great "blow-out" of this season is dignified by the high-sounding Italian name of "Conversazione." It is only another example of how prone the ignorant are to use hifalutin words, and, similarly, to indulge in what is tawdry and irritatingly superfluous, forgetting that simplicity is far superior to gaudiness and tinsel and kindred vulgarities. The same tendency is shown in the decorations of homes and persons, where any attempt is made to rise above the bare necessities. Instead of a good, solid, serviceable table, chair or lamp, some ridiculous monstrosity is purchased (at an exorbitant figure), neither fit to write on, sit on, or to give any light whatever. In place of stout, strong, homespuns, never out of fashion and always beautiful, the would-be dandies trick themselves up in worthless shoddy, gorgeous patterns and fantastic design, while the belles, in ribbons and bibbons and laces and feathers seem to vie with each other in the display of freakish finery, and ugly, rubbishy, irritating "fol-de-rols." But this weakness is not confined to any particular clime or country, so doubtless it is an innate tendency that is one of the necessary steps of human evolution.

A great deal of the trouble and lack of progress in this district is due to the love and practice of gossip and scandal; the almost total neglect of mental culture of any kind; and, as in the case of the Irish, the failure to agree and unite for their common good. As I remarked before, the churches seem to have little real influence over the people. The services are respected, so long as they last, but it would take more than an hour's spiritual leaven to influence the material dough of an Auchindoir week. And yet nowhere in all my travels have I felt more benefited by church attendance than amang the kirks of my ain folk. The simplicity of the exercises must be their greatest charm. At the U. F. Church in Lumsden and at the Parish Church of Auchindoir, I felt nearer to my idea of rational, reverent worship than in any of my other experiences in this line, and being curious in such matters, I have never missed an opportunity to see the best, or most noted, wherever I might be located. The Scottish rhymed versions of the Psalms are used, and some of the stanzas are appalling from a rhythmic or metrical standpoint, but the beautiful tunes to which they are sung would soften any ruggedness and consecrate verses even more grotesque. In Auchindoir we do not have the "showding" that may still be seen in the Cabrach. This is a practice of gently swaying the body to the rhythm of the psalm-tune, and when done in unison and seriously by the whole congregation, it has a comic effect to a stranger. I have seen it in full force at Negro religious camp meetings, but the movements there were considerably brisker, and more than once culminated in a whirlwind of excitement, ending in irregular collapse. No big Carnegie "kist o' whistles" has broken into any of the Auchindoir churches yet, but all are equipped with modest harmoniums that unobtrusively add to the pleasure of the

singing. The precentor is still only second in importance to the minister, and the stories that cluster around the old-time "letter-gae" rank with the best specimens of Scottish humor. I have seen some rare happenings myself when an amateur like "Bithnie," Diack, or Cryle, volunteered to lead the singing, or what is more likely had been pressed into the leadership of the choir. But whether keys were pitched too high or too low, whether the tunes were suitable to the measure or not—yes, even in extreme cases, where a false start compelled a dead stop in the middle of a line that could not be compressed or stretched any farther—the man was always equal to the occasion, and did not hesitate to begin all over again, and finally ended in triumph. Innovations in tunes were never popular, and an instance is on record where the precentor and his aids were publicly rebuked. After they had finished the new-fangled rendition the minister got up and with unconcealed rage announced: "Since the precentor and choir have sung to their own praise and glory, we shall now sing to the praise and glory of God"—leading off, himself, with some old favorite like "French" or "Martyrdom," in which the congregation heartily joined. I missed many of the old "characters," who had, in the words of my old Sunday-school teacher, "gone to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." This dear old man and I were great friends until I committed the never-to-be-forgiven crime of going to London without asking his permission! The fact is I ran off from home, when fifteen years of age, and beat my way to the world's greatest city without consulting any one. When I got back to the Lum, fresh from my Metropolitan triumphs, my old teacher cut me dead. It seems that up to the time of my exploit he was the only man in the village who had ever been so far from

home, and of course I was now a formidable rival to his travelled glory. I heard of his anger and even now I wonder at my daring in going back to his Sunday-school class, although he always said I was his best scholar. The gentle William now had me where he wanted me and for a long time played with me as a cat plays with a mouse, making only jocular references to the return of the prodigal son and such like Biblical stories. But at last his pent-up wrath exploded, and all the vials of it were emptied on my devoted head. He pictured the impudence of a youngster like me going to London, when he, William Barron, had been an old man before going so far, and even then he was accompanied by a guide. Then he took another tack and said it was extremely doubtful if I had ever really been there. Could I bring any one to prove it? Of course I could not! I remembered visiting the Tower, and the Mayor's Office, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Royal Exchange, but I had not influence enough to transport them to Lumsden nor power enough to make them speak for me even if I had got them there. I recall that I had sold a nice jack-knife to buy paper and envelope and stamp to send a letter home from London to my uncle to satisfy him I had actually been in the great city, but such prejudiced testimony was out of the question with my relentless judge. Finally, having worn himself out, he pulled his watch out of his pocket and brandishing it under my nose, with his face wreathed in smiles, he said: "He may and he may not have been in London, but one thing is certain sure,—HE HASNA GOT A GOLD WATCH YET!!! That was a crusher, and I doubtless crept home the most crest-fallen youth in Lumsden. William also cut me out of a five-pound legacy he had left me in his will, so I paid dear enough for my frolic. Last winter I was telling this story with my wonted gusto to Mrs. Strachan, of

Bucharn, near Huntly, and when I reached the climax amidst unusual merriment from the balance of my audience, she quietly said: "Ay, that was jist like Willie." I smelt a rat at once and I said: "You did not know him, did you?" "Weel, I think I sud," she said, "he was my ain uncle!" It took some cat-like gymnastics for me to come down gracefully, but they tell me I managed to light nicely on my feet.

"Jeems" Cameron was another village hero, and when he walked home from the "stroop" with his water pails he always suggested to me the stately "march of the Cameron men." I wish I had the space to mention more of the "characters" of the place, but I have them all embalmed in verse somewhere, and it would be a work of supererogation to touch them up again in prose.

Of another type were the two leading ministers of my early days, Rev. Wm. Reid, of the Established Church of Auchindoir, and Rev. Harry Nicoll, of the Free Church at Lumsden, but *also* of the parish of Auchindoir. Mr. Nicoll, as I have elsewhere said, was the greatest reader of his time, and had the biggest private library in Scotland. I have recollections of him moving noiselessly among his books, able at any time to put his hands on anything he wanted, and to place his finger unerringly to the paragraph he desired, no matter what the apparent confusion of arrangement might be. I even once saw him with an ordinary kitchen "heater" ironing out the dog-ear marks some careless and unsympathetic readers had made in his beloved literary treasures. He was a scholar and critic of high degree, but with all his gifts and opportunities he did not leave us a single book of his own to be remembered by. In discussing this with his gifted son, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, he said his father had serious intentions of writing on many topics, but put it off with

the strange idea that a man should not begin to produce print until almost everything else in life was settled or adjusted. Then when that period was reached he still withheld his pen, thinking to commence might hasten his end, as some people put off insuring and making their wills from the dread that by doing so they accelerate their departure. It is greatly to be regretted in his case, as he could not have failed to adorn anything he discussed. Perhaps he had read too much and was too severe a critic of himself. Did not Burns say that if he had been acquainted with all the masterpieces of poetry in his early years he most certainly should not have attempted what he did? It has always been a theory of mine that some minds—and not the poorest—get more inspiration from mediocrity than from excellence. When they see perfection they are dazzled, benumbed, chilled, paralyzed. When they see work only fairly well done they are encouraged to show they can eclipse it, and in this way, I doubt not, many geniuses are originated, nourished, developed and completed. Mr. Nicoll's family has, however, made ample amends for the paternal reticence. One of his daughters wrote poems of pensive beauty; his son, Henry James, made a world-wide fame for himself, although cut off at the beginning of his literary career, and we all know something of what Dr. William has done.

Mr. Reid always impressed me as if I was a special favorite of his, and many a sixpence and pocket-knife he gave me. I don't remember the good advice which I doubt not accompanied them, but they always impressed me as being either rewards or admonitions, and as often as I saw them or thought of them they spoke their lesson or preached their little sermon. In the pulpit Mr. Reid was another man to me—a fine extemporaneous preacher—but just a trifle awesome to

the wee laddie who could hardly see over the pew. More than once I have fallen asleep in the midst of a long discourse, to be fitfully awakened by a punctuating thump on the pulpit, or a few sweeties quietly handed over from the Glenbogie seat. Mr. Reid's children have been more than ordinarily successful in their chosen careers, two sons attaining high eminence as medical men, and Sir Alexander bringing back to Auchindoir as bright a military glory as the proudest knight that was ever associated with it.

For the advancement of the Aberdeenshire and Scottish farmer generally a combine or trust is greatly needed, and, if accomplishable, should benefit everybody and hurt nobody except a few middlemen, who are not under the circumstances worth considering. Such a plan, however, will never be carried to success by local men, as the envy and jealousy everywhere prevalent could not possibly be surmounted by any farmers known to the people here. As it is, farmers are now compelled to buy everything in the dearest market and sell their product in the cheapest. There is no finer beef anywhere than the polled Aberdeen-Angus. It is as much admired in Lancaster as it is in London, and American breeders have spent fortunes to get the best strains of the stock for their herds. The highest prices the world has any record of have been paid for the Aberdeenshire "hummlies" or "doddies" that owe so much to the Tillyfour farmer of my native county. Herds of great value are now common all over the land. While appreciating the patronage of "the Yankees," as they call the United States dealers, the Scotch farmers at present have a grievance against them. It seems that the Americans make a practice of visiting all the leading herds, and buying right and left the choicest animals, provided they can afterwards stand "test," the test—which is for tuber-

culosis—being made by the Americans, or some one in their pay. In this way the Scotchmen contend the Americans have their choice and option on all the market, and after seeing every herd they can, cull out what best pleases them, rejecting also anything that suits them, without offering any excuse except that the stock was not “up to the test.” Animals so rejected, after having been set aside for the Americans, are greatly depreciated in value, to the loss of the Scotch farmers and the lowering of the prestige of their herds, and the chances are that a fairer system of buying will be in operation in the near future. The Scotchmen also suffer from the unfair and dishonest tactics of the wholesale butchers or meat dealers, and with very little excuse, it seems to me, on such a monopolistic commodity as Aberdeen-Angus beef. It could be easily controlled by a union centered in Aberdeen, and the best prices obtained there. The present ruinous plan is to send the dead meat to London, to a commission merchant, and take what he cares to offer. On the strength of sixty sides, or thirty head of cattle, the London butchers will sell over their counters at least two hundred sides, some hailing from Canada and some from almost every county, as well as Aberdeen. A trust, with a good business manager, could positively keep a check on all beef offered, and in a short time would have the London butchers in Aberdeen bidding against each other for the true Aberdeen-Angus stock, instead of getting the best at their own terms, and selling inferior beef, pretending it is the genuine article. Such a trust or union could also secure better prices for everything from the farm, and would save any amount of money in the buying of seed, manure, implements and stock. This plan, as I said, would benefit everybody—proprietors and tenants, and would not be felt by consumers, as the savings would be taken mostly

from the present middlemen, who are, so far as I can see, the worst enemies the farmers now have.

I had the opportunity of looking through the fine herd of Mr. George Cran, of Morlich, Towie, and felt quite near my American home again when I heard him talking familiarly of the Judys of Indiana, and saw the *Breeders' Gazette* with references to our own eloquent Hon. Frank B. McClain, who had been presiding at one of the big stockmen's banquets in Chicago. In Mr. Cran's parlor I saw a display of silverware sufficient to set up a first-class silversmith's shop—loving cups, basins, ewers, salvers, spoons, etc., including trophies direct from the Queen, and all prizes won by the Braemorlich herd.

Auchindoir is a long parish, parts of it running below Rhynie village, as other portions in other directions seem to be geographically out of place. But even that, like most things, has its compensations. For instance, my friend, Mr. James Paterson, the efficient Secretary of the School Board for more than a generation, finds it convenient in the matter of church-going. He lives nearer to Rhynie Church than he does to his own parish church of Auchindoir, and if he does not show up at one the presumption is that he is worshipping at the other! That is not falling between two stools, but sitting siccarly in mid-air without any damage to his dignity or harm to his reputation. Robert Chambers managed the same thing in Edinburgh by renting pews in two different places, but the braw lad of Brawland accomplishes as good results by the mere luck of locality and without any puckering of his pocket-book.*

* The writer's position in the present volume is somewhat akin, having two distinct audiences to bear in mind. If my Scotch readers who do not like any particular chapter will only believe that it is enjoyed by my American patrons, and they in turn will kindly consider that the

Good varieties of granite abound in Auchindoir, and this particular industry might be profitably developed. The old red sandstone quarries, near the Broom, have been worked for generations. Asbestos has been picked up in Towanreef Hill, and Cairngorms are occasionally found in the Burn of Craig.

No doubt the very best natural resource of the parish is its healthfulness. Statistics show that in this respect it is unsurpassed by any district in Great Britain. Lumsden Village is 745 feet above the sea-level, and after Tomintoul and Leadhills is, I believe, the highest hamlet in Scotland. Of recent years "The Lum" has grown in popularity as a summer resort, and certainly it would be hard to find its equal as a genuine rural retreat, since it is as yet unspoiled by the weakly "week-ender," and is not overrun by the more leisurely loungers who have corrupted so many of Scotland's choicest country towns.

portions of the book they may not fancy are the particular tit-bits of my old-country friends I shall be in the happy position of having every line appreciated somewhere!

THE SACK OF AUCHINDORE.

[O, bricht is auld Kildrummy's hue in mony a fine historic sang! And Towie and Glenkindie too have thus been named and famed for lang. E'en Cabrach, Gairtly, Rhynie, Claith we rin across at antrin times, but Auchindore is rarely met amang the Ballad Minstrel's rhymes. Yet in the days when books were scarce oor pairish didna legends lack and this bit strowd o' rugged verse I've rescued frae Oblivion's pack. To get the time or epoch clear your thochts ye'll hae to backward turn till something like a hunner year afore the fecht at Bannockburn.]

THE SACK OF AUCHINDOIR.

Upon the border of the Land
Of ancient Craig in Auchindore
Near whaur the Auld Kirk ruins stand
A stately castle stood of yore.
Surrounded by its wall and moat,
Which still distinctly may be traced,
No Baron's keep of greater note
The bounds of Aberdeenshire graced.
Here rich in men and stock and store
With gear and gold in goodly sum
Lived Irvine, Lord of Auchindore
And Laird of all the Lands of Drum.
His Lady was a fitting mate,
For he had taken for his wife
A fair-haired daughter of the great
And three times noble House of Fife.
The Noth's proud Tap by Castle Duff,
Her princely father's seat, was crowned,
And there by wooing swift and rough
The gallant Drum his bride had found.
With careful steps from hill to plain
His lovely prize he proudly bore
To gie her a' he ca'd his ain
And mak' her Queen o' Auchindore.

The Thane o' Fife was in the Sooth
When tidings reached him o' the raid
And brought the story of the youth
That robbed him of his bonny maid.

"Presumptuous thief!" he loudly cried,
"To think that such a lowly kern
Should dare to dream to be allied
By wedlock to a royal bairn!

"I'm Lord of Fife and Earl of Weems,
Of kingly stock myself beside,
And woe betide the churl that dreams
To mak' my only heir his bride!

"As needs no rhyming seer to tell
By shires she yet will count her land
And Scotland's mighty king himsel'
Might well be proud to claim her hand!

"Arouse!" he thundered in his ire,
"False Auchindore shall rue the day
When in the absence of her sire
He stole the Lass of Noth away!

"We'll seek no more the Sacred Cross
Nor linger by the Holy Well,*
But come again when greater loss
Or greater gain is ours to tell!"

But ere the Tap o' Noth he gained
And his deserted home had seen
Six happy moons had waxed and waned
Since Auchindore had wedded been.

Behind his high and armor'd walls,
Unthinking of his doom, I wiss,
Sir Irvine wander'd through his halls
Reflecting on his wedded bliss.

* These are noted Duff Sanctuary Shrines in Fife-shire. The Cross, located near Couper, bore a curious inscription in which Pictish, Gothic and Latin were intermixed, showing its great antiquity. The Holy Well is also in the same neighborhood.

His bonny spouse kept by his side,
Now reconciled and happy too,
Reflecting pleasure, love and pride
In rosy cheeks and eyes of blue.

No grating sounds were heard to jar
That balmy August afternoon;
No vexing sourness came to mar
The sweetness of their honeymoon.

The birds upon the leafy boughs
Made music to their hearts' desire,
And doon the howes and up the knowes
Were warbling in a joyful choir.

The burnie singin' doon the Den
Made music roun' the Castle wa'
And far'rer up the wooded Glen
They heard the liltin' Waterfa'.

The bonny woods o' Clova sighed
As gently as a sleepin' sea,
And on the Moat the Warder plied
His oar with movements soft and free.

The Buck smiled o'er the peaceful vale
To catch a blink frae Mount o' Keen
And Towanreef was seen to hail
The quarried face o' blue Coreen.

To Dunideer Knock-Caillach show'd
Her Druid Crown in queenly style
And old Kildrummy's turrets glow'd
Till seen by Huntly's lordly pile.

The Bogie in a winding thread
Through grassy haughs like silver shone
And southwards where the Mossat led
Was seen the sparkle of the Don.

“O, changes many here have been,
But changeless are the streams and rills;
The lands have many changes seen,
But changeth not the changeless hills!

“And though the sea may undermine
And wreck the Earth by seismic wars,
Still overhead will brightly shine
The steadfast sun and moon and stars.”

Thus spoke the Knight of Auchindore
While musing on the lovely view,
And gloaming shadows gathered o'er
The still more distant peaks of blue.

His Bride crept near as if in fright,
And pointing to the North she said:
“The Tap o' Noth looks black to-night
And it alone of all I dread.

“My father's castle seems to toss
Its yellow flag as if for war
And look! Is that the Fiery Cross
That shines beside it like a star?”

The Squire obeyed his wife's behest
In hope to see the spark expire,
But soon upon the mountain crest
They saw the heather all on fire.

“The signal of your sire,” he said,
“And now, behold, by Bruntlan Glen
The vanguard o' his cavalcade—
He'll soon be here wi' a' his men.

“Come, Evalina, seek your room
And keep yourself from fear and harm,
For helm of steel I'll doff my plume
And love for you will nerve my arm.

“Your father comes to tak' you hame
By force, if need be, frae my side,
But I hae noo the greater claim,
And only Death shall us divide.”

He hadna got his men in trim,
His doors and windows bolted weel,
When roun' the castle's moated rim
Was heard the clank of angry steel.

The great MacDuff then cried aloud:
"Bring out my daughter, Auchindore!"
But never was an Irvine cow'd
By ony merely human roar.

Again was lifted up the voice
Of Duff, the haughty and the brave:
"False Irvine mak' the nicht your choice,—
My daughter—or a fiery grave."

Proud Auchindore made answer then:
"Thy pardon, sire, I do not beg,
And think not you nor a' your men
A Laird o' Drum can ever fleg.

"I took your daughter, I concede;
I have her now, I frankly own;
True Love has ratified the deed;
Her heart was hers and hers alone.

"It suits her well to bide with me,
And stay she shall in Auchindore,
In spite of all the Duffs that be,
Though they were twice as many more."

Then "Burn the castle doon," said Fife,
"In his ain fat the rat will fry;
His serving men and maids—and wife,
We'll waft their ashes to the sky."

At this his daughter climbed her stair
And from the ramparts on the wall
She with her beauty hushed the air
And softly to her sire did call:

"O, Father, quench your burning brand,
And tell your soldiers to depart.
Sir Irvine only got my hand
When he had captured all my heart.

"He did not seek your gold and gear;
He does not ask for dowry-fee;
No costly sequels need you fear;
He is content with—only me.

“And if he robbed you, as you say,
Of heir and daughter, both in one,
The loss I doubly can repay
When you accept him as your son.”

“No more,” said Duff, with fiercer ire;
“To think my child so low should come
As be content to spurn her sire
And wed the paltry Laird of Drum.

“Besiege the castle; and to-night
Begin with fire instead of sword,
That Eva may have better light
To know that Duff is still her lord.

“To any man within the keep
Deserting Drum to work for me
As many acres may he reap
As he may need—forever free.”

But no one moved the prize to win,
And then he offered, still more bold:

“To him who fires the rooms within
I’ll give his weight in solid gold.”

Still Irvine’s men the bait repelled,
And, though ’twas doubled, were not sway’d.
But when the bribe was three times swell’d
A graspin’ loon his trust betray’d.

Nae sign he made; nae word he spoke
Till but a sentence he could speak,
For lo! he was the first to choke
And smore amang the fatal reek.

By this time a’ the place was doomed,
Wi’ nae a chance escape to mak’
The lower rooms amaist consumed
The upper rooms approachin’ wrack.

The Lady Irvine once again
Unto the outer wall came nigh,
And showing more of grief than pain
She clearly to her sire did cry:

“Now, father, all are gone but me,
And one by one I saw them go;
The father of my babe to be
In death’s embrace is lying low.

“I have no yearning to exist,
Of lord and lands and castle shorn,
But wish misfortune to desist
That I might save—my child—unborn.”

At this she swooned—and as she fell,
MacDuff himself sprang in the moat,
Swam boldly to the keep, and well
He kept his fighting graith afloat.

He nimbly scaled the castle wa’,
And, reckless of the risks around,
Without a stumble or a fa’,
He brought his daughter to the ground.

There willing hands were prompt to aid,
The moat once more was safely crosst,
And in a litter she was laid,
For whom so much so soon was lost.

They bore her back to Tap o’ Noth,
Where duly was her baby born,
And long did son and mother both
The castle of the Duffs adorn.

But Auchindore was ne’er rebuilt,
And ne’er will be until the date
When Time has fully purged the guilt
So foully thrust on Fife’s estate.

And that, ’tis said, can only come
When those predictions are fulfilled
That once were made of Duff and Drum
By one who was in seership skilled.

Balwearie* once was entertained
 By Lady Irvine and her boy,
 And long the dame was held enchained
 By bodes her race would yet enjoy.

“The Duffs,” he said, “had reigned before,
 In Scotland they would reign again,
 And kings and princes by the score
 Would gladly follow in their train.

“The Irvines, too, on Fortune’s flood
 Would places reach of high degree,
 And one who boasted Irvine blood
 Would rule a realm across the sea.”

Now see what things have come to life
 Since we in sober truth can sing:
 The Earl of Fife has got a wife
 Whose father, once again is king!†

And in Usonia’s mighty Lan’—
 What almost seems beyond belief—
 An offshoot of the Irvine clan
 Is honor’d as the nation’s chief!

* “The wondrous Michael Scott,” or Scot;—scholar, wizard and seer. He flourished 1214–1291. Being a Fife-shire Laird it was not unnatural that he should visit the Duffs at Castle Noth in ordinary course, and if he cared he could have transported himself at any time by a wave of his magic wand!

† Ladies Alexandra Duff and Maud Duff, the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Fife are to-day the *nearest* heirs to the British throne, although of course the children of the Prince of Wales are legally more direct in line.

‡ This looks like the mystical name mentioned by The Warlock, and the following letter which has appeared in many newspapers and magazines may shed some light on the word:

“USONIA.”

LANCASTER, PA., 18th June, 1903.

Dear Sir:—We of the United States, in justice to Canadians and Mexicans, have no right to use the title “Americans” when referring to matters pertaining exclusively to ourselves. Every day is keenly felt the want of a correct name for our great, grand, glorious, independent country.

by the youthful star-gazer who is not without honor in his native vale, since he is, as the negroes would say: "truly for sure, done gone dead" and not likely to bob up again to ask for either bread or brown baw-bees. Here, in America, one of our most successful public entertainers rejoices in the name of Keith. The Keith system of vaudeville theatres may be seen flourishing in all our leading cities and at the present moment a Keith Opera-house that will eclipse all rivals is nearing completion in London, across the sea. I have seen it stated that Mr. Keith's ancestors hailed from Keith, and that the successful and popular manager has more than once visited the district whose name he bears.

But Scotsmen and Americans will be more interested in Keith for the reason that James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *New York Herald*, was "raised" in this little Banffshire Highland hamlet. The exact place was then known as "The Old Town" and is now called "New-Mill." I say "raised" advisedly as he was actually *born* in the Enzie, another parish a few miles from Keith, but while yet an infant his parents moved to "The Auld Toon." There has been considerable controversy as to the precise date of Bennett's birth, but after figuring over the many dates and consulting the references to different epochs in his career I am satisfied he was born in 1795 and not in 1800, as many of his American biographers state. His parents were Roman Catholics and yet they named their oldest boy "James Gordon" after the Rev. James Gordon, who was the Protestant spiritual director of the Presbytery of Strathbogie—the true "Gordon Land" so famed in song and story. As to the name Bennett, and the Scottish origin of the clan, J. G. B. himself is authority for the following:

“Every record of the Bennetts was lost in a great freshet, previous to the year of our Lord 896, when they were a little band of freebooters in Saxony. I have no doubt they robbed and plundered a good deal, and very likely hen-roosts, or anything that came in their way. They emigrated to France and, under the name of Benoit, lived in the Loire several hundred years. When William the Conqueror went to England they were always ready for a fight and crossed the seas. The Earl of Tankerville is a Bennett and sprang from the lucky side of the race. Another branch went to Scotland with an ancestor of the present Duke of Gordon (1836), and all, I believe, were robbers on a great scale. Latterly, however, they became Churchmen, but never abandoned the good old Catholic Church till I became graceless enough to set up for myself, and slap the Pope and Bishop Dubois right and left. I have had bishops, priests, deacons, robbers and all sorts of people in my family; and what is more we were bright in ideas, and saucy enough in all conscience.”

James Gordon Bennett had two sisters, Margaret and Annie, and an only brother named Cosmo. Both boys were designed for the priesthood, but James escaped this fate when about twenty years of age. Cosmo stuck to the seminary, and according to his brother was sacrificed by the rigorous rules of the College of Angelites, dying when in his final term. This tragedy was greatly lamented by the journalist, who had expected his talented brother to be his life-partner. The first school-master of the Bennetts was Donald Cameron, whose son, Dr. Cameron, also emigrated to America and was for a long time located in Wilmington, Delaware.*

* When I lived in Camden, N. J., Dr. Cameron visited me frequently, and from him I had lots of anecdotes of James Gordon Bennett whom he knew well, and with whom he kept up a correspondence until Bennett died. He told me, as a boy, he had bought many a biscuit from Bennett's mother, whose maiden name was Janet Reid. Dr. Cameron's son Gilbert is the present esteemed representative of Dun & Co. in Providence, R. I.

After leaving Cameron's village school Bennett was sent to Aberdeen, where, at the Catholic Seminary, he received a good classical education. In after years he often referred to the happy days when he studied Virgil in the morning, played ball in the afternoon and sported in the Dee or Don in the gloaming under the shadow of "the braw braif toun of Bon-Accord," the Silver City by the Northern Sea. He was a voracious reader, and has recorded that he had a peculiar satisfaction in being one of a literary club that met in the very room of the grammar school where the youthful Byron only a few years previously had conned his tasks. Indeed, Byron's influence on him was strong and lasting, morally as well as mentally. He was also a great admirer of Walter Scott, whose novels were then appearing. One of the results of his reading was an impulse to visit the scenes of the tales, histories and poems that he perused, and so well did he carry out his intentions in this direction that before he attained his majority he had made a pilgrimage to all the most noted literary shrines of Scotland. As an example he gives an entertaining account of a visit he paid to Glasgow shortly after the publication of "Rob Roy." He sauntered into the Saut Market and began identifying the people he saw with the characters in Scott's immortal work. When his eye lighted on a merchant that reminded him of "Bailie Nicol Jarvie" Bennett exclaimed: "Oh, that's him outright!" The Glasgowwegian, greatly astonished, blurted out: "Laddie, are you mad?—You look scared!" and Bennett, recalled to consciousness, could only stammer: "I thocht I saw a frien' o' mine!" He greatly enjoyed himself in Glasgow, visiting the Broomielaw, Kelvin Grove, the theatre, Dr. Chalmers's Kirk and other places of interest; "leaving the city," as he tells us, "on the fourth day, with tears in my eyes, partly because I had seen a black-eyed girl too many."

The first employment he got was as an apprentice to a Mr. Stronach, draper, in Keith within a mile of his birthplace. Before completing his indenture Stronach failed, and young Bennett, with his uncle, Cosmo Reid, set up business as drapers in Aberdeen. They could not make it go and soon disposed of it. At this time the emigration fever was raging in the north of Scotland and people by thousands were flocking to the New World, the bulk of the Aberdonians to Canada and the Northern States. Bennett was an intense admirer of Benjamin Franklin, and had long cherished the desire to visit his birthplace and other cities made famous by his genius. One day in 1819 on the streets of Aberdeen he met a Keith friend, who said: "Bennett, I'm going to America, on April 6th," and further talk developed the fact that his friend was to sail for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Bennett says he mused a little, and then impulsively declared: "Wilson, my dear fellow, I'll go with you. I want to see the place where Franklin was born. Have you read his 'Life'?" And go he did, on this impulsive promise, using neither judgment nor caution in his decision. He did not even go to Keith to say farewell to the family circle. He carried only \$25.00 with him, after paying his fare. Was there ever a clearer case of a man being hurried to his destiny? It took him many years and cost him innumerable failures before he reached success in the land of his adoption, but he had not lived in the Granite City for nothing, and in later life was able to endure poundings and chisellings that would have destroyed any score of ordinary men.

He first found a job as a teacher of bookkeeping in Halifax, but it was too slow a calling for his ambition, and, when he felt called upon to return school-fees to needy widows with stupid sons, he left all his pupils behind him and crossed into the territory of Uncle

Sam. He soon made his way to Portland, Maine, and it was then an easy step to reach Boston, the city of his demigod Franklin. The "Hub," with its familiar names, seemed like a second home to him. He drew parallels between it and Edinburgh; he visited every spot sacred to liberty and independence; and he felt at last that he was on the high road to fortune. But it is one thing to recognize weel-kent places, and altogether different to meet no weel-kent faces, more especially when one is without money and with no employment. Very soon Bennett found himself penniless—indeed for two days and nights he wandered through Boston without having eaten a morsel of food. He was willing to work, but no work was forthcoming. In the crisis of his despair he found a shilling on Boston Common and it brought him good luck. He secured a position as clerk or salesman with a Mr. Wells, a countryman of his own, formerly a friend and pupil of Dr. Priestley, and then a member of the firm of Wells & Lilly, leading printers and book-makers of that period. By and by he was transferred to the proof reader's desk. When in Boston he was studious and well behaved, his only weakness being a propensity for rhyming. He wished to describe Boston after the manner of Byron's "Childe Harold," and some of Bennett's verses are quite commendable. He also gave much of his time and thought to the study of newspapers, noting the various types, and the causes of their failure or success. He was particularly enamored of the independent brand of journalism introduced by Buckingham of *The New England Galaxy*, and in after years modelled his own policy largely from Buckingham's style. When he felt that Boston had given him all he could profitably absorb he struck out for New York City and reached the Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere early in 1822. His first work seems to have been connected with the press,

but shortly after his arrival he accepted a position as special reporter for the *Charleston Courier*, and took up his residence in South Carolina, where he remained for the next two years. He wrote prose and verse for this journal, translated articles from the Spanish papers received via Havana and from his employer's enterprise in boarding vessels far at sea for news took another valuable lesson in journalism that he afterwards acted upon with such brilliant results when he became his own master. It also seems as if he was providentially sent South, to live in a slave-holding State, so that when the proper time came he could write more intelligently on the important question that had its final settlement in the great Civil War.

In 1824 he was back in New York. Contrary to our expectation he did not re-engage in journalism, but issued instead a prospectus for a commercial school with himself as sole staff and principal! In his advertisement he says: "Encouraged by several gentlemen," he "intends opening in Ann, near Nassau Street, an English classical and mathematical school." His school was to be conducted "according to the inductive method of instruction." New York references were given, and in a postscript it was noted that "application may be made to J. G. B. at 148 Fulton Street." The school was a failure, if it ever was started. Competition in that line was keen, and it is surmised that Bennett did not secure any pupils.* It was about this time that he took to lecturing, holding forth on political economy in the vestry of the old Dutch Church in Ann Street. But he soon drifted into steady employment on the press. He received small pay, and worked for many different proprietors. In 1825 he plucked up courage enough to own a paper himself, and bought *The New York Courier* from a Mr. Tryon, paying for it

* There was even another "James Bennett" in the same field.

with notes. When this venture failed Bennett returned the plant to Tryon, and received back his bills! He then identified himself with the *National Advocate*. He was a first-class and a fearless reporter, and could take down a speech *verbatim*, which was not a common accomplishment in those days. In 1826 he had become so well known to the newspaper men of New York that they used him as a target for many shafts inspired by envy and jealousy, making much of the fact that he was a foreigner. It is worth noting that Bennett about this time introduced Martin Van Buren as a prominent man for elevation in the Democratic party, and that the young Scotchman was also a recognized member of Tammany Hall!* Among other employments of "good society," duelling was quite popular, but Bennett never came nearer to such a fight than to write a description of it. In 1827 he was in Washington as special representative for the *Enquirer*. He worked harder even than usual and his letters make "mighty interesting reading." Amongst personal items we find that he was very fond of tea, and also that his eyes failed him from intense application night and day. Ever after he was squint-eyed, but he consoled himself with the reflection that it was better than being squint-hearted, like so many of his opponents and enemies. One of his most entertaining epistles is devoted to the handwriting and spelling of eminent men, as an offset to the charge that his hero, General Jackson, was a sinner in that respect. Bennett places Burke, Pope, Addison, Jefferson, Canova, Sir Christopher Wren, Elbridge Gerry and De Witt Clinton in the same category, and quotes ample proof for his assertions. It is at least testimony to his tastes and his industry. In due time he had the satisfaction of seeing Jackson inaugurated as President.

* Years afterwards, in one of his famous letters, he said he picked up his wonderful stock of modesty by frequenting Tammany Hall when he was a young man!!

For the next few years Bennett was busy as a politician and as a journalist, mostly attached to the amalgamated *Courier and Enquirer*. He interviewed everybody worth interviewing from the President down, and was sent on particular missions as a "special correspondent" pretty much like Julian Hawthorne in our own day, even making a careful and exhaustive study of exciting murder cases, such as the murder of White of Salem by the Crowninshields. It was during this trial that Bennett, in answer to the criticism of a judge, declared the press to be "*the living jury of a nation.*" Everything was grist to his mill. When debarred from writing reports of a trial he wrote articles descriptive of the town, its people and its trade. When on vacations he penned letters dealing with the scenery or the historical associations of the places he visited. In national affairs he was equally at home, discussing "Bolivar" or the "Banks," and "anti-Masonry" or "The Duties of Editors."

On October 29, 1832, he issued the first number of the *New York Globe*, being its sole proprietor as well as editor. It was the beginning of cheap political papers and sold for two cents a copy. The venture lasted just a month, which Bennett declared was the full length of time he had allotted to the experiment. During his busiest days he had been a prolific contributor to the *Mirror* and other literary journals, and his work there added to his fame and to his friends. His story of "Two Yards of Jaconet—or a Husband" is a good example of his lighter vein at this time.

After closing out the *Globe*, Bennett went to Philadelphia and bought an interest in *The Pennsylvanian*. He soon began to enliven its columns with strictures on Wall St., New York, and this brought upon his head the antagonism of nearly all the New York City papers and the moneyed ring, as well as the enmity of many of

his former political associates.* By and by he found himself in need of \$2,500 to push his paper, and knowing how useful he had been to his party he made application amongst its leaders for such a loan. They one and all refused it, giving many imaginary excuses for declining to help, finally combining against him "as a dangerous man," and in the end attempted to read him out of the party. He felt their ingratitude keenly at the time, but he secured the loan from non-political friends. The real trouble with Bennett was that he would not be a pliant tool for any party, but insisted at all times on maintaining his independence. Of course he could not indefinitely continue a fight against such powers and remain a political partizan writer, so at a considerable loss he sold out his interest in *The Pennsylvanian* and went back to New York, a sadder and a wiser man. The result was really a compliment to him as a man and a citizen.

At this period the penny press in New York was exciting much attention, and Bennett, with his mind now fully made up to try independent journalism was eager to make a connection with one of the successful journals. He had no money, he was now in his fortieth year, and he felt it was time to secure somewhere a more permanent foothold. All his hard work up to this time had seemingly ended in failure, since he was now "a statesman out of a job," once more walking the streets of New York without a penny and without a position. He contributed, it is true, some letters to the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, but this employment was neither continuous nor very remunerative. Day & Wisner were making a great success of the *New York Sun*, selling it at a cent a copy, and Bennett tried hard to make a connection with them, but without avail. In vain he urged

* He was the first journalist to write a regular "money article," a feature which has since been copied by every newspaper in every land.

that he had new and valuable plans for the increased circulation of their paper. Day, at times, gave him some encouragement, but Wisner would not listen to any addition to their staff. At last, after repeated rebuffs, he formed a connection with Anderson & Smith, printers, and on the 6th of May, 1835, launched THE NEW YORK HERALD from the cellar floor of No. 20 Wall Street. His sheet was a small one and published at one cent, Bennett himself being news-gatherer, editor, distributor, book-keeper and office boy. It is said that his first counter was a board supported on two empty barrels and the well-known picture of him sitting in his shirt sleeves, writing editorials with his stack of papers beside him, is not a creation of the artist's fancy, but represented the cold, bare truth. Such, indeed, was the lowly beginning of the mighty journal that for so long reigned as the king of newspapers, and is yet considered second to none in its influence and its net daily revenue. At last the stride had been made from New-Mill, Keith, to New York, U. S. A., in a manner satisfactory to the indomitable, independent and invincible Scotsman; now he had put his foot down, not to be lifted by any person or party, and a new era had commenced for the press of America.

When I was in Keith, as mentioned at the beginning of this article, I was introduced to a man who claimed to have set up type *on the first issue* of the *New York Herald*! His story was accepted as gospel by the natives, and he had surrounded himself with quite a halo of fame from this imaginary glory. He appeared to be about sixty-five years of age, so his claim was out of the question, and the nearest approach to it was that he had perhaps once had a position on the *Herald* or had known James Gordon Bennett in New York, or had met him on one of his visits to his native land, after the *Herald* was an established success.

At the outset the *Herald* was quite commonplace, and displayed little of its editor's peculiar individualism that was so much in evidence during his palmiest days. The printers lost the trade of rival newspapers, and as Bennett was only on trial, and not making the great success immediately anticipated Anderson & Smith became restless. But Bennett had them bound hand and foot and they had to endure him. They were both in poor health, which added to their miseries, and when a big fire came along and burned them out and *The Herald* with them, they were satisfied to collect their insurance and rest from their labors. Bennett's paper was actually snuffed out for a short time, but with \$500 that had fallen to his share as the proceeds of his fire policy he recommenced business, this time without any financially interested partner and with hardly a friend to cheer him. He was thirsting for pecuniary success as well as burning with a desire to become a journalistic power in the New World. He had seen many brilliant writers left to decay by those who could have helped them; he had himself breakfasted with neglect, dined with ingratitude and supped with injustice; and he felt that he must strike out on new lines, or his hopes and his ambitions would soon wither and waste away. Respectable mediocrity plus independent writing would only end in starvation, and he had resolved to die rather than again to ally himself with any political party. With very limited means he could not forestall his contemporaries by purchasing costly news. He had plenty of plans for enriching his paper when he himself became rich, but meanwhile he must make something out of nothing, he must keep his old subscribers and constantly add to his circle of readers. It was a feat worthy of a Cagliostro, and in accomplishing it James Gordon Bennett proved himself to be a true Wizard of the North. He called to his aid satire and

sensationalism, and helped by them and their attendant sprites he triumphed over all his difficulties. Of course he shocked New York, but New York bought *Heralds* and that was all he cared for at that time. Imaginary news, so-called intercepted letters, mythical speeches in Congress, and even manufactured Presidential messages were among his ordinary bills of fare. He also made a stronger specialty of his money articles and did not spare the speculators of Wall Street. He waged war against all his rivals of the press and courted any kind of comment and criticism, evidently believing with Burns that the more he was talked about the better he would be known. He accomplished his desires in making his paper different from all others in the field. With his hand against every man and every man's hand against him it was only natural that sooner or later Bennett should have a personal encounter with some of his rivals. In the second year of *The Herald's* existence he was twice assaulted—once in his office by an irate speculator and the second time in Wall Street by Mr. Webb, a former partner connected with the *Courier and Enquirer*. Webb knocked Bennett down and then hit him with a stick. Next morning the *Herald* said:

“I have to apologize to my kind readers to-day for the want of my usual life.” Bennett then told of how his assailant, “by going up behind me, cut a slash in my head about one and a half inch in length, and through the integuments of the skull. The fellow, no doubt, wanted to let out the never-failing supply of good humor and wit which has created such a reputation for the *Herald*, and appropriate the contents to supply the emptiness of his own thick skull” and so forth, concluding: “My ideas, in a few days, will flow as freshly as ever, and he will find it so to his cost.”

This promise was kept to the letter. The circulation of the *Herald*, containing an account of the fracas, was nine thousand copies. Bennett was climbing up!

Some interesting autobiographical tit-bits appeared in his editorial articles at this period, and I think the following is entitled to quotation:

“Possessing personal industry and indefatigability, with some talent, for which I am thankful to God Almighty, no one in this city can say aught against my private character. I can venture to say that in all the relations of life it is without a stain.”

Even his bitterest enemies, when pressed for honest answer, could not gainsay Bennett's sweeping claim. For years his paper, however, was nothing but a sheet of gossip, scandal, sensationalism, spice and of ephemeral interest, but in justification of this the condition of the *Herald's* contemporaries has to be considered. Greeley on the *Tribune* was financially crucified almost daily, and his scholarly writings gained little attention. Legget's high-toned *Plain Dealer* never caused a ripple and if it had died would not have been missed. The *Expositor*, *Dispatch*, *Tatler*, and *Evening Signal* were only born to expire. Of all rivals the *Sun* alone showed any vigorous life. But by his sauce and independence Bennett actually helped the papers that were able to exist and in due time they too profited pecuniarily. He had to face many charges including that of “black-mail,” and a manufactured story of how he defended a man charged with murder, for the sum of thirteen thousand dollars, for many years was circulated against him. Mr. Webb again attacked Bennett in Wall Street as he was collecting financial news and gossip for *The Herald*, with the following net result:

“My damage,” wrote Bennett, “is a scratch, about three quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which any tailor will reinstate for a sixpence. Webb's loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the

ruffian \$40.00, and a blow in the face, which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know. Balance in my favor \$39.94.”

This incident swelled the city circulation of the *Herald* still more, and even in the country districts readers were beginning to take more interest in James Gordon Bennett. He never missed a chance to exploit *The Herald* and to advertise himself. Two of his countrymen wrote him, complaining of his style of doing business and begging him for the honor of his native land to change his course. His answer was a stinger, but both sensible and defensible, exhibiting humor, satire, philosophy, eloquence and real character. The only item that I care to cull from that letter at present is his reference to Keith. He says:

“I was educated in Scotland, a Roman Catholic, in all its exclusiveness, in all its rules, in all its penances, and yet at the first glimmerings of reason, at the age of fourteen, I began to doubt some of the dogmas of the Church, to the great annoyance of father, mother and the parish priest. This spirit of mental independence sprung up, it is true, in Scotland; but was it the soil, the climate, the blue hills, the cloudless skies, the fragrant summer heath, that produced it? No such thing! It was the work of that Being who first gave to all the spark of Celestial Fire.”

Bennett was both an optimist and a fatalist. He believed in eternal progress and improvement, and he also felt confident that he was born to luck, that he personally led a charmed life, and that Providence continually watched over him. He often regretted that he had to play mountebank and don cap and bells to attract attention, but felt that the end justified the means.

On the 6th of April, 1836, *The Herald* was moved from Broadway to Clinton Hall Building, enlarged in size and the price raised to two cents a copy. Progress up to date is best given in Bennett's own words near the close of 1836:

“The surprising success of *The Herald* has astonished myself. I began on \$500, was twice burned out, once had my office robbed, have been opposed and calumniated by the whole newspaper press, ridiculed, condemned, threatened, yet here I am, at the end of fifteen months, with an establishment, the materials of which are nearly worth five thousand dollars, nearly all paid for, and a prospect of making the *Herald* yield in two years a revenue of at least thirty thousand dollars a year.”

It is not my intention to follow Bennett's journalistic career farther in this article, except to note that his success continued and increased with every year. As he became stronger financially he surrounded himself with able assistants and introduced many features of real and permanent value to the *Herald* and to the public at large. His newspaper became a national power and provided for him a royal revenue. Whether or not he kept up a close connection with Keith, during the years of his trials and struggles cannot now be told, but it is pleasing to know that as soon as he felt he was safe in doing so he paid a visit to his old home.

Mr. James Lawrence, of Keith, one of the ablest and most enthusiastic of local historians, wrote an account of Bennett's first trip back, and a copy of this valuable article I received when in Lumsden from Mr. James Ironside, retired merchant there, himself a native of Keith and thoroughly posted in the history of Strathisla and the neighboring district. Since then I have looked into the matter and found a few more details that are worth reproducing and incorporating with Mr. Lawrence's sketch which first appeared in *The Aberdeen Evening Gazette*. It was not inappropriate to select this paper, seeing it is the afternoon edition of *The Aberdeen Free Press* that some time ago absorbed *The Aberdeen Herald*, and still uses that title in its weekly issues. In Bennett's time the *Aberdeen Herald*

was a great literary power, and I have always thought that he had it in mind when he selected the name for his own successful venture. I have even seen it stated that he made personal contributions to the columns of the *Aberdeen Herald*, but have no means of confirming or of verifying this.

It was in 1838 that Bennett made his first return voyage to Scotland. Before leaving he sold off his superfluous furniture, books, etc., which found ready purchasers among his friends and admirers, who were in this way glad to secure personal souvenirs of their favorite journalist. He reached Falmouth, England, on the 19th of May, and remained in the South until the beginning of July, meantime attending the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and visiting the leading editors in London. On the 6th of July he was in Edinburgh, and musing there on the Calton Hill he has recorded that so strong were his emotions in reviewing his past life that he figuratively and literally then and there was "born again," and so forever saved his soul! He saw all the prominent sights of "Auld Reekie," and passed on to Aberdeen by the mail-coach, for northern railroads were not then in existence. His impatience kept growing as he came nearer home, and the Granite City could not hold him with Keith only forty-five miles away. Early in the morning of July 10 he took an outside seat in the "Royal Mail" for the Highlands, and in due time was set down at the door of "The Gordon Arms" in his beloved Keith. He was a boy again, and his emotions almost overwhelmed him, so instead of hastening at once to the "Auld Toun" he took luncheon at the hotel and nerved himself for the coming ordeal. In the afternoon he set out on foot to see the old home. He has himself described that walk, the places he passed and the changes he noted since he was a boy. He tells us that even the grass and white clover sent forth an

odor like wild honey, sweet and delicious. As he neared New-Mill he met a lassie on the road, and pointing to his birthplace, he asked its name. "It's the Auld Toon," she said. The reply and the accent pleased him and he spoke again: "What's the matter with your foot, my girl?" "I've a sair tae." Ah, here was the Doric at last—the genuine Stra'-Isla article, and it added to his pleasure to give the lassie a coin, and say: "Here is something to heal it." The pilgrim was now nearing the holy of holies. He entered the house on the hill and stood before his aunt. She did not recognize him, and her perplexity made him smile. Then she knew him at once! "God bless me! I never wad hae kent ye, but for your laugh!" He sat down and could not speak for some time. Then: "How stout you have got, aunty!—but where is my mother, and my sisters?" Before replies could be given his mother, followed by his two sisters, came in from their own residence close by. It had been a long separation till then. The vicissitudes of life had been many, but there was an age of joy in that moment. His mother seized him tenderly by both hands, looked into his face, kissed him and fell upon his neck, weeping like a child. He was distressed to see how old his mother looked, but she reminded him it was twenty-three years since they had met; in that time his father and brother had died, and that, she thought, was sufficient to make her look old. The reference to his brother Cosmo moved him terribly. Later on he was shown Cosmo's letters and as he read them he more and more bemoaned the untimely ending of so brilliant a life. He blamed the Catholic Church for Cosmo's death and vowed that she would suffer for it, but fearing that his mother, who was a devout Catholic, might misunderstand him he soon changed the subject. He enjoyed every minute of his stay at New-Mill, and devoted the time to talks with his relatives and visits to

all the prominent places in the neighborhood. When the day came to say good-bye he promised to return next summer and stay longer. Mr. Lawrence is of the opinion that Mr. Bennett never again found time to revisit the old home, but without doubt he was there again in 1843, and to the pleasure of his mother and other relatives he was accompanied by his wife and their infant son, James Gordon Bennett, Jr. From a contemporary account of this visit the following paragraph is extracted:

“When James Gordon Bennett was at Keith and New-Mill in 1838 he had promised to bring a bride with him on his next visit, and he kept his word in that particular faithfully. What additional arrangements he made for the happiness of the family there it is not material here to disclose, but the same prudent yet generous regard for his mother and sisters which ever had characterized him was fully appreciated by their hearts, which sympathized most deeply in all his happiness and in all his sorrows. He had become more serious and less impulsive, as he perceived the important relations existing between him and his offspring, since he last heard the pungent witticisms of Margaret, or contemplated the soberer mood of Annie, or listened to the counsels of his mother. Besides, the strides he himself had made in the profession to which he had devoted his life were such that he could no longer deem his journal as anything less than an engine of vast power. In 1838 he was successful—but he was not so firmly established that caprice or competition might not blight his hopes. In 1843 he was as secure as his ambition could desire,—and being a prominent man throughout the chief nations of the earth he could not feel less than the natural anxiety of mind which is the thorny crown of greatness—that constant watchfulness to maintain the port and bearing of a man whose object is above the suggestions of mere selfishness.”*

* It is also positively known that Bennett was at New-Mill and Keith in 1847, and probably once or twice after that date.

Bennett's mother and sisters sleep with their kindred in the auld kirkyard of Keith. He himself has put it on record that he had only two homes and two places to which his heart was bound—New York and New-Mill—the one the scene of his manhood, the other of his childhood. He died in June, 1872, considerably over the three score years and ten, and with him was severed the last link that united the Bennett's of Keith with the Bennetts of Columbia.

It was long a question whether James Gordon Bennett was not more notorious than famous, but in his later years his leading position was almost universally conceded. This sketch may be fittingly concluded by his own words, out of his early aspiration weaving his final epitaph:

"My ambition is to make the newspaper press the great organ and pivot of government, society, commerce, finance, religion, and all human civilization. I want to leave behind me no castles, no granite hotels, no monuments of marble, no statues of bronze, no pyramids of brick—simply a name. The name of

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,

as one of the benefactors of the human race will satisfy every desire and every hope.'"

* When a young man, the veteran manufacturer and eminent publicist, Mr. A. B. Farquhar, of York, Pa., interviewed Bennett on "Success in Life," and has given the following entertaining account of it: "About 7 a. m. I called at the office of the 'Herald,' and saw Mr. Bennett. I shall never forget that interview. Looking at me intently for a moment he said: 'Have you had your breakfast?' My reply was negative. He answered, 'I thought as much. No one should go out before breakfast. He cannot do himself justice on an empty stomach. Go across to the Astor House and get yourself a good breakfast, and when you come back I will talk to you.' I wonderingly followed his advice. When I returned he said: 'Now you look better. I am a very busy man. If you are not you ought to be, and my advice will be short. The most important thing in this world is to *take care of your health*. You can store up your health as you do a bank account. If you have got health you can do far more work and do it better than your neighbor without health. I owe my success to my good health more than anything else.'"

SOME MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

There's something in the chime o' rhyme
That never can be press'd frae prose:
The topic mayna be sublime,
The lines be rough frae start to close,
But Rhyme has something a' the time
That rhyme-less writin' never shows:
There's something in the chime o' Rime
That never can be pressed frae prose.

To simply name them all would take many closely printed columns. To give a single paragraph to each of the ones I love would occupy every page of this book. To quote but one complete poem from the authors I have selected to chat about would far overstep the limits at my disposal. Besides, in my opinion, the poetical free sample business has for too long been entirely overdone. I do not believe in plundering poor bards of their choicest treasures; so I say to every reader: "Buy their books, and read them," for in no other way can you make a fair estimate of their verse and their versatility. The following notes refer only to Doric poets I have met or corresponded with and do not include authors like Alfred Austin, the present British Poet-Laureate, or Lloyd Mifflin, Horace L. Traubel, Edwin Markham and James Whitcomb Riley, in the front rank of American singers, or any others that I know who write only in English.

The first Scottish poet I remember seeing (to know as such) was a "poetess"—RACHEL STUART MACPHERSON by name, a native and resident of Rhynie, four miles from my own birthplace. I recall yet with what awe I looked at her, as she passed through our village. For some time I had been familiar with her writings, which were then regularly appearing in the

local newspapers. She was about eight years older than myself—then entering my teens—and the gulf was too great for me to span without an introduction. But later on I met her once or twice at social gatherings, and found her to be bright and jolly. She has written some excellent poems both in the dialect and in common English and has published a volume “By Bogie’s Banks and Deveronside.” It took me just a decade to secure a copy and I value it accordingly. She married a soldier, and as Mrs. Robertson, has been a happy wife and mother for many years. Her writings are sweet, wholesome and richly tinged with local color, but her measures are not so varied as one could wish. This is all the more to be regretted, as she has shown that she can handle creditably any style of stanza that she may select.

My first schoolmaster, HARRY GAULD, of Lumsden, was a poet, and published his “Bookie” in 1828. I picked up a copy of it some years ago, and prize it highly, as it is indeed rare. When I went to his school, and carried under my arm my daily fuel tribute of one peat, I never imagined the old man was a real, “truly-for-sure” author. He was very kind to me and allowed me to sit on the “ase-bucket” (ash-receiver) by the fire instead of putting me on one of the ordinary school forms. Some good stories are told about Harry. In early life he was a watchmaker, and having once sold a seven-feet, eight-day clock, at his shop in Rhynie to a purchaser in Tomintoul, over thirty miles distant, Harry delivered the clock on a wheelbarrow which he “rowed” himself, all the way over hill and dale. When postmaster at Lumsden he once sealed the mail bag for Aberdeen but omitted to put in the letters, and did not notice his mistake until the bus or mail gig was out of sight. There was no hope for it but to follow, which he did on foot; and by taking a near cut over the hills

he reached the Granite City ahead of the coach, and before the letters were missed. As he had to walk home again he actually tramped nearly seventy miles to rectify his mistake, but if seven hundred had been necessary Harry would have accomplished the job in some way. Many of his sayings had great vogue in the district around Auchindoir. To an acquaintance who had expressed himself rather freely old Harry pompously declared after the style of Dr. Johnson: "Sir, I admire your candor, but confound your impudence."* Burns, Scott and Byron were Harry's favorite authors, and to hear him recite "Tam o' Shanter" was a never-to-be-forgotten treat. His own verse contains some good things, but very little in the dialect unfortunately, and also too few items relating to local matters. Instead of abstruse poems on such topics as "Creation," "Life," "Truth" and "The Soul," if he had only given us some character sketches of the parish notables and worthies of his time, how much more highly prized his books would now be! But we are thankful for what we have got, and have enjoyed many a quiet smile over some of Harry's amusing lines although his volume was printed nearly eighty years ago, and the green grass has been waving over the bard in Auchindoir kirkyard for almost the third of a century.

What "People's Journal" reader of the early "Eighties" does not remember "POUTE"? His real name was ALEXR. BURGESS, and he actually lived at "Coup-my-horn," near Leven, Fifeshire. He was a dancing master, and among other accomplishments could trip the Highland fling, play "The Old Hundred" on the violin with his hands behind his back, and recite

* It reminds one of Hon. John S. Wise's story of the Indian who lassoed the locomotive out West. As the engineer saw the poor red man whirled through space at the rate of sixty miles an hour, fast to his own lasso he said: "Well, Mr. Lo, I admire your pluck, but damn your judgment."

the One hundred and nineteenth Psalm at one and the same time! "Poute" had a funny phonetic way of spelling long before the days of "Josh Billings" and "Artemus Ward," and beneath this quaint device he has recorded many good verses, excelling in the comic and in the grotesque. He was the first poet of importance to favor me with an autographic letter. In his old age the bard became melancholy and while deranged ended his life by drowning himself. I place his book with my rarest Doric treasures.

Among the big guns of the "People's Friend" when I was at school Alexr. G. Murdoch, Robert Ford and Alexander Anderson were the laurell'd three. The first-named died before reaching his prime. I hardly expected then ever to meet any of the other two; but since residing in America have been honored with the correspondence of both, and had the pleasure of meeting them in 1902.

ROBERT FORD is a native of Perthshire, but has spent his best days in Glasgow, and he must now be past the half century mark. He holds a responsible commercial position, and is a keen, careful, correct business man, never to be suspected of dallying with the Muses, if one were only to meet him in the counting-house. Yet what an amount of literary work he has done—prose and poetry—as author, as editor and as critic! His books have a large sale, and are worthy of it. His own poems are wholesome, graphic, full of life, and charged with light. Occasionally a little roughness may be noted, but it is the exuberance of strength rather than the result of carelessness. He can handle all the keys—pathos, fun and irony predominating. In ballads, songs and character sketches he has produced many masterpieces. I call him a real lark, or better still a Scotch laverock, and higher praise than that he need not seek. He has been a widower for a long time, and his

oldest daughter manages his household affairs. I shall ever recall with delight the happy evening I spent at his cosy home. He is a fine conversationalist, as artist at telling a joke, and one of the few poets I ever heard that can creditably read their own productions. It is a safe rule to get any one but the author to read his poetry. As might be expected Ford has a fine library, and a great fund of out-of-the-way stories about prominent literary men. Some of his Burnsiana was a revelation to me, and its pedigree was straight.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON is known to the world as the author of "Cuddle Doon"—a simple ballad of bairnhood that has done more to make him known than all his more ambitious work. For Anderson is a high-grade poet, writing excellent English, and successfully treating the loftiest themes in that language, as well as turning out his little lyrical Scottish gems. He confesses himself that the popular verdict surprises him. He wrote "Cuddle Doon" to the music of the pick and shovel, while employed as a surfaceman or laborer on the railroad. It jumped into instant fame, circled the world, and has never been surpassed in our time as a nursery lyric. Would you have thought, after all this, of Anderson being a bachelor? It is true, nevertheless; and, I fear, a hopeless case. He is getting up in years now and beginning to show them. Long ago he left railroading but it left with him some legacies such as rheumatism that cannot be shaken off, even in his present snug berth at the Edinburgh University Library. Anderson is a most modest man, and as shy as James M. Barrie. The poet has often been proffered the seat of honor at concerts, banquets and lectures, but he would sooner hide below the table than take the presiding officer's chair, although he is a first favorite in Edinburgh, and a name to conjure with over all Scotland—and far beyond.

In "auld Reekie" last year I met, for the first time, ALAN REID, the author of "Songs of The Heatherland." I believe he is the only Scottish poet I ever saw topped with a "lum" hat for his ordinary everyday head-wear. But then he is a professional man, a teacher of music, I was told, and something must be conceded for the Capital City of Scotland, and its swell society customs. I had come across Reid's books in the North—he has published both prose and poetry—and hailed him at once as a true singer and delineator of Scottish character. His shorter poems are delicious morsels and his vocabulary is richer, it seems to me, than what is used by almost any of his contemporaries. He is bold in style and successfully so, saying much in little, and always with rich verbal melody and artistic musical effect.

WILLIAM FREELAND, another Glasgow poet, although a native of Kirkintilloch, is already a classic. At the end of a long journalistic career he is spending his final vacation after his soul's desire, at home, among his books. His pen is still busy and his muse is as fresh as ever. He impressed me as being good for a score of years yet—conspicuously clean, neat, precise, erect in bearing and with the heart of a boy. He was the founder of the Glasgow Ballad Club and still is its president. He has published several volumes of poems, and is the author of more than one successful novel. His lyrical faculty is of the purest strain—perhaps too fine for popular consumption, but he will always have the "fit audience tho' few." Some of his poems are known to every true book-lover.

In the United States THOMAS C. LATTO succeeded Hew Ainslie as the Scottish-American Poet-Laureate. I never met Latto, but have had many letters from him and not a few original manuscripts. It is some time since he died in Brooklyn at a ripe old age—the exact date, I believe, being May 5, 1894. He had published

several volumes of poems and his "Kiss ahint the door," as well as "When we were at the Schule," are two songs that will be printed and sung as long as the Scottish dialect endures. He was a link that joined this age to the era of Sir Walter Scott, Professor Aytoun, John Wilson, Lord Macaulay and D. M. Moir, all of whom he knew personally.

Another welcome singer of the New York circle is DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR, often referred to from his native district as "the bard of Amulree." He has enjoyed the intimate friendship of men like George MacDonald and William Black, and mostly all the other prominent Scots that have visited the land of the Almighty Dollar. Crerar is a fastidious writer, polishing and repolishing until every fleck or flaw is removed, and the lyric or sonnet stands forth absolutely perfect in form and finish. His style is more condensed than spontaneous, but is always easy and melodious. No one has excelled him in the neatness and sweetness with which he can pay a personal compliment, and I believe in a quarrel he is equally capable of taking his own part against all comers, whether the vehicle used be Scotch, English or Gaelic, and in the form of an essay, a sonnet or a song. In the Spring of this year he returned to Scotland.

Before I made the personal acquaintance of JAMES KENNEDY, of New York City, I used to think him one of our happiest writers in the vernacular. I think so still. He has published several poetical collections, and everything is good that he has written. With pen and ink, in musical verse, he can tell a story, point a moral, sketch a character or sing a song as few indeed can do. Some of his comic poems are unexcelled by anything in Scottish literature. There is a deftness, a lightness, a liveliness and a cleanness about his style that makes it as spontaneous as his native Noran burn. Mr. Ken-

neddy has reached the half century mark, and is probably a little beyond it. His children are all grown up; he lives in his own house; his wife is as Scotch as himself. For years he was engaged in the exacting employment of The Elevated Railroad Co., but latterly turned his attention to practical politics and now has a lucrative position under the city government. It was a great pleasure to hear of his good fortune, and all his friends are hoping that with happier bread-winning conditions his Scottish lyre, too long neglected, may soon be redusted and resumed.

In "Bonnie Baltimore" bides D. M. HENDERSON. He is of middle age, quiet in manner and conducts a bookstore for a living. A North of Scotland man, he has been so long in America that he has almost lost his native accent. But his poems always smack of the heather, and have about them the perfume of the broom of Caledonia. He is not a voluminous writer, but has to his credit one of the best little books of Scottish verse published in the United States since he touched its shores. His is the true lyric gift, and being a faithful artificer, he shows nothing but perfect work. The leading American poets rave over him, and may well do so, as with the exception of two or three in the foremost rank none comes near him in any department of verse. The last time I saw him he was less interested in his own work than in a poem by one of his sons, who is evidently destined to heir the paternal poetical mantle. But there are many years of good singing in the old man yet, and all his admirers trust and pray that he may live to print another volume.

WM. CARNIE, of Aberdeen, I met by appointment at his own residence in that city. He is now on the retired list officially, having held city office so long and so acceptably that he earned his pension some years ago, leaving his desk in a blaze of glory, with a public dinner

and a portrait by Sir George Reid (another Aberdonian). Mr. Carnie has been an Aberdeen boy for so long that he has come to be looked upon as a permanent fixture, and indeed his local fame is as safe as The Market Cross. He has been writing verse and prose for over half a century. His latest book is a delightful collection of what was best and brightest in "The Granite City" for the last two generations, and is not only a brilliant addition to local history but a valuable contribution to the spirit of the times generally. Mr. Carnie has issued several collections of poems, small in size, but by no means meagre in quality. Intensely patriotic, he has in his verses made the Aberdeen "leid" classical, fairly dividing the honors with Dr. Alexander's graphic prose. I found Mr. Carnie in good health and in fine spirits, busy on a continuation of his reminiscences. We had a delightful crack together, and I felt specially honored in sitting at the feet of such a far-famed city father and much-loved son of "Bon-Accord," even for the brief two hours at my disposal. I like some of Carnie's poems very much. No one has excelled him in the vividness with which he paints his little sketches of Aberdeenshire rustic life. He has a special genius for homely words and phrases that carry drollness with them, apart from his fine lyrical gift. No other North Country poet that I know has dared to go so far as Carnie in the broad vernacular that flourishes by the banks of Don and Dee, and yet with all his realism he is as clean as a whistle and as wholesome as a sunbeam. Mr. Carnie has also another claim to distinction, being known to all music lovers as the psalmody expert of Scotland. His "Northern Psalter" is without a rival and is in itself sufficient guarantee of immortality for any man. Out of hundreds of pleasant incidents in the life of our poet and historian not the least worthy of note is his connection with William

Broomfield, the Aberdeen composer of "St. Kilda"—a psalm tune that some enthusiast has said is "fit to be sung at the gates of Heaven." Mainly through Mr. Carnie's efforts the Broomfield Memorial Volume was published, the profits being used to place a beautiful monument on the grave of the gifted musician. Any one who visits Allenvale Cemetery, Aberdeen, should not fail to see the Broomfield memorial with the notes of "St. Kilda" cut into the enduring granite, forming a most unique ornament and the best possible epitaph.

It is hard to place ROBERT SHIELLS, of Neenah, a Wisconsin pioneer, hailing from the mighty shire of Edinburgh. In 1849 he helped to set the first pegs for the first railway in the Badger State. He is a successful local banker, an antiquary of world-wide fame, the honored historian of *The Token*, and he has been writing Scottish verse since long before the Civil War. The veteran still can sound his lyre to good effect, although his antiquarian studies have engrossed the most of his leisure time in later years. His "Story of the Token" in an enlarged edition appeared last summer, evoking complimentary reviews from all the leading authorities and flattering notices from many of the greatest notables of our day. Mr. Shiells has done much for his adopted town since he settled there years ago, and all in all he is a Thistle of truly classic mould. I have enjoyed his correspondence and his friendship for the past dozen years.

WALLACE BRUCE is an all-round literary man, a prominent lecturer and a distinguished diplomat. In Philadelphia I heard him once tell how he came to bear two such honored names. The first intention of his parents was to call him McAlpin Bruce, but after much debate this was decided to be too "top-heavy" a name; "so," said he, "they settled on 'Wallace-Bruce' and thus made it top-heavier still." Bruce is an active little man,

with flowing white hair, and any one to see him on the street would promptly decide that he is something out of the ordinary. He is a good platform speaker, can always fill his house and please his audience. As a poet he is in the front rank, and for a native American is the finest writer of Scottish verse I know. He has found an entrance to the best magazines and literary journals on both sides of the Atlantic. His style is clear, smooth and energetic; his themes well selected, with his rhyme and rhythm always true. When U. S. Consul at Leith he was highly honored by the Scotch. He was mainly instrumental in placing the fine statue to Lincoln on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, and in other ways succeeded in strengthening the union between Britain and America. Mr. Bruce is the author of many volumes of verse, all of which have had a wide general circulation.

ROBERT WHITTET, of Richmond, Va., was born at Perth in 1829 and crossed the Atlantic when forty years of age. He is a printer and publisher at the head of one of the best equipped plants in the South. In 1882 appeared his handsome volume entitled "The Brighter Side of Suffering and Other Poems," and since then he has made other ventures in the same domain. He writes in the Doric with much sweetness and tenderness, but the bulk of his verse is in "King's English" or what is sometimes colloquially styled here— "United States."

JOHN STUART BLACKIE was more of an English than a Scottish poet, but who shall be so bold as to say he was more an Englishman than a Scotsman? He wrote sparingly in the dialect, but often on Scottish subjects. One of his books on Scottish song is as fine as anything published on that topic. He was an enthusiast on native music, and did not hesitate to lilt a sang in public even on the Sabbath day, which was surely an awful thing for a grave professor to do in bonnie Scotland. With

his plaid and staff and flowing white locks he made a picturesque figure on the streets of Edinburgh. He wrote a wretched hand, but was a kindly critic. I received many letters and poems from him, and sincerely mourned when I heard of the death of the grand old man of Scotland. One of his prose *bon mots* is worth recording; Defining some "ism" that claimed its aim to be "the greatest good of the greatest number," he explained: "the greatest number in this case being—*Number One!*"

By many ROBERT REID ("Rob Wanlock"), of Montreal, Canada, is conceded to be the living Scottish-American Poet-Laureate. His "Moorland Rhymes" and his "Poems, Songs and Sonnets" contain exquisite gems of true poetry in the vernacular and in the plain English. No one has better interpreted the poesy of Scotia's moors and glens and braes and hills. Mr. Reid has also triumphantly shown that the Doric is well fitted for a sacred theme, his beautiful "Kirkbride" being one of the finest tributes ever penned to the memory of the Covenanters. In the difficult Sonnet form, which Mr. Reid often employs, he writes with masterly effect. His lines are not simply words patched together; they flow and sing with ease and grace. There are also weird and mystical elements in his writings that add to their charm. Mr. Reid is a native of Wanlockhead and published his first book in 1874.

Among other modern Scottish poets with whom I have corresponded, and exchanged verses, or personally known, I have only space briefly to mention WILLIAM MARTIN, retired schoolmaster of Inverkeithney, now located in Edinburgh, who can write a lyric or play the violin with equal skill; ALEXANDER BROWN, also of "Auld Reekie," a writer of fine taste and high ideals, who contributed to the first number of *The People's Friend*, and is still spared to grace its columns with

an occasional song; JOHN IMBIE, of Toronto, a leal-hearted lyrist, who died only the other day; the venerable WILLIAM WYE SMITH, of St. Catharine's, Ontario, famous all over the world for his translations of the Psalms into Scotch meter; Dr. J. E. RANKIN, President of Howard University, Washington, D. C., who has made many charming contributions to the dialect of Burns; Col. A. R. GUNN, of Philadelphia, a Banffshire man, who in the midst of an active business life, has devoted much time to Caledonian affairs and to church matters, and yet has assiduously cultivated a patriotic vein in poesy; W. D. JEFFREYS, a native of Rhynie, the author of many songs that have survived him in his beloved Strath; "CARL DODDIE," a Clatt artist, rhymer and elocutionist with a good grasp of the Doric; ROBERT GRANT, of Peterhead, who sang sweetly of the "rapid rolling Spey," and "Johnnie Smith, a falla fine"; G. G. INGRAM, formerly of Huntly, an adept at every style of verse; JAMES H. COUSINS, of Dublin, a warm-hearted Celt who has honored me with several dialect poems, and at the present time, as "SEAMUS O'CUISIN," is one of the leading native and national Irish dramatists; Dr. MORRISON, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose muse can lilt on occasion with no little spirit; A. S. ALEXANDER, of Madison, Wisconsin, whose recently published "Verses in Scotch" will well repay perusal; J. McCOMBIE MURRAY, of Philadelphia, a Doctor of Music and a good extemporaneous poet; SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, M.P. for Gateshead, an all-around man that can make lays as well as laws, and is more particularly noted in another chapter of this book; JOHN MACINTOSH, "tailor and poet," a true son of the North, who favored me with many beautiful songs and epistles; COLIN RAE-BROWN, a native of Greenock, who could write pleasantly on "'Tauties'" or love; H. PATERSON BAYNE, a Coat-bridge chap, the Poet-Laureate of

the Glasgow Rosebery Burns Club; ALEXANDER WALKER, of Chester, Pa., a prolific writer in Scotch and English for many years; "LA TESTE," of Elgin, a Scottish bard who lived to see the tenth edition of his poems; and G. W. ANDERSON, of Rhynie, author of the "Lays of Strathbogie," whose military genius has kept pace with his literary gifts, and has secured for him high commission in the King's Army as well as the laurel wreath that is only awarded to the true minstrel. While I write the news reaches me that my friend is now "Anderson Bey" in the Egyptian Army. As I began with a lass I will also end with one— Miss JESSIE ANNE ANDERSON, of Aberdeen, a most industrious and pleasing writer in verse and prose who has ventured into many fields. Under great disadvantages Miss Anderson has made an honorable record for herself, extending her fame far beyond the banks of her native Dee, and with every year adds to her strength, her skill, her reputation and her circle of friends.

If my readers have carelessly been inclined to think that Scottish poetry died with Robert Burns a perusal of the works of the bards I have named will speedily and satisfactorily upset that hasty conclusion. No one begrudges Robert Burns his fame and his preëminent title, but it should not be forgotten that he is only *one* of Scotia's glorious galaxy of poetical stars, and he has by no means exhausted Scottish life and character any more than he has obscured the many other bright and brilliant lights of Scottish verse that shine and sparkle in our present era. And furthermore, if Burns were alive to-day, he would be the first and foremost to recognize the sterling merits of every one of the modern Doric "makkirs" that have been too briefly delineated in this off-hand article.

RHYNIE AND ROUN' ABOOT.

Weel faured she wiz, an', by my troth,
A canty kibble quiney,
The lass that cam' fae fitt o' Noth
Aside the Meer o' Rhynie.

Rhynie is the name of a place in Fearn, Ross-shire, and there is a Rhynie or Rhynach near Aberchirder, Banffshire, but as all the world is aware the Rhynie known to fame is Rhynie in Aberdeenshire, situated on Bogieside, between Auchindoir and Gartly, and it is of this Rhynie and roun' aboot it that the author has a few words to say.

Until the antiquarians and philologists decide what the meaning of the word is I cannot enrich my pages with that desirable information. An old form of the name was Rhynin (used 1226–1232), and Rhinn, Rhynd, and Rhinneen are supposed to be variations of the same word, all suggesting "headland," or "little point" from the Gaelic root Roinn, "a point or headland." Strange to say, too, the scholars who have looked into the matter think the headland of the Bell-Knowe suggested the name rather than the magnificent hill of Noth. There is a parish of Rhynie, and a village of Rhynie, the latter until recent times known as "The Muir of Rhynie" and sometimes for brevity cut to "The Meer." The whole district is a part of the great Gordon land of yore, now known as Strathbogie, and every nook of it has its tale of stirring deeds in the days gone by. The Gordons of Craig, Lesmoir and Scurdargue all had their castles in the immediate neighborhood. The first-named residence is still in existence, although occupied by a stranger.*

* Craig Castle is in the parish of Auchindoir, but like Drumminor Castle (in Kearn), from geographical position seems to come more

The second stronghold is a ruin, and of the third—Jock-o'-Gordon's fort—not even a trace now remains. To the east of the village stands Drumminor Castle, redolent of treachery and tragedy in the olden times. It was long the headquarters of the Forbeses, but in time passed into the hands of the Grants. The Anderson clan seems also to have had its headquarters in this section of the North. Other forms of the name are "McAndrew," "Gillanders" and "Andermas." It is an offshoot from the tribe of Ross. The arms of the Andersons of Noth were charged with ploughshare and axe, their crest was a fir-tree, and their motto "Stand Sure." Probably the origin of the clan is Scandinavian, making the Andersens of the same kith and kin. To this day the Andersons are prominent in Strathbogie.

Rev. Mr. Anderson, formerly of Rhynie and now parish minister of Gartly, is a worthy representative of naturally under the Rhynie chapter. The first Gordon of Craig, and the one to build the Castle in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was Patrick, the grandson of Sir John, the chief of the clan, who fell at Otterburn. That the ancient family did not hesitate to press onward "red-wat shod" if need be, the ancient ballad testifies:

"The Gordons good in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon
While frae their plaids the gory flood
In burns ran gushin' doon."

Flodden field claimed the first Laird of Craig and the second was pinked off at Pinkie, 1547. Their successors took part in whatever fighting was going on in their day. When the Jacobites attacked Dunfermline in "The Fifteen" uprising, Francis, the eighth Laird of Craig, was taken prisoner. It was probably because he had been wounded, as he soon after died in Stirling Castle. The Laird of my time was James Shirreffs Gordon, a man who in his life played many parts. The present proprietor is Mr. Penny-Craik, who has done much to improve the estate. Craig Castle is in excellent condition, and symbolizes in itself much that is old and new.

AT CRAIG CASTLE: NOW—AND THEN.

To what good uses may we bring at last
The gruesome relics of the Brutal Past!

the stock—able, helpful, self-sacrificing, modest—a man whose whole long career has been devoted to good practising as well as to good preaching—and who can rest from his labors with the satisfaction that he leaves worthy sons who have for some time been following in the footsteps of their honored sire.*

Nothing is left of the first owners in the Drumminor neighborhood but their family burying vault in the

Craig Castle now has in its Servants' Hall
 As may be seen projecting from a wall,
 The sturdy CLEEK that in the days of yore
 The Gibbet was to wretches by the score.
 Yes, it has seen the last of many men
 For Lairds had pow'r of pot and gallows then,
 Were Sole Controllers of the Common Weal
 And pass'd decrees that changed to no appeal;
 As truly Kings within their own domains
 As any Shah that in the present reigns.

But thanks to Fighters and to Scholars thrawn
 Who labor'd long that better days might dawn,
 Who pierced the dark with Learning's Torches bright,
 And vanquished Tyranny at last with Right,
 The little Despots of the Small Estates
 Hold no more Courts behind their guarded gates,
 But now are subject to the self-same laws
 That give protection to the Poor Man's Cause.
 And lo! within this ancient Castle's room
 So long notorious in the Age of Gloom
 The very CLEEK, the sign of ancient might
 Is utilized from which to hang a Light;
 A little Lamp that with its cheerful ray
 So finely typifies our better day;
 Presaging also, by its beacon flame,
 Still greater progress and a grander fame!

To such good uses may we put at last
 All gruesome relics of the feudal Past.

* When I think of the scholarly attainments of such men and the vast stores of experience they can draw from, yet note how meagre are their contributions to the publisher's lists, I feel a twinge at the temerity of a youthful writer like myself rushing rashly into print. But as I have always said, a beginning is better than nothing, and if such a hotch-potch as this book of mine should only inspire some one to do much better it will not have been produced in vain.

churchyard of Kearn. I paid it a visit last fall in company with an intelligent friend, and we decided it was better to be living dogs than dead lions, even with all the pompous epitaphs that marked their lordly graves.*

Nine miles north of Rhynie is situated Huntly Castle, the king of them all in the Gordon jurisdiction, but yet second in importance to the Royal Castle of Kildrummy about the same distance to the south.

Historically Rhynie can hold its own with any place, and its guardian Tap o' Noth rising 1,851 feet above the level of the sea and 1,400 feet above the surrounding valley has looked down upon many stirring scenes. This hill deserves more than mere mention. It is believed to be the "Nuath" immortalized in Ossian's poems, the bardic strains that Walt Whitman loved to pore over, as they were the never-failing admiration of Napoleon Bonaparte.†

Some say Noth means "nothing"—and this interpretation might be well defended—but I lean to the Gaelic word *Taip-a-nochd*, which is translated "hill of observation." In this respect Tap o' Noth plays second fiddle to none, as from its favorable location it commands a view of a wider prospect than may be seen from any other point in Scotland—or even Great Britain.‡ As seen from Lumsden Village it is a bonny

* Sixteen barons of Forbes are said to be planted in the Kearn kirkyard. In the same cemetery there is buried another "baron," if the preserved inscription of Laing "Baron of Noth" is to be accepted, but the chances are that this "Johne" was only a "baron baillie," which was a barren title compared to that of the noblemen of Brux.

† In strains that range from harsh to soft 'the mystic voice of Cona' is heard discussing "Nuath" oft in "Lathmon" and "Oithona." And let who will incline to carp,—I long have had the notion that "Rhyno's" sweet and mournful harp shows Rhynie known to Ossian.

‡ An Aberdeen newspaper correspondent took umbrage at me last winter because I dared to say that I had seen a more extensive prospect from Flag Rock, Va., than was possible from Tap o' Noth. The controversy raged for weeks, without eliciting anything new, or perhaps changing any one's opinion—such discussions rarely do. I was

hill, graceful, well-balanced, finely finished and even majestic in its big bulk and bold outline. Its top is crowned by a circular wall of fused stones, claimed by some authorities to mark the remains of a volcano, and by others asserted to be the finest example of a vitrified fort now in existence. The ruins are oblong in form, and about two hundred and seventy yards in circumference. I think there is little doubt that a fort or castle or temple once stood on the Tap o' Noth, but whether the walls were vitrified by some lost art, or the ruins fused by the frequent lighting of beacon fires on them, or whether the lava-looking ramparts are of volcanic origin will, I fear, forever remain undecided. Some varieties of stone are more vitrifiable than others and many writers contend that in the case of other so-called vitrified forts, like Dunnideer, the stones fused were not native to the district. Mr. Charles Proctor, F.I.C., of London, has made an exhaustive chemical and geological study of the Tap o' Noth stones, and emphatically says and proves that the fused and unfused rocks of the Rhynie hill are identical. There is or was a well in the cup or saucer of the Tap, but whether a spring or a reservoir is also unsettled. Rhynie may well be proud of this magnificent and mysterious mountain. If we had it here in America as near to railroads and civilization as it is to the G. N. S. R. and its thickly populated territory we should make of it a pleasure resort *par excellence*, as I believe even in Scotland it is destined yet to become. With a switchback or spiral trolley railroad it could be easily scaled, and the fine platform or plateau on its summit would make a natural stage on which not only common

glad, however, of the chance to slip in a few rhymes from which I quote a verse:

We all have castles in the air,
 Or on the ground—and some hae both;
 And I—when I'm a millionaire—
 Will build me mine on Tap o' Noth!

lads and lasses but even kings and queens might be pleased to disport themselves.

Who, I wonder, can tell anything about the rights of the people on such hills as the Buck, Bennachie and Tap o' Noth? Mr. Lachlan MacRae, of Inverness, who was in charge of the Ordnance Survey Party that ascertained and determined the boundaries of every parish in Aberdeenshire, informed me that up till that time (1864 to 1866) the majority of the county hill-tops were true "commonities"—common to people and lairds alike; but on the settling of the marches the rights of the common people were ignored, and the various estate-proprietors divided between them every inch of land clear to the sky, or, where only one proprietor, gobbled all. Mr. MacRae is of the belief that the Tap o' Noth is crowned with the ruins of a Druidical temple, and from his wide observation and practical experience—continued for over a score of years, and extending from Cape Wrath to the Isle of Wight—his opinion is entitled to more than ordinary consideration. He has witnessed under the most favorable auspices the great Druid ceremonies in Wales, when pilgrims were present from France and far-off India. He writes me that the Tap o' Noth arrangement of foundations corresponds with the universal plan and position of all such circles even to the "Temple Stone" a little distance from "the ring," stating also that when he examined this specimen of "Rocking Stone" it could be moved by the hand, but of course not displaced.

The many sculptured hieroglyphic standing stones to be found in the district are also believed to be of Druidical origin, with the exception of one or two that tradition asserts to be monuments to fallen heroes. The Druids worshipped many gods, taught the immortality of the soul, revered the sun and fire, made attempts at astronomy, and used the rites of augury from the slaugh-

ter of human victims. Writers on the phallic origin of all religions have very ingenious and plausible theories on the meaning of Druid rings and Druid pillars, from which symbols, so they tell us, have developed our Christian pulpits and church (circle) spires.

Stone coffins,* axes and flint arrowheads have frequently been found in Rhynie parish, and several of the natives have made fair collections, the best museum of the kind at the present time being owned by Mrs. Knight, of Mytice on Kirkney-side. She has also a rare collection of old coins, including, I believe, an almost complete set of "Romans" and quite "a fouth o' auld nick nackets" in general. The antiquarian treasures of Mr. Wm. Shand, of Lang Craft, are also worth seeing.†

I have not the space, nor is it necessary here to enter into the detailed history of the valley from the days

* The most of people near Noth—and many a good bit beyond—have heard about the giants that frequented the Tap and Bennachie in ancient times. "Jock o' Noth," according to all accounts of prose tradition and ballad lore, must have been the King of all the big men, and a real "Cock of the North" (the title now heired by The Marquis of Huntly). The big stone on the face of the Tap known as "Jock the Giant's Stane" is a standing monument to his size and strength, since he playfully stopped it with his foot when hurled at him by Jock o' Bennachie, who had invaded Noth's fort; and as *proof* of the fact it bears the impress of his brogue to this day! About the middle of the last century a large stone cist was unearthed when ploughing a field near the Hill of Noth, and a skeleton revealed of gigantic proportions. Rev. Wm. Reid, of Auchindoir, had the bones boxed up and removed to the kirkyard.

Tho' nae sae big as it micht hae been
It show'd there was mair than froth
In some o' the exploits said to be seen
O' the giants o' Tap o' Noth.

† It has always been of special interest to me, when wandering through the antiquarian museums in the United States, to find displayed among the curios exact counterparts of the so-called "elfin arrowheads" common to my native hills and glens. The business of fashioning flint, which was evidently common to both continents in prehistoric times, is now classed among the lost arts.

of the Picts and Celts to the last military march on record—the Duke of Cumberland's in 1746. Rhynie was prominently to the front in the wars of Macbeth, of the Islesmen culminating in Harlaw, in the raids of the Caterans, in the many broils between the Northern clans, and in the rebellions of “The Fifteen” and “The Forty-five.”

In peaceful walks of life Rhynie has many triumphs to her credit, and not a few men of real power have graduated from her schools. Among her noted exports to foreign lands Rev. Robert Duff has a prominent position. He was for a time schoolmaster at Rhynie, but early in life emigrated to British Guiana, where he became Senior Minister of the Church of Scotland in that colony, exercising a marked influence on the community until his death in 1878. He had a facile and entertaining pen and, busy as he was at his missionary labors, he managed to give us more than one valuable book on the land of his adoption.*

“Mackay of Uganda” was also a Rhynie loon, where his father, the Free Church minister of the place, wrote some of his well-known text-books on geography.

Dr. Patrick Smith, of Queensland, should also be mentioned, and if only by name leading alumni of the Rhynie Mutual Instruction Society,† such as Dr. Hen-

*This remarkable club, the pioneer of all similar associations, has been excellently commemorated by its able founder, the Rev. Robert Harvey Smith, M.A., in his handsomely printed and intensely interesting volume entitled “A Village Propaganda” (Douglas, Edinburgh, 1889). To be survived by such an excellent book is better than to leave any amount of barren bawbees, or even more substantial “hooses an' land.” Mr. Smith was for a long time Congregational minister in Clatt.

†It took me just twenty years to secure his “Notes on British Guiana,” and to the kindness of his old pupil, Rev. George Compton Smith (retired Congregational minister, now of Hastings, England), I owe this interesting addition to my library. Having been the copy that once belonged to Rev. Robert Harvey Smith, the value of it is thrice enhanced to me, and secures for it a prominent niche in the ‘Tap o’ Noth alcove’ of my ‘Aberdeenshire’ bookcase.

derson of China, Robert Main of Capetown, James Law, the Carrier, and Robert Pirie, tailor—the two last named emigrating to Canada. Of Rhynie lads who attained distinction at home James Macdonell, the journalist, had perhaps the most swiftly brilliant success. His “Life” has been written by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and is the only example extant of the biography of a journalist, pure and simple. Macdonell began on the *Free Press* of Aberdeen, and finished as leader writer on *The Times* of London, dying at the early age of thirty-seven. Another big literary man from the vale was Alexander Allardyce, whose last office was editing *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was the author of several successful novels, in some of which are incorporated suggestions from Rhynie life and character, just as Sir George Reid, ex-President of the Royal Scottish Academy, illustrated Dr. Alexander's immortal “Johnny Gibb” from living types he found at the fitt o' the Tap.

In more recent times Rev. Mr. Edwards conducted an improvement class at Rhynie, and at least two of his pupils have shown a good beginning in making name and position for themselves, viz., James F. Tocher, of Peterhead, as an analytic chemist, and Dr. Charles Angus, who holds an important office as an insanity expert.*

In these random notes on Rhynie Mr. David Horn, J.P., should not be forgotten. He was a painstaking gleaner in local biographical and antiquarian fields, more than one recent writer having drawn from his interesting manuscripts. Neither should James Duff, farmer, of New and Old Noth, be omitted, one of the

* The writer was the solitary Lumsden member of this class, walking in the evenings a distance of eight miles, to and fro, in order to get the advantages of the tuition and the fellowship; but, as now recalled, there was as much fun as instruction in the final results; and how could it be otherwise with John MacPherson at his best, and Vansittart Riddel and his chums in their normal merry key?

sterling men of the district who has left his monument in Duff's School, which he erected and furnished before the days of boards or government inspectors, a good work that was continued and augmented by his son, Robert Duff, who died only last September.

The Rhynie folks are fairly enterprising, but it cannot be denied that their greatest successes have been accomplished by those who have acted in conformity with the spirit of my friend "Wasty's"* hospitable advice, which applies to more things than to the pleasures of the table:

*"Noo help yersel's, an' if ye canna get what ye want sittin',
JIST RISE AND RAX FOR 'T!"*

APPENDIX.

The following notices extracted from *The Royal Gazette*, of Georgetown, Demarara, British Guiana, under date of August 24, 1878, may not be unacceptable to Rhynie readers:

DUFF—On the 18th inst., at his residence in Stanley Town, New Amsterdam, the Reverend ROBERT DUFF, aged 69. For many years senior Minister of the Scotch Church in British Guiana.

OUR obituary for the fortnight contains the name of the Reverend Robert Duff for many years a minister of the Scotch Church in this colony. Arriving in the colony early in the fifth decade of this century, Mr. Duff first became assistant to the Rev. Dr. Struthers, then minister of St. Andrews, whose daughter he married, and he subsequently succeeded to the charge of the parishes of St. Mary, St. Mark, and All Saints, New-Amsterdam. Of the latter he retained charge until his final retirement from the ministry some ten years ago. Endued with considerable intellectual ability and independence of character combined with great physical activity and endurance, Mr. Duff was in his day a man of mark. Stories are still told of his pedestrian feats in times when the means of locomotion were neither so numerous nor so rapid as now, that in our degenerate day are scarcely credible. He was fond of agriculture and made it his practice to cultivate his glebe lands with his own hands. Of horticulture and floriculture he was a diligent student, and in herborization he took great delight. Well

* Mr. Robert Forbes, farmer, Westseat, Gartly.

acquainted with the enormous resources of the colony, he never tired of urging upon the poorer classes of the people the importance of attention to such subjects and especially of sobriety and industry as means of improving their physical condition, increasing their comforts, and enhancing the enjoyments of life. Not that his personal tastes were in any sense Epicurean; his habits, in fact, were somewhat ascetic and his manner austere; and he was rather held in respect for his abilities and force of character than beloved on account of his possession of those softer and more feminine qualities which frequently form such powerful bonds of union between pastors and their flocks. Some years ago he published a volume of "Notes on British Guiana," containing much useful information on matters connected with the colony. Though he had well nigh attained the full measure of man's allotted sojourn on earth, his widow survives him. Two of his sons are well known in the colony as successful practical planters.

In a Scottish paper of recent date, we find the following notice of the death of Mr. Duff's elder brother:

RHYNIE—LATE MR. DUFF.—As a parish, we have sustained a great loss in the death of one of our oldest farmers, Mr. James Duff of Newnoth. He died on the 25th inst., at the ripe age of 81 years, but although he had reached so far beyond the average span of human existence, it is only within recent years that he has been seriously affected by the frailties of age. Mr. Duff was well known, not only in the immediate neighborhood to which he belonged, but throughout the whole of this northern district, as a prosperous and enterprising farmer. Since he entered on the farm of Newnoth in 1822, he has effected many permanent improvements on it. Not the least of these is reclaiming of large tracts of land, a labour in which he spared neither trouble nor expense. His general manner and quaint humour made him a favourite with all with whom he came in contact, and gathered round him many friends, who cannot soon forget the good qualities of the man. He took a great interest in the education of the young, a fact which is amply testified by his building a school almost entirely at his own expense for the convenience of those children whose homes were too far distant from the parish school. This building, which bears his name, will serve as a memorial of one out of the many kind and disinterested acts which have ever marked Mr. Duff's long and eventful life. For the long period of forty years he has been an elder of the Parish Church, and on Sabbath last, the Rev. Mr. Anderson feelingly alluded to the loss which the congregation had sustained by his decease. In the course of his remarks, he said—

"Years ago, it was on his urgent representations to the patrons of this parish that steps were taken which resulted in my being asked to undertake the charge of this congregation, and I may say that from the first day of my ministry till now I ever found in him a man ready to aid with purse and person in every good word and work. Nothing, indeed, gave our old friend more pleasure than to see our Church

prospering, a Church to which he had steadfastly clung in troublous times. As an elder, he gave his time, and put himself to trouble and expense, not of constraint but with heart and will. How seldom, while health remained, was his familiar face, that betokened a man of no ordinary type of character, to be missed in the sanctuary; and so intense was his interest in the young of the flock, that he was a regular attendant on Sabbath afternoons at that school that we may say he erected almost wholly at his own expense, and which will perpetuate his name, I trust, for a long time to come. He is gone, almost the last of an old generation, and we shall see him no more in this world. The poor will miss him, for he never sent them empty away. We will all miss the genial old man that has so long borne the vessels of the Lord in His temple, and has been the life and soul of many of our meetings in other years. But he is gone to experience the blessed rest of which we have been this day speaking. In all the confidence of friendship, and with the simplicity of a little child, he has been wont to unbosom to us his spiritual difficulties and experiences; and knowing, as I do, how earnestly he has been looking to our glorious Redeemer, I rejoice to believe that he is one of those of whom it may be said in the words of our text, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'"

THE MIGHTINESS OF THE MITE.

“Mony a little mak’s a mickle,”
And the economic scholar
Knows the nacky, nimble nickel
Oft outstrips the sluggish dollar.

ON Saturday, June 21, 1879, the staid Pennsylvania-Germans of Lancaster, Pa., saw a new kind of store opened on the west side of North Queen Street, near their Pennsylvania Railroad station. It was a beautiful day and a little warmer than the season warranted. A tall, good looking, active man of twenty-seven had come to town, and without any friends or even acquaintances had quietly rented the small shop—it was only 14 by 35 feet—stocked it with a little over four hundred dollars’ worth of goods, and hopefully opened the door that Fortune might enter. His ambitions then were modest, his highest expectations not going beyond a comfortable living. But life was real and earnest with him that bright June morning. There was much at stake.

Less than six months before he had made a similar start in Utica, N. Y., and because he was not quite ready to meet all the demands of the unusual situation he lost his foothold, and had to retire defeated. But he could not be kept back nor would he be kept down. He had discovered *why* he had failed, and that in itself was a great success. More than that, he had plucked up courage enough to ask his business backers to back him again. Now, it is one thing for a man to feel he can do better if given a fresh opportunity, but quite another matter to convince others to put up additional money on such a venture. Very few can sympathize with the enthusiasm and sanguineness of a young man

with a big undeveloped idea. Since the day that Moses struck the stubborn rock nearly every great success has had its beginning in a small bit of help reluctantly wrung from some flinty nature.

Our Lancaster stranger, who was no other than Mr. Frank W. Woolworth, now a multimillionaire, had been given his first chance by his former employers, Messrs. Moore & Smith of Watertown, N. Y. Both members of the firm were willing and anxious to help the young man along, although Mr. Moore had some doubts in his mind as to the permanent success of a Five Cent Store. He did not, however, positively dissuade Mr. Woolworth, and when Mr. Smith said, "Go ahead: I believe you can make some money," no further encouragement was needed to try again.* More determined than ever to succeed, Mr. Woolworth lost no time in re-launching his business bark, the second venture being made, as we have noted, on the banks of the Conestoga, forever famous as the scene of Fulton's early experiments in steam navigation. We may be sure that Frank W. Woolworth's first day in Lancaster was one of great anxiety to him. Here was a shop with an idea radically

* Mr. Woolworth had then, and always has had, great respect for his employers, knowing they only wished him to succeed. If one member of the firm was cautious it was as a friend anxious for the young man's future; and, where the other ventured more, it was at the risk of his own reputation as an adviser in a doubtful game,—a real commercial leap in the dark. As time went on, justifying Mr. Woolworth's course, his employers found it expedient to dissolve partnership, and wind up their affairs. While they did not "fail," as the term is ordinarily applied, their Dry Goods Store investment turned out badly, and, after paying their ordinary debts in full, they owed their friends about \$25,000.00 at the closing out of their business. Mr. Woolworth was then able to substantially reciprocate the kindness and help given to him at the beginning of his career. Acting on his advice Mr. Smith went into the "5-and 10c" business in Ohio, with marked success; while Mr. Moore opened up the same kind of a store at his old business stand, and through the influence and help of Mr. Woolworth paid off all old debts, and has accumulated a fortune besides.

new to the district: a varied stock of ornamental and useful goods with each article priced at five cents (two pence-half penny); a real "Five Cent Store"; now "familiar in our mouths as household words," but then untested, unnoted, unknown. Ten-cent counters were not added for some months.

The Lancastrians did not storm the one door of the little store as soon as the proprietor was ready for business. Some condescended to glance in at the window, and doubtless more than one wise-acre prophesied a speedy failure for the optimistic odd-fellow behind the counter. He would have been considered a rash individual who might have predicted that in less than a quarter of a century the man who was making so humble a beginning would have his own palatial home* on Fifth Avenue, New York City, would preside over the affairs of Gotham's big Guardian Trust Co., and be the possessor of as fine a fortune as any Lancastrian ever made. And yet all this really happened—with ample time to spare—as a direct result of the little North Queen Street store and the business beginning of June, 1879.

It is interesting to linger on that epoch-making day. For some hours it looked black enough. Up till noon not a single person had entered the shop even to look around, to say nothing of buying. But after dinner-time there was a turn in the tide. A few extra bold visitors actually proved that the articles cost only five cents as marked—bought them, carried them off and told their neighbors. Then came the rush. At closing time Mr. Woolworth found he had taken in \$128! Whew! A year's business like that would mean nearly \$40,000. It was royal encouragement and the young merchant celebrated it by telegraphing for more stock. Before the goods arrived he had sold everything in

* One of the handsomest and most expensive residences in the Commercial Capital of the New World.

his store. He has had many successes since then: 25,000 people visited one of his New York stores in a single day, and at another of his shops in the same city he registered no less than 44,060 individual sales in the same space of time—a record that is surely without a parallel in mercantile annals. Yet sweeter to him than any of his later triumphs will ever be considered his initial hit in Lancaster. It was the dawn of a new era for Woolworth. For that reason doubtless he honored the city of his first success by erecting in it a business structure that for beauty of design and completeness of detail has few equals in the Keystone State.*

Looking at results to-day they seem easy and simple and logical. But the beginning is the part to study. Even with the tonic of his opening success Mr. Woolworth had many difficulties to overcome. For one thing he was so intensely wrapped up in his little shop that he did not know what was going on around him. One

* The Woolworth Building, located in the business center of Lancaster, is of the French Renaissance style of architecture, five stories high and built of stone, steel, iron and brick. On top of all is a finely-equipped Roof Garden, furnished with every accessory of a first class theatre, and so constructed as to be independent of wind or weather. During the summer months the finest vaudeville artists cater to large audiences every afternoon and evening. From the front of the Woolworth Building rise two graceful towers that with their gilded decorations in the daytime and halo of electric lights at night shine out as landmarks seen from afar.

The second, third and fourth floors are rented as offices, being occupied by lawyers, architects, brokers and other prominent professional men. The whole building is supplied with electric freight and passenger elevators, is lighted by electricity, heated by steam, and furnished with sanitary plumbing of the most approved type. Not a detail of an up-to-date business home is lacking, from telephones and telegraphs to the latest style of United States mail chutes.

The ground floor of the building is almost entirely occupied by the Woolworth Five and Ten Cent Store—the finest one of all the eighty-odd, in location, design, furnishings and appointments. One of its outstanding features is a complete roster of all the Woolworth stores, giving in raised gilt letters the name of the city, the state and the date of opening. In some instances too where stores have not been a success and were discontinued the facts are noted.

day a traveling man stepped in and bluntly announced: "I've got bad news for you, Frank. You are going to have competition. There is a man in town just opening up another 'five and ten cent store,' and it is a dandy." Mr. Woolworth had just enlarged his store, remodeled his window and made other improvements that considerably increased his expense. He confesses he felt blue when he realized all the situation. But after wrestling with it until the next morning he decided it was now or never. He pitched in more vigorously, made still greater improvements, and in a few months had the satisfaction of knowing that he was again alone in his chosen field. When he had been a short time in Lancaster it occurred to him that similar stores should pay equally well in other cities. He gave much thought to the problem, and in the fall of Seventy-nine decided to make his first outside experiment, locating his second store in Harrisburg, Pa. It did not pay. He started his third place at York, Pa., which was also a failure. Ten years from his Lancaster start he owned and operated twelve stores, and after that his progress was swift. He now has some four score stores in full blast, all located in the territory east of Pittsburg. In the busiest seasons he employs over 5,000 hands, and his working force never falls below 2,000 in the dullest months. His pay roll exceeds half a million dollars annually. Woolworth's headquarters are located at 280 Broadway, corner of Chambers St., New York City. From his private office there Mr. Woolworth keeps in constant and instant touch with his chain of stores. He has the system of management so finely arranged that in a few minutes after receiving his morning mail he can tell to a cent his total sales, expenses and net profits for the preceding day. Every store has a local manager who is responsible for everything connected with his place. On his general staff are fixture experts, inspectors, foreign

and domestic buyers, besides a large array of stenographers and bookkeepers. Every year Mr. Woolworth himself goes to Europe.* The values to be found at the Woolworth five and ten cent stores are really marvelous, and could only be possible where everything is purchased on a gigantic scale, direct from the manufacturers, and for the all-potent magic of spot cash. Thus it is that in making a personal success Mr. Woolworth has also become a powerful benefactor at both ends of the line—helping his producers, and all dependent on him, to steady, full-paid time, and saving money to his patrons by the bulk of his business and the many economies of his unequalled system. He has been *an observant servant*, and is justly entitled to his big reward, since it has been happily reached without oppressing any one, but is derived from infinitesimal profits on an innumerable multitude of apparently insignificant sales. His total business now aggregates about ten million dollars annually.

Frank W. Woolworth was born in Rodman, Jefferson County, N. Y., April 13, 1852. He comes of English and Irish stock. In his early childhood he got seven years' schooling at the district school, and after helping for a time on his father's farm, his mother induced him, at the age of twenty-one, to take a commercial-school course at Watertown. By chumming with another boy and getting weekly food supplies from home

* It may surprise many to know that Mr. Woolworth imports a larger tonnage of toys and tree ornaments than all other United States buyers put together, and fully one half of the product of the whole world. The entire population of several German towns find employment in filling his orders. When he makes his bargain every Spring it means bread and butter to them for another year. His transactions in glassware, pottery and crockery are also colossal. The hundred and one little things needed for the home and office, including notions, fixtures, dry goods, stationary, pictures, kitchen utensils, table ware, toys, jewelry, trinkets, etc., come and go to his various establishments in carload lots. Of candies alone his stores dispose of over 6,000 tons every year!

Woolworth was able to stick it out long enough to graduate. He then secured employment as a dry goods clerk with Moore & Smith in the same city. It cost him \$3.50 per week for board, and he got no pay for the first three months. After that he made just enough to pay his board-bill. He remained six years in the Watertown store and never got more than \$10 per week. Mr. Woolworth says he can see now as he looks back that he was not then worth anything more. Yet out of his \$10 per week he married and lived and managed to save \$50 a year.* It was a long apprenticeship and he might still have been behind the counter if he had not acted on the Five Cent Store idea, that came to him when working for others. Then, although at first it did not pay, adding the ten cent line eventually doubled the usefulness and profitableness of the business. One wonders why the stock could not be advantageously enlarged in multiples of five and ten cents to the value of a dollar, but Mr. Woolworth evidently acts on the "live and let live" principle, and is satisfied with his modest commercial corner.

In a recent interview he said he thought those only could succeed who made a pleasure of their business—that is to say, who labored in a congenial field. He always had a hankering for merchandizing. He also is of the opinion that thrift is a potent factor, and he advises every young man to save. He has always managed to lay aside at least one fourth of his income. Finally he declares it is a mistake to despise small beginnings. His own overwhelming success makes one believe that the merchant who can get the loose change of the million does not take long to own the fat check-book of the mighty millionaire.

* His wife was a dressmaker, however, and earned more than he did at that time. "To her," he says, "as much as to anything else I attribute my success in life." She was a Miss Jennie Creighton. Their union has been blessed with three daughters—Helena, Edna and Jessie. They all display marked musical talent.

LANCASTER IN ENGLAND.*

It was surprising to me how few people I questioned knew anything about Lancaster, even after I had crossed the Scottish border and was within a short distance of the place. On the last stretch of railroad travel I succeeded in getting some vague idea of the place from a fellow-passenger. Accurately speaking, Lancaster town (it is not a city) is situated on the south bank of the River Lune, 21 miles north of Preston, 73 miles south of Carlisle, 52 miles northwest of Manchester, 50 miles north of Liverpool and 232 miles from London. It has railway connections with the London and Northwestern Railway and with the Midland Railway. The area of the town is 3,610 acres, the population 40,329, and the rateable value £180,395. Its chief attractions to a stranger are the Castle, the Parish Church, the Williamson Park and the Storey Institute.

To give even a fair idea of the Castle would take a good-sized volume. Its origin is lost in obscurity. We know positively that the Romans, under Agricola, A. D. 79, had a camp here. Some of the Roman buildings still stand, and Roman relics innumerable are turned up almost every year. After Roman occupancy Lancaster Castle had many tenants, the great overshadowing name connected with it being John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. A statue of this Duke is placed on a niche over the entrance of the gateway tower, and the place where his horse cast a shoe—now at the crossing of four streets—is yet marked by a horseshoe, which is carefully renewed as often as needed. John o' Gaunt pennies are still to be had in Lancaster and are con-

* A series of Letters to the Editor of *The New Era*, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

sidered valuable relics. I cannot now go into the later history of the Castle, except to say that it had more than the usual share of sieges and captures. Since the Jacobite rising of 1745 the Castle has not suffered an attack from any enemy, and it remains to-day in excellent condition, still used as the town and county jail, and containing the Courts for the administration of justice and adjustment of all important local disputes.

The Castle is shown to visitors, for a fee, except during the week of the Assizes, and, as luck would have it, I happened to come here that week. My friends attempted to console me by the fact that I should see a greater show in the Assizes than in a tour through the Castle, but I decided, if possible, to enjoy both. Application at the Judge's lodgings was met by a polite refusal. "The rule was never known to be broken—no one could make a tour of the Castle while the Assizes were being held. Visitors from Africa, New Zealand and America had been refused, etc." This did not trouble me much, as I knew I had influence at London that would open the doors for me, but hesitated to invoke it until all local efforts failed. I was recommended to state my case to E. B. Dawson, Esq., of Aldcliffe Hall, the Chairman of the Magisterial Bench here, and out of a thousand Justices of the Peace for Lancashire, one of the twelve persons permitted to visit all parts of the Castle.

I found Mr. Dawson a particularly nice gentleman, and he not only secured me the desired permit, but gave me the privilege of a seat in the Grand Jury box during the Assizes and extended other courtesies that were exceedingly helpful and pleasant to me. He gave me information that no ordinary guide could have furnished and enabled me to thoroughly appreciate what I was seeing.

The Assizes this week were very heavy, so the Judge

sat as late as 7:30 p. m. and, to help the Court to see, tallow candles were brought in, and the same candlesticks used that were used when the rebels were tried in 1746! This can never occur again, as the electric light is to be introduced, so Mr. Dawson said I had the opportunity of seeing something that would not happen any more in the town's or the Castle's history.

Americans would be amused at the pomp and magnificence of the Assizes. The Judge, in his scarlet, ermine-trimmed robe, is attended by the High Sheriff of the county, also gorgeous in crimson and gold. In attendance on the High Sheriff is his substitute (in black court dress), his chaplain, his twelve javelin men, state-coach, coachman, two flunkeys and two trumpeters, all in dazzling uniform. It seems that the High Sheriff is elected for only one year; he gets no salary, but the expenses of the office cost him from £10,000 (the smallest amount he can make do) to as high as he cares to go, and £20,000, or \$100,000, is a fair average. A gentleman of this town of Lancaster, on being made High Sheriff, gave a dinner that is said to have cost \$35,000, and many have told me that this great sum was below the actual figure. On the other hand those who should know say it is a gross exaggeration—so we'll let it go at that!

No seats are provided for spectators at the Courts, so, if one does not care to stand—unless favored, as I was, by a friend—there is nothing to do but mix with the rabble and stick it out as long as you can. On a par with the candles, I noticed that the Judge took full notes of all the proceedings in longhand, no Court stenographer being employed. Such idiotic stupidity is utterly inexplicable. The poor man was condemned to the worst drudgery of any one there, and, as a proof that he was not infallible, in more than one instance, his memory served him better than his notes. The juries did not waste any time in reaching their verdicts, and

with all the painful slowness of the note-taking, I must confess, the despatch of business was remarkable.

Two other good friends I had in Court that I may do well to mention now. The first was the dignified Mayor of the town, Colonel R. Inglis Hall, who, but for his years, might pass anywhere for Lord Roberts. Mr. Hall was exceedingly kind to me, and put himself considerably about to get information for me. At the Town Hall he showed me the valuable insignia of his office, and even put the Mayor's robe on me, remarking that it was a perfect fit!* I was then shown the principal charters of the town, and noted, among others, the signatures of Queen Elizabeth and King John. The courteous Beadle and Mace-Bearer, Mr. Jackson, who has held office for many years, took me through the garret of the Town Hall, out on to the very coping, to give me the finest-known view of Lancaster Castle. On our way back we saw old town charter chests, blood-stained banners and keys of a period running back to a time before the date when Columbus discovered America. The Mayor took me to his home to tea and dinner, and a most enjoyable evening was spent looking over as fine an English house as it has been my good fortune to see. Colonel Hall is an architect by profession, so, naturally, would have only the very best for himself. He is a widower, his accomplished daughter having acted as Lady Mayoress. His household affairs are managed by his charming sister.

The other friend I had near me in Court was Mr. T. Cann Hughes, M.A., F.S.A., Town Clerk. He acts as prosecutor for the local cases, wearing on occasion a wig and gown like the rest of the barristers. At his home, where I took tea, I met his dear old mother, considerably over eighty, but as bright as a coronation shilling.

* I was also most fortunate in getting a fine Lancaster coronation medal, the last of the supply specially designed and minted for the town.

Mr. Hughes had many curios to show me, as in his time he or his mother have met such eminent people as Lowell, Emerson, Eggleston, Kingsley, etc. Perhaps the greatest surprise was to be shown a German Bible that had once belonged to Martin Luther. His name is on it in his own handwriting, and all through the book are alterations, corrections, notes, etc., in the hand of the great reformer.

The Parish Church of Lancaster, England, is "St. Mary's Church." It consists of nave and chancel and western tower, and looks well under the immediate shadow of the grim old castle. Existing relics prove that St. Mary's Church is on the site of a former chapel of great antiquity. It is mentioned in historical records as far back as 1094. Much of its later life is bound up with the history of the castle. This is the building where all the high dignitaries, local and visiting, are officially "churched." Charles Dickens once spent a holiday in Lancaster, and said it was "a gallant sight to see the Sunday procession of the Lancaster Corporation to Church, under the escort of three beadles!"

Before Justice Sir Richard Jelf commenced the Assizes this week he and the High Sheriff and all their retinue visited the sacred edifice, where a special service was conducted for them. Sermons have often been preached in St. Mary's to the rattle of the soldiers' steel. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, tried to deliver a sermon there, but was ignominiously hauled out and stoned along the street. He afterwards had a taste of the Lancaster Castle Dungeon Tower—spent a whole long winter in it, poor man, exposed to cold and rain, and nearly suffocated by the smoke of the other prisoners, cruelly directed into his cell. A Rev. Mr. Paul, minister of St. Mary's in 1715, was so foolish as to rule out from the Book of Common Prayer the names of King George and the

other members of his family, and substitute King James and his royal relations, and to pray for the Pretender and his family. Three days later the Jacobites surrendered at Preston (nearby), and the following summer Mr. Paul was hanged at Tyburn. If my memory serves me, we had as stubborn a case at our own English church in Lancaster, Pa.—although exactly the reverse in sentiment—a Rev. Mr. Barton refusing to desist praying for the King, although our Republic was an established and recognized fact, and suffering banishment rather than recant.

About thirty years after Mr. Paul's fatal lapse here the Jacobites tried their luck again, and one of the officers of the rebel army played on the Lancaster church organ "The King Shall Have His Own Again!" But that attempt also ended in failure, and since then no disloyal voice or note has profaned the lovely church. Interiorly, the building has almost the stateliness of a cathedral. Its windows are filled with rich stained-glass, and some of its arches are distinguished by great profusion of detail. The date of the pulpit now in use is 1619. From the chancel arch hang regimental colors that have seen many bloody battles. The greatest feature of the church, I was told, was the beautiful canopies of the stalls at the east end. They are most elaborate specimens of the wood-carver's art and of the era of the twelfth century. The monuments in the church are many, but I saw no famous name. There is a very interesting epitaph on Thomas Covell, who was keeper of the castle at the time of the trial of the Lancashire Witches, and one of their victims. The feature I personally liked best about the church was its peal of bells—only eight, I believe—but most musical and always welcome.

The next place I shall tell you about is "The Williamson Park." Does the name not sound familiar to a

Lancastrian? The park is named after its donor, the late Alderman Williamson, father of the present Lord Ashton—by some irreverently styled “Lord Linoleum,” in reference to his business, located here, and said to be “the biggest of its kind in the world.” Did it ever occur to you how many places do contain such exhibits? either “the finest,” “the grandest,” “the biggest,” “the most unique,” “unequalled,” etc. It is really too difficult to find a locality without some such distinction. In all my travels I try to come upon some obscure place with no pretensions to such claims, but no! They all have something. Do I not say myself that our own town has two such crowns—our big umbrella factory and our still bigger cocoa and caramel establishment? And so I found Lancaster, England, was not behind with the biggest oil cloth works in the world!

Things at last got to such a pitch that I asked, what is the matter with my own native parish? Surely it has some peculiar distinction? Well, it is the birthplace of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, our leading nonconformist, and the discoverer and successful exploiter of Barrie, McLaren, Crockett, Annie S. Swan and many more shining lights. That is about enough glory for one little place. But hold! It is also the birthplace of Sir Alexander Reid, the son of my old parish minister. And what did he do? Listen! At the Boxer uprising he had under his command the armies of eight different nations—Americans, Germans, French, British, and as many more. This never fell to the lot of mortal man before and probably will never happen again. It secured him his knighthood and a generalship as well. So hurrah for Auchindoir! But all this by the way.

The Williamson Park (comprising about 40 acres) was twenty years ago a barren moor, honey-combed with deep and dangerous quarries. It was then that Mr. Williamson bought it and proceeded at his own expense

to convert it into a park. His estimate of cost was \$55,000, but after his death his sons set aside \$25,000 more, and this was further increased by his son, Lord Ashton, so that the park was presented finished to the town, with a maintenance fund of £10,000, or £50,000, in addition, to make it free for all time and to insure that it will be properly cared for. For beauty of situation it is unsurpassed in England. It overlooks the town, and on a clear day the scenery visible from any part of it is of indescribable beauty, embracing every variety of landscape and water view. Flowers and shrubs are everywhere in profusion; fairy grottoes and miniature lakes; rustic seats and sheltered walks—everything that art and nature can do may here be seen to perfection.*

On one of its highest plateaus the Greg Observatory is located. It was built by the Corporation of Lancaster to preserve and put to use the fine instruments of Mr. Greg, of Escowbeck, Canton, near by. The present astronomer is the Rev. Mr. Bone, the Vicar of St. Thomas. I happened to be present when he was testing the clocks by the sun's transit at meridian. He explained every step to me with great care and patience, showing me how the calculations were made and transposed to Greenwich time. He found the Sidereal clock was 22.47 seconds fast; it had even then lost ten seconds since October 3; that is, in thirty-three days. His Greenwich clock was twenty-two seconds fast. My own good, never-failing Hamilton watch (made in Lancaster, Pa.), which I have not altered since I landed in Glasgow, the end of July, showed less than three seconds fast—a marvelous record, Mr. Bone said, and a watch to treasure, which I certainly do, and feel grateful that

* Since this was written Mr. H. S. Williamson has presented "Williamson Park" to Lancaster Pa.—a fine tract easy of access to the city and situated on the banks of the Conestoga, near General Hand's historic mansion.

I own. I have also been told it is pretty fair proof that the wearer's habits are not much out of gear, as good watches are quick to resent bad treatment.

Now, a word for the Storey Institute. This was the jubilee gift of Sir Thomas Storey, four times Mayor of Lancaster. It comprises the Free Library and Reading Room, the nucleus of a Museum, School of Science and School of Art, and classes (day and evening) for technical and domestic instruction are held within its walls. The Art Gallery has several paintings of merit, and the work of the art students, as exemplified in book covers, posters and book-marks, as well as commercial designs, I found to be particularly good. There is a window with excellent specimens of modern stained-glass, and in the corridors are busts of four of Lancaster's great men, viz.: Sir Richard Owen, Dr. Whewell (Master of Trinity), Sir Wm. Turner and Sir Robert Rawlinson. This means of Lancaster town, for if Lancaster county's great men were to be so displayed it would take every room of the Storey Institute to fittingly display them. In my ignorance, I confess, until I came here, it never occurred to me that Liverpool was in Lancashire—one of her pet babies. So W. E. Gladstone was a Lancashire lad by birth, just as our own George Washington was by ancestry.

One of the first things that impresses a stranger in Lancaster, England, is the narrowness of some of the streets. Charles Dickens, in referring to them, said that one wished to have a pole to push them back a bit, to give more room and breathing space. High walls I found to be another feature peculiar to the old town. There are no very high buildings, but some might safely be described as stately, and the bulk of them I should say are modern.

Lancaster was, for centuries, in a transition stage all the time. The Scots would swoop down on the people,

and they would flee to Preston, or some place nearby, returning to find their town plundered, and often great parts of it destroyed. Their English "friends" would complete the havoc by punishing them still more for not standing out against the northern enemy, so, between English and Scotch, poor Lancaster had a sad and sorry time of it. To many it is a surprise why Lancaster has not grown bigger, as she might easily have been of as much importance commercially as Manchester is to-day. They are talking of trolleys, but so far only a horse-car line is to be seen, and it is more for the benefit of passengers to and from Morecambe, a fashionable watering place near, than it is of advantage to Lancaster town.

Every second house seems to be an inn or hotel of some kind, but whether all are in active operation or not I cannot say. They have no less than three "Blue Anchor Inns," but two "Black Horse Inns" seem to suffice them. Amongst peculiar names of hostelries I noticed "The Bear and Staff," "Boar's Head," Fox and Goose," "Nag's Head," "The Plough" (just expiring), "The Wheat Sheaf," and "Ring o' Bells." Mr. Richard Shaw is not ashamed to proclaim that he runs "The Fleece Inn," so, if anything happens in the way of an overcharge, "Oh, Pshaw!" may take on a new meaning. Another odd sign is "The Fat Scot," and this I had to investigate. It took some time to find the explanation, but I succeeded. The name is a survival of the big cattle market days, when fat Scotch cattle were brought to Lancaster for sale, and an enterprising Boniface decided it would make a good card for him, so he nailed "The Fat Scot" to his mast, and the flag has been kept flying there ever since. The most noted inn formerly was "The King's Arms," but much of its prestige is gone, although it is still an excellent house. At present the leading caravansary is unquestionably "The County Hotel." Mr. Ducksbury, who

manages it, came from the "King's Arms," and is descended from a long line of eminent hotel men.

Lancaster, England, worries along with about 25 solicitors' firms, employing about 40 lawyers in all. It has 19 surgeons and physicians, and its banking offices number three. It does not support a single local daily paper, although dailies with local news circulate in it. Three newspapers are published once a week, and curiously enough (very stupidly, too, it seems to me) all are published on a Friday. I found, however, this to be the rule in most towns that only had weekly papers. All were invariably issued on the same day, the people believing, evidently, in a big feast to make up for a long fast. Amongst curious trades here I observed "Fellmongers" (which turned out to be dealers in skins), "Fent Dealers" (dealers in remnants), and "Grindery Dealers" (which means traders in shoemakers' and saddlers' hardware). The Ubiquitous Cycle Repairer is also here, and seeing the name "Posthlethwaite" over such a shop, in memory of "Posthlethwaite's Tavern," of our old time Lancaster, I stepped in and interviewed Mr. P. He was a fine, obliging fellow, a native of an adjoining county, but said the name was local to the district. He kindly presented me with an enamelled badge of the Lancaster Cycle Club, showing the municipal coat of arms, as a souvenir of my call.* He handled graphophones and phonographs, but said the business was temporarily down, as some fellows had just made a raid from London and were selling such machines far below cost and taking care to clean out before any repairs were needed. There are several firms in Lancaster devoted to the manufacture of stained glass, and all have the very highest reputation. A concern calling

* I have since had the pleasure of passing it on to Mr. D. B. Landis, the Chief L. A. W. Consul for our district and one of our most enthusiastic cyclists.

itself the Rembrandt Artistic Printing Company manufactures copies of noted paintings that are given away as premiums with magazines. This firm must have Scotch blood in it, as it has "an unco guid conceit o' itsel'," judging from some of its business methods that came under my notice, and specimens of its work that I was later permitted to see. I cannot pretend to do more than mention such famous old commercial houses as the Williamsons, the Gillows, the Storeys, the Swards, the Gilchrists, etc. They would be an honor to any town and continue to set the pace for all comers in their respective lines.

To see a Lancaster, England, crowd in the streets no great contrast is noticeable between it and our own. To mix among the people, their dialect, to say the least, is as pleasant and easily understood as our Pennsylvania German. The most notable difference is in their footgear, the English lads and lassies being for the most part shod in clogs that make a most curious clattering sound on the streets. I have picked up some choice specimens of Lancaster wit and humor that I may have an opportunity later on to show to the folks on the banks of the Conestoga. The shops are, as a rule, small and abominably lighted, but in this respect Lancaster is only like all other British towns and cities I have been in. American buyers simply would not stand it, but here it has always been the same, so the natives accept it without murmur or comment.

On New street I noticed the name, "Shand, florist and seedsman," and feeling in my bones he must be related to my friend of The New York Store, Lancaster, Pa., I marched in and interviewed him. He was from "Aberdeen awa'," and after a little family history he believed he could safely claim kinship to the Lancaster, Pa., merchant, so sent with his compliments a sweet floral greeting to his "American cousin." I found Mr. Shand to

be a wide-awake merchant, doing business all over the British Isles.

Lancaster is well supplied with shops that sell books, magazines, souvenirs, etc., and has one first-class second-hand book store of the highest grade, conducted by Mr. West, a gentleman of culture and the right kind of local pride. Mr. Stanton, a hosier, has a perfect collection of Lancaster coins, medals and tokens. He has every known issue of the famous John o' Gaunt coins, a collection that in itself would make the fortune of any dealer. He has early issues of the Washingtonian cent, but, better than that, a large Washington medal,* struck by a Lancastrian, who personally knew Washington in America, and who has left an account of his impressions of him. In this note—which I saw—the writer refers to the Conewago Indians, so Lancaster came pretty near Lancaster that time. And, above all, was not our first President himself of Lancashire stock?

What did I find out at Warton, about six miles from Lancaster? First of all, there is the church and churchyard. On the wall of the former may be seen the Washington coat of arms, with its stars and stripes, which eventually evolved into our "Star-Spangled Banner." The panel is now enclosed in a glass case, to prevent the elements from gradually defacing and destroying it. For a long time the sculpture was covered over with "harling," and only came to light in recent years, when the plaster fell away. From its position it proves that the Washingtons were people of importance in the

* Our local numismatist of international fame, Mr. Chas. F. Steigerwalt, has a fine specimen of this rarity, as he has also a surprisingly fine collection of Lancaster tokens. Mr. Stanton, of Lancaster, England, showed me an eighteenth century coin, with a bust of "Georgeios Washington," and on the reverse side a harp under a crown, marked "North Wales," and lettered around the edge, "Payable in Lancaster, London, or Bristol." He also had a Liverpool half-penny, issued in 1794, with a bust of "Washington, President, 1791."

parish. Their history here is well known and traceable to George Washington without any hiatus, or missing link, or doubtful connection. Against the church wall facing the entrance from the street may be seen a grave stone to the memory of Elizabeth Washington, who died in 1751. Up the village I came upon Bishop Hutton's school, that the Washington youths certainly attended. The present building is dated 1594, and is soon to be abandoned, a new school being now in process of erection. The Red Lion Inn belongs to the same period. Near the old school is "The Washington House," bearing the date of 1612. It is noted for its tremendously thick walls and solid oak interior fixtures. The Washingtons lived here, and there is all about the place such an air of antiquity it would have seemed quite natural to have met one of the old bewigged gentlemen so familiar to us from their well-known portraits. In the church there are lots of oak carvings dating from 1600 or thereabout, but the place has been "restored" and much of the bygone interest obliterated. Few Americans go to Warton, as up to date its connection with Washington is not well known, but the interest will grow and without doubt it will become, as it deserves to be, one of the most noted of American shrines.

Lancaster was known to the Romans as "Aluna," or "Ad Aluna" or "Alaunum," meaning, probably, "The white river." White cliffs are still prominent on the banks of the Lune, and the descriptive name fits in well to-day. "Lune" in time became corrupted to "Loyn," then "Lon," and, finally, in conjunction with "castre" (a camp), changed to "Lancaster." The chief officials of the present Lancaster in England good-naturedly took me to task for referring to their Lancaster as "a city," claiming it is only a town or borough, and, of course, I acquiesced in the correction for the time being, but was not convinced that they were right. With more leisure,

I have looked up the matter carefully, and, notwithstanding the opinions of my learned civic friends on the banks of the Lune, I think the title of "city" cannot be denied to our Old England namesake. The term "city" was introduced in the time of the Norman Conquest, the derivation being from "Civitas," and it is not restricted to episcopal towns. It simply applies to whatever is subject to municipal government, and is actually synonymous with "burgh." In 1072, a great Church Council decided (to settle the claims of two rival Archbishops) that Bishops' sees should be transferred from towns to cities, and since then many writers have insisted that cathedral towns only can be called cities, but even from the decision referred to, it can be seen that cities existed before the sees were transferred to them. In this country we happily have no ecclesiastical distinctions, and our own little Lancaster (just about the size and population of Lancaster in England, by the way) has never hesitated to declare itself a city, nor failed to be recognized as such the whole country over. Mr. Cross Fleury, who has made a special study of the history and antiquities of Lancaster, England, is of the opinion that his borough is justly entitled to be called a city, and I am pleased to note that he also gives his sanction to the phrase, "Time-honored Lancaster," which we all know was originally applied to John o' Gaunt, but by long usage has been extended to the place.

Lancaster, England, is known to many of us as a county Palatine—a distinction also enjoyed by Durham and Chester; and Rossshire has frequently been called the County Palatine of Scotland. Blackstone says, Counties Palatine are so called "because the owners thereof had in those counties jura regalia as fully as the King had in his palace." The origin of the name goes back to Mons Palatinus in Rome, the chief officer of the

imperial household being an Earl or Count Palatine, whose palace stood on one of the hills near the Tiber. In France the Count Palatine was foremost of the twelve peers of that empire, and his palatinate land was the rich Rhine valley above Frankfort. Canon Taylor notes that "it is one of the curiosities of language that a pretty little hill-slope in Italy should have transferred its name to a hero of romance, to a German State, to three English counties, to a glass house at Sydenham (Crystal Palace), and to all the royal residences in Europe." It is also in evidence in every "palatial" home in the New World, not to mention the Pullman and Wagner "palace" cars, that are considered none too good for Uncle Sam's royal Republicans. When a great orator referred to our own Lancaster county as an Empire in itself—a State within a State—he realized that our domain was entitled to be called preëminently the County Palatine of this country, and recent statistics show that it continues to hold the honor of being the richest agricultural county in the United States.

In writing of George Washington's connection with Lancaster, England, I referred to Warton, about seven miles from Lancaster town. In St. Mary's Churchyard, Lancaster, there is a tombstone to the memory of Matthew Washington, who died in 1729, and no doubt he was kin to the Warton Washington. For the benefit of my younger readers, I may say that in the reign of Henry VIII. Lawrence Washington left Warton, Lancashire, and settled in Northampton, of which town he was Mayor in 1502. Eventually he located at Sulgrave. His greatgrandson, the Rev. Lawrence Washington, rector of Purleigh, had two sons, John and Lawrence Washington, who emigrated to America in 1657. The elder of these two sons was the great-grandfather of our immortal George Washington, the first President of the United States. As recently as February 7, 1823,

a Rev. Thomas Washington died, and was buried at Warton, so no place across the sea is more identified with "The Father of His Country" than Lancaster; and to us, here, it is surely of special interest, since the great Washington was several times in our city, and once celebrated his "Fourth of July" here.

Again, for my younger readers, I wish to say a little more about John o' Gaunt and his tribe. John of Gaunt, Earl of Richmond, was fourth son of Edward III., and succeeded to the Duchy of Lancaster by virtue of his marriage to Blanche, daughter of Henry, the first Duke of Lancaster. By his second marriage with Constance, daughter of Peter, King of Castile, John of Gaunt for some time enjoyed the title of "King of Leon and Castile." One of his intimate friends was Wycliffe. This John o' Gaunt lived in great splendor, equal almost to the King of England, and he did much in improving Lancaster town and Lancaster Castle.

He was called "John of Gaunt" because he was born in the town of Ghent or Gaunt, in Belgium, but he was gaunt by nature as well as by name. All his lifetime he had his eye on the English throne, yet his opportunity to strike for it never came. His son, however, deposing Richard, assumed the crown, and became Henry IV., the first of the Lancastrian family to attain to the highest royal English honors.

Who has not heard of the Wars of the Roses? and who cannot tell something about the Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York? Strange that York and Lancaster should be again found side by side in the New World! In the "Wars of the Roses" nearly 100,000 Englishmen perished, including three Kings, many Princes, over three-score of noblemen of the highest rank, and knights, 'squires and gentry too numerous to be counted. It was a costly business, but ending feudalism, as it did, the sacrifice was not made in vain.

One of the amusing things connected with this period was the conduct of the gentlemen "on the fence." Every house had its decoration of red rose or white over the door, to symbolize the political creed of the owner or resident; but not a few hung up a red rose at one entrance and a white rose at the other, and after parleying with a stranger at the gate would select the door that agreed with his opinions! No open neutrality was permitted, but a way was thus found out of the difficulty. Rather queerly, Lancaster escaped being the scene of any battles or disturbance during this long war, but much of her best blood was spilled in the struggle for supremacy.

While Lancaster has no Cathedral, her parish church—St. Mary's—(to revert to it again)—is finer than many ecclesiastical structures that have been given the higher title. The "living" is worth \$9,000 per annum, so that the minister, if he gets it all, can feel sure of three good meals a day.* St. Mary's enjoyed and exercised "the privilege of sanctuary." This was a little arrangement of William the Conqueror's, the honor being conferred sparingly. The charter given by him generally read: "If any thief, or murderer, or person guilty of any other crime, fly for fear of death, and come to this church, let him have no harm, but be freely dismissed." This privilege held good until abolished by James I., who did not take kindly to such seats of sinners and such "centres of sin."†

* "Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the earth"—in coffins!

† Certainly, some of the sovereigns had strange notions about their powers, and James I. was no exception. When I was shown through Lancaster Castle I was told that I was taken where King Edward himself could not go! This was news to me, and how do you think my guide proved his case? He said I should see the prisoners, which the King would not be allowed to see, unless he wished to make a general jail deliverance! Still I did not understand, so it was explained to me that so much benignity, mercy, clemency, liberty and all the super-excellent virtues beamed from the countenance of the

While noting such curiosities of belief, I may as well refer here to some other Lancaster notions, customs and incidents that made more than an ordinary impression on me. I have been reading the pros and cons of the prize-fighting controversy now raging in our local columns, and it suggested telling you something of the ordinary sports of good old Lancaster in "the good old times." It was quite a common thing for schoolmasters to encourage cock-fighting at the schools. The scholars furnished the funds—"cock-pennies"—and the teacher supplied the cocks or hens and presided over the "sport." It was not even so fair a game as a fight between two birds. Only one bird was used, tied to a stake by a short cord, and the boys, from a distance of twenty yards or so, threw clubs or cudgels at the poor, helpless chicken until they battered the life out of it. "Threshing the hen" was another Shrove-tide brutality. A live hen was tied to the back of some man, decorated with horsebells, which jingled at every motion he made. The threshers were blindfolded and, following the sound of the bells, threshed away at the hen and the man, and at each other. Amusing, but not offensive, was the custom of watchmen announcing the

King or flowed from the flash of his eyes, that the moment he saw a prisoner, that moment the prisoner was free! King Edward dare not look on a jail-bird, for instantly the fetters would fall, the prison doors would swing open and the happy man would walk out to freedom! As proof that the legend was still believed the visit of Queen Victoria to Lancaster was recalled. When she held Court there, so that she might not pass or see any of the prisoners, a hole was knocked through the castle wall, and she reached the hall by a covered walk from the Castle Green. The case of the first Scotch King, Jamie, was also cited. He met a malefactor on his way to Tyburn to be hanged, and because the King happened to look at the wretch his pardon was immediately granted. That Englishman, I am sure, ever after had his own meaning of the phrase, "Scot free," and no doubt felt grateful to the Prince who loved mercy more than judgment. It's a pretty idea, and is probably founded on the priestly theory of "Look and Live." The State clergy were always ready to advance and extend the "divine rights" of Kings.

hours of the night by imitating the crowing of a cock. Fancy a man having to stand up in the street at midnight and "cock-a-doodle-doo" a round dozen times! This was in vogue up to the time of George I.

A more serious thing to see was a Lancastrian taking his wife to the "Horse-shoe Corner," with a halter 'round her neck, and exposing her for sale to the highest bidder. Hundreds have been sold as chattels in this manner. Prices ran from fifteen cents to a quarter, competition never being very keen. These were white women, understand, belonging to the district, and the practice was so common as to cause no comment. Lancaster did her share in the big black slave trade, too—no less than fourteen vessels sailing at one time from her port, all engaged in trafficking in human lives. There is a tradition in the town that a Lancastrian, Captain Marshall, stole a Guinea King's daughter, and this put an end to any further dealings with him or his fellow citizens.

In the City Hall loft I saw the pillory that was once in common use everywhere. In 1803 a man was pilloried in this instrument and found dead in bed next morning. The jury that "sat on him" gave as its verdict, "Visitation of God." In 1817 three men were executed in Lancaster Castle for a crime of which they were afterwards found to be innocent. They protested their guiltlessness, and believed that Providence would interpose in their behalf. After much praying, one of them commenced to sing, "Happy the Man Whose Hopes Rely on Israel's God," when the bolt was drawn and the poor creatures were hurled into eternity. This was popularly declared to be a "Visitation of the Devil," and it took about twelve months for the public indignation to cool off. Twenty-five years later the real criminal, on his death-bed, confessed the truth prior to securing personal salvation, but how the souls of the

departed fared neither Coroner nor Kirk deigned to say.

Lancaster has always had an unenviable notoriety in regard to its Courts, its prisons and its punishments. In the dock of the Crown Court of Lancaster Castle more prisoners have been sentenced to death than in any other Court in the United Kingdom. This is partly accounted for by the fact that until recent times the Assizes at Lancaster Town were the Assizes for the whole shire of Lancaster, the most populous county in the British Isles. In this very dock I saw the branding iron by which malefactors had the letter "M" branded on their hands. The iron was made red-hot and applied by the brander in the presence of the Judge and spectators, the operation being generally concluded by the announcement, "Fair mark, my Lord." Years ago it was customary to order prisoners on trial to "show their hands," to note if there had been a previous conviction against them. Between 1799 and 1890 no less than 228 persons were executed in Lancaster Castle. Old and young found their way into the jail, such extremes among prisoners as a nonagenarian and a child between two and three years of age being actual, recorded facts. Tragedy and comedy are also intermingled in the story of the place.

In August, 1612, something like twenty persons, two of whom were women over eighty years of age, faced trial for witchcraft at the Lancaster Assize before Judge Sir Edward Bromley. One of the old ladies, Mrs. Demdike, made no secret of the fact that she had sold herself to the devil, and was on familiar terms with his Satanic Majesty. This "Granny" also admitted that the reason she carried on such doings was because Beelzebub had promised in return to give her "anything she wanted." Old Ann Whittle, another widow of four-score, confessed that she had bewitched a man's

drink, placed a bad wish on another man who soon thereafter died, and had—climax of all—made quite a quantity of butter from a small dish of skimmed milk! It was greatly against her that she was seen to mumble continually to herself when at Court. Eight of the batch were acquitted, one was sentenced to the pillory in four different towns with imprisonment for a year, and the balance were hanged on Lancaster Moor. At another time, in the same year, ten witches in a bunch were executed at Lancaster. They came from Pendle Forest, on the borders of Yorkshire.

The whole world was insane on the subject, which is worth particularly noting, as it is a clear instance of the possibility of all being wrong in a matter of opinion. Blackstone believed in witchcraft, so did Coke and Bacon—to single out only three of the profoundest intellects of the time—all men of legal training, and great natural ability. The crazy King James VI., of Scotland, and I., of England, egged them on, feeling justified by the verse in the Bible, which says, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.” Who believes in witchcraft now? And yet it is as true to-day as it was three hundred years ago. In Scotland the belief in witches lingered until comparatively recent times.*

Just as we sometimes call our Lancaster prison “Castle Moore,” so the Lancaster, England, prison used to be called “Hansbrow’s Hotel,” after the name of the

* I remember quite well Old Becky Fyfe, “the witch” of our village. She was supposed to change herself into a hare whenever she pleased. In church one Sunday some youngsters laughed at an accident that happened to her. Next week as she came into her pew the boys spied her and made fun of her again. She gave them one wicked look, and down came from the ceiling, a cloud of dust and plaster that nearly smothered them! I saw this happen myself and my fear of her increased. She used to way-lay me when I passed her door and scare me into doing work for her. I have made a detour of a quarter of a mile to avoid meeting her, and just as I thought I had escaped, pop she appeared before me! She was of the “typical witch type” in appear-

Governor of the Castle. About forty years ago it was largely patronized by insolvent debtors, who "retired" to its friendly seclusion until whitewashed into respectability by a decree of Court making them "discharged debtors." Prisoners paid for their board at prices ranging from a dollar to five dollars per week. They were allowed anything they could afford to pay for, and some enjoyed every luxury from pipes to pianos, and from wine to—worse. The best room was called "The Quaker's." Each room was run and officered according to well defined rules. Some prisoners made money attending to others. Mock trials were prominent features of entertainment, often developing real fun and cleverness. The following "specimen report" is worthy of a place by a page of Dickens:

Counsel: You say that you know Mr. Brown?

Witness: Yes, sir.

Counsel: You swear that you know him?

Witness: Yes, sir.

Counsel: You mean you are acquainted with him?

Witness: Yes, sir; acquainted with him.

Counsel: Oh, then, you do not know him. You are only acquainted with him! Bear in mind that you are on oath, sir. Now, be very careful. You don't mean to tell the jury that you know all about Mr. Brown; everything that he ever did?

Witness: No; I suppose —

Counsel: Never mind what you suppose. Please to answer my question. Do you or do you not know everything that Mr. Brown ever did?

Witness: No—I—

Counsel: That will do, sir. No, you do not know. So you are not acquainted with all his acts?

ance—withered, shrunken, bowed; nose and chin nearly meeting, and she always used a staff. Everybody said she could have no good end, and as a matter of fact, she was burned to death in her own bed, the immediate cause being forever shrouded in mystery.

I have not made the acquaintance of any witches since, although I shall not say that I have not been bewitched more than once in the past score of years. Here, in our own Lancaster, I have seen "pow-wowing" for erysipelas, and the "witch-doctor," I believe, is still abroad among the Pennsylvania-Germans all over our State.

Witness: No.

Counsel: That is to say, you are not so well acquainted with them as you thought you were?

Witness: Possibly not.

Counsel: Just so. Now we begin to understand each other. If you do not know anything about Mr. Brown's acts when you do not see him, you can't swear that you know him, can you?

Witness: Well, if you put it that way—

Counsel: Come, sir—don't seek to evade my question. I will put it to you again: When you say that you know Mr. Brown you don't mean to insinuate that you know everything he does?

Witness: No, sir; of course not.

Counsel: Just so; of course not. Then you were not quite correct when you said that you knew Mr. Brown?

Witness: No, sir.

Counsel: In point of fact, you don't know Mr. Brown?

Witness: Of course—

Counsel: Stop there, sir. You are not called upon to make a speech. Are you, or are you not, acquainted with all of Mr. Brown's acts?

Witness: No, sir.

Counsel: No, sir. I thought so, sir. Then, of course, you cannot claim that you really know Mr. Brown?

Witness: No, sir.

Counsel: "No." A correct answer. I thought so, sir. That will do, sir. You can stand down.

We never hear anything of this kind, do we, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania?

The day I made my rounds of the Lancaster Castle Jail, I was told of a prisoner who had been discovered smoking. The officials were puzzled to know where he secured his cigars, and an investigation revealed that he had made the fillers from teased oakum, the binders from the leaves of his prayer book and the wrappers from his Bible! When I was in the cigar business, in examining leaf tobacco, one of our stock jokes used to be it was "more hole-y than righteous," and the thought occurred to me that the poor Lancastrian had given a new meaning to the phrase. No wonder an irreverent listener said "Holy smoke!" when he heard the tale.

There is a rare story told of the great Boswell in con-

nection with the Lancaster Court. Dr. Johnson's friend had been in attendance at the Assize, and having indulged rather freely, was found lying on the pavement by some of his acquaintances. They took him in hand and treated him to supper, and also next morning sent him a brief with instructions to move for a writ *Quare adhæsit pavimento*, with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the Judge before whom he was to move. Boswell, anxious to distinguish himself, sent all around town for attorneys and books to help him, but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best showing he could. The Judge was astonished, the audience amazed, and all the barristers greatly amused. "I never heard of such a writ," said the Judge. "What can it be that *adhæres pavimento*? Are any of you gentlemen of the Bar able to explain this?" At last one of them said, "My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement ever since. What an attachment he must had for it!"

This anecdote is not in Boswell's "Johnson," but, if the immortal James had cared to tell it, his version would have been better worth reading.*

Among other famous men who came in touch with Lancaster may be mentioned the artist, Turner, who painted "The Crook of the Lune." His great advance agent, John Ruskin, has also in "Ariadne Florentina" given us an account of what he saw and admired at "The King's Arms." Fancy an ordinary inn having Gobelin tapestry valued at over \$30,000, and a single bedstead for which the sum of \$1,250 was offered! No wonder King Edward, when Prince of Wales, wished to

* He was a lawyer who could practice at two bars at the same time.

have some of the furnishings of this hotel for his Sandringham home. The poets Keats and Gray have left their impressions of Lancaster, and good William Wordsworth, who was often there, has crystalized centuries of feeling in his mournful sonnet on "Weeping Hill," as he particularly tells us, "suggested by the view of Lancaster Castle on the road from the South." James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," once attended the Lancaster Theatre and had the pleasure of hearing one of his songs rendered by the leading singer.

Jacobite readers will be interested in knowing that the decisive battle of "The Forty-five" came within an ace of happening at Scotforth, in the suburbs of Lancaster, instead of at Culloden moor, in the shire of Inverness. Lord George Murray and Lochiel were keen to meet the enemy at Scotforth, and Prince Charlie also favored it. He ordered the field to be carefully surveyed, and, although his generals returned with a favorable report, by some whimsical turn the Prince had changed his mind, and soon after he proceeded on the northward march that finally ended in complete disaster at Drumossie Moor.

Lancastrians are very proud of the fact that the great Dr. Whewell was a native of their town, and their pride is justifiable. This eminent scholar was born in 1794. His father was a joiner or carpenter and young Whewell was destined for the same trade. But his intellectual gifts were so pronounced that friends insisted on his going to college, and, better still, furnished the funds to keep him there. What a fine investment it turned out to be! Dr. Whewell eventually became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a voluminous author on scientific and religious subjects.*

* Dr. Kerr in "Memories, Grave and Gay," quotes a clever stanza he found on the fly-leaf of an anthem book in Trinity College Chapel during Whewell's reign there. He says, in the opinion of the rhymester, it represented Dr. Whewell's estimate of himself:

Sir Richard Owen, was also born in Lancaster, on the 20th of July, 1804. He was one of the most distinguished scientists of his age, with a fame that is world-wide, his specialty, perhaps, being anatomy. When a student in Lancaster he collected a fine set of skulls, lacking an Ethiopian. At length a negro died at the castle, and the young doctor was given permission to take away the darkie's head. It was a very stormy night when he called to secure his prize, and, after severing the head from the body, he stowed his specimen in a bag and started for home. At the top of a long stair a gust of wind caught him, and in dodging a door that was slammed against his face, he dropped his bag. The head fell out and tumbled down the steps, rolling into a room where two women were seated conversing, and there settled on its neck on the floor beside them! They shrieked in terror at the apparition, and before they had time to collect themselves Dr. Owen darted into the room, picked up the head, stowed it again in his bag, and made off without any explanation. Several years after, one of the women on her death-bed sent for a clergyman and confessed that she could not die until she told a story that had been troubling her. One stormy night, she said, she was gossiping with a friend when a black head danced down the steps and hopped into her room, settling beside her and looking reproachfully at her. She was transfixed with terror and did not know what to do but scream, when in slipped the devil himself, lifted up the head and whisked out of the room without uttering a syllable.

Another noted Lancastrian, not so well known, was Thomas Edmondson, the originator or inventor of the

“The man who midst comets and galaxies travels,
And nebulous films to the utmost unravels,
Will find when he's reached to the verge of infinity
That God's greatest work is the Master of Trinity.”

railway ticket system. He devised many ingenious things in early life, but at forty-four years of age found nothing better for him than Station Master at an insignificant place called Milton, on the Newcastle and Carlisle railway. His hinged pocket-comb suggested the vital principle of the movements necessary for the ticket-selling tubes, and from the first crude experiments at his little wayside station he lived to see his system and devices adopted by every railroad in the world. He had the usual hard luck of inventors, however, and it was a rival railroad company that first gave him the proper encouragement, his own company failing to recognize the great importance of his invention.

More than once I have had occasion to notice remarkable coincidences connected with Lancaster, England, and Lancaster, Pa., and I found a conspicuous case in the Ross family, the most noted of the Lancaster, England, branch being Mr. Stephen Ross, a freeman and burgess of great repute in his day and generation. Like our own Lancaster Rosses, he was descended from the Earls of Ross, in Scotland, and could show almost the same pedigree as my friends, Christopher Hager, Esq., of Marietta, and G. Ross Eshleman, Esq., of this city—the lineage of all three coming through the Laird of Balnagown. The American Rosses, I believe, like the English Rosses, consider the present Sir Charles Ross, Baronet, of Balnagown, the head of their clan. In ancient times the Earl of Ross was the Lord Palatine of Scotland, and it is at least curious to find his descendants prominently located in the two Lancasters, with the broad Atlantic between them.

Only recently the cables announced to us that Sir William Turner had been raised to the high honor of Principal of Edinburgh University. He first saw the light of day in Moor Lane, Lancaster, but the Capital

City of Scotland has seen more of him than any other place. He has there been President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and Professor of Anatomy. In 1889 he was President of the Anthropological Section of the British Association. At that time Turner gave his famous address on "Living Organisms," from which the following extract is taken:

"Man is a living organism, and the study of his physical frame cannot be separated from that of other living organisms. But whatever may have been the origin of his frame, whether by evolution from some animal form or otherwise, we can scarcely expect it ever to attain any greater perfection than it at present possesses. The kind of evolution which we are to hope and strive for in him is the perfecting of his spiritual nature, so that the standard of the whole human race may be elevated and brought into more harmonious relations with that which is holy and divine."

It is strange that such a profound thinker should doubt the possibility of man's continued physical evolution. Is there such a thing as bigotry in science? Radical changes do not come in generations, nor in centuries, but who shall say that man will be the same as now, structurally, say ten million years hence? What we do not use in course of time we lose and the most elementary anthropologist can name many parts of our bodies that from long disuse will eventually be changed or taken from us, just as other parts will be exaggerated and strengthened, and are even now in a continual state of transition.

What up-to-date doctor is brave enough to say that we will not in due course get rid of excessive spleen and vermiform appendix? It also seems as sure as sunrise that we will in time be despoiled entirely of hair, teeth and toes.

How will it all end? There is no such thing as pause. We either ascend or descend, progress or retrogress,

* Ask our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Henry G. Rush, what reception has been given his new astronomical theories by the leading American colleges?

and evolution applies as surely to our organisms to-day as it applies to our moral or spiritual nature.

I have seen it said that Sir William Turner, in the paragraph above quoted, delivered one of the most powerful sermons of recent times, but to me it only looks as if he wished to make an alliance with the teachers who hope to harmonize present facts with past impossibilities. For the credit of Lancaster and Edinburgh University, I trust he may always be joined with those who—

“Seek truth, howe’er it may be found;
 Among our friends, among our foes, !
 On Christian or on heathen ground, !
 The plant’s divine where’er it grows!”

A FAMOUS ANGLO-AMERICAN LANCASHIRE FAMILY: THE DALTONS OF THURN- HAM HILL.

Befoir Queene Bess hir holde obteyned
 On Englande’s Crowne and Ball,
 Ye Englishe DALTONS ruled and reigned
 As Squires of THURNHAM HALL.

May 12, 1902, the fine old Lancashire estates of Thurnham, Bulk, Glasson and Cockshades passed into the hands of John Henry Dalton, Esq., by the death of his father on that day. The young Squire had been summoned from his legal studies at Princeton University and arrived at Thurnham Hall a few hours after Mr. William Henry Dalton had passed away. It was the conclusion of a particularly interesting chapter in the history of the old place, and the beginning of a new era for the famous Dalton family.

Mr. William Henry Dalton died at the age of sixty-seven after a strenuous and successful career, tinged also with some romance. He was a Dalton of the Dal-

tons, but in his youth no less than eleven lives stood between him and succession to the ancestral acres. Instead of sitting around waiting for something to happen Mr. Dalton struck out on his own account. His early life was spent in Jersey, and while yet a young man he had visited Australia, New Zealand, Argentina and Brazil, ultimately settling in Mexico, where for twenty years he was the proprietor of a profitable cattle-ranch. In 1876 he married Miss Mary Emma Cook, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. T. Cook, an American gentleman. In 1894 Mr. Dalton succeeded to the Dalton Estates, after making good his claims in the highest courts of the land. By this time, however, his health had given way, and he did not enjoy his new possessions long enough to make much impress on them, although he regularly spent a large partion of his income improving his property.

The Daltons have been connected with Thurnham Hall since 1556. Always prominent as a family they were fated invariably to espouse the losing side of all national controversies. As a consequence they had their lands taken from them and suffered imprisonment more than once. But their resources, influence and connections were always powerful enough to enable them to buy back their confiscated estates, and consequently Thurnham Hall has been identified with Daltons of blood or family connection for almost four centuries. They have left their mark in Lancashire with no uncertain impression. In Lancaster town "Dalton Square" is named after an early ancestor, and members of the Dalton family are specifically commemorated in the streets named John, Mary, Gage, Lucy, Bridget, Charlotte, Robert and Sulyard. Thurnham street and Bulk street of course take their names from the two estates of the family.

Many interesting incidents are on record about the

Daltons who have also been connected by marriage with many other powerful families, notably with the Derbys (who gave England a Prime Minister), with the Earls of Sefton (family name Molyneux); with the Gages (of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk); with the Flemings, the Riddells, the Houghtons and the Middletons; with the noble family of Lathom, and with the Fitzgeralds of Ireland. The present Mr. Dalton is a direct lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More (1478–1535), the illustrious statesman and author, who was beatified by Pope Leo XIII., December 9, 1886. More succeeded Wolsey as Chancellor of England in 1529, and held office until he resigned in 1532. His execution is one of the blackest crimes to the credit of the royal monster Henry VIII. More's "Utopia" is the greatest political romance ever written, and was first published in Latin in 1516.

The Daltons of old were good Catholics and always loyal supporters of "the rightful heirs" to the crown. During the Civil Wars of England they took the field and raised their own regiments, more than one member of the family laying down his life for King and country. Even as late as the Jacobite uprising of 1715 John Dalton of Thurnham stood out for the unfortunate Stuarts. A pretty legend is connected with Aldcliffe Hall, which was at one time a Dalton residence. Seven Dalton sisters were known as "The Catholic Virgins" and in confirmation of the fact a stone tablet is yet to be seen with a Latin inscription which has been deciphered to read "Catholic Virgins are we, who scorn to change with the time: Ano. Dni: 1674." Mr. Wm. H. Dalton did not die a Catholic, and the living Daltons are all devoted to the Protestant faith.

The Dalton Territory in Lancashire at one period embraced something like fifty thousand acres, but portions have from time to time been sold, or were not desired in redeeming confiscated lands, and now five

thousand acres would probably include all the estates already mentioned. The Bulk estate from its proximity to the town of Lancaster is of great value as it can be almost immediately laid off in building lots. The "Glasson Docks" are located on the Glasson estate, and it has a fringe of seashore (along Morecambe Bay) that seems destined for fine Villa sites at no distant date. On other parts of the Dalton lands are deposits of sand, gravel and slate, with a fair promise of more valuable minerals. The present Mr. Dalton has many important plans under consideration for the development of his properties, and, if spared to carry them out, his advanced ideas will restore the home of his ancestors to a position worthy of its renowned pedigree.

Old Thurnham Hall has long been in a state of decay, and only temporary alterations have been attempted in recent times, but enough remains to give more than a suggestion of its ancient glory. Almost opposite its gates are the ruins of Cockersand Abbey, founded in the days of Henry II., as the scholarly Mr. Roper tells us, "by one Hugh Garth 'an heremyt of great perfecc'n.'" The Chapter House of the Abbey is now used as a burial place for the Dalton family. The old oak-chest, or "Ark," that formerly belonged to the Abbot of Cockersand is now at Thurnham Hall.

Mr. John Henry Dalton, like his father before him, is greatly attached to the Western Hemisphere, and being half-American spends a considerable portion of his time in the New World. He owns properties in Florida, California and Texas, and at present is much interested in the development of Oil-lands in the latter state. He has been educated partly in England and partly in the United States. With his intelligent admiration for republican principles, he has lost none of a true Englishman's love for his native land, and very fittingly represents the coming powerful Anglo-American racial type that so happily blends the best of the old country's blood with the ablest of the new.

ORATORY AND ORATORS.

'Tis easy in another's Speech
To censure spirit, style and letter
But hard indeed the Art to reach
To make one's own Orations better!

IF the true test of oratory is the power to move people to action the famous rule of Demosthenes takes on a new meaning. There must be action by the audience no less than action by the speaker, and some orations that have produced truly marvellous action—though often long delayed—have not been noted for great action in delivery. Calhoun's speech that ultimately moved the South to war was delivered by proxy, the author being so weak he could not even read it. Other cases will readily come to mind, showing that of the two kinds of action, the action of the auditor is more important than that of the orator. But while that may all be so, action in the orator is still more apt to produce pleasing effects. For many years I have given special attention to oratory, and in my time have had an opportunity of hearing many fine public speakers on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Many men we go to hear and see because they are celebrated for other reasons than that they are public speakers, just as we often read the writings of many who have little literary skill because they are famous or notorious in other lines. Popularity, like kissing, goes by favor, and there is often no accounting for public taste by any other explanation. If all be true that's told the two clowns Kemp and Tarlton received far more applause than the divine William Shakespeare when the three appeared together on the stage of the Globe Theatre. Thousands will flock to see a freak like Tom Thumb for one that will

patronize the exhibition of a great living artist like Haydon. In selecting my examples I have kept myself as closely as possible to those who are worthy of consideration as orators or talkers, apart from any fame they may have or have had in other directions.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—In Scotland the “Kirkin” after a wedding is a most important event. I was married at the residence of my wife’s father in Scotland, the parish minister tying the knot; but with my bride left at once for America, and our “Kirkin” took place in Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher being the officiating clergyman. It was our first experience of an American Church, and we were both amused and somewhat shocked at the frankness and freeness of the minister as well as the plainly manifested levity of the congregation, all being such a big transition from our Scotch sternness and stupid rigidity, and too abrupt for us to pass without certain resistance and inward protest. But we soon felt very comfortable and church-going had ever after a new meaning to us. Beecher spoke from a platform, over which he disported himself in quite a spry manner for such a white-haired, venerable man. His face was a disappointment at first, but when he kindled up it was transformed or forgotten. His sermon was on “The blasted fig tree,” and he ventured nothing out of the ordinary until he came to the subject of truth. He was sailing on at a good rate when he stopped with a funny twinkle in his eye, and said: “If I were to ask all those here to stand up who never told a lie, I am sure every mother’s son of you would keep your seats—and I, myself, sit down too!” The congregation actually applauded this sally—think of it, oh, gloomy sombre Calvinistic Presbyterians!—in the sacred precincts of the holy Temple and during divine service! It even put one of our neighbors into such a pleasant humor that she handed over her fan that we might make ourselves more comfortable.

While the sermon did not, as I remarked, impress me as anything extra, Beecher's prayers did. I had never heard such petitions before—so simple and so searching, so pathetic and so truthful, so yearning and seemingly so sincere. All in all it was a great Sunday, and when later on I received from Mr. Beecher a copy of the sermon I had heard him preach it strengthened an interest in him that never weakened until he died. His printed words read very well even to those who have never heard him, but have a different meaning to any one who had the privilege of even once constituting a member of his audience.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.—I saw and heard William Jennings Bryan in the Martin Auditorium, Y. M. C. A. Building, Lancaster, Pa. He had then been twice defeated in his contest for the Presidency. As proof of the popularity of the man, although Lancaster is intensely Republican, every seat in the large hall was filled, and the platform also overflowed with prominent citizens. Bryan was so familiar to every one from his portrait that he was recognized as soon as he made his appearance. He looked very much like a farmer dressed up in a suit that did not feel comfortable, suggesting the awkwardness of Abraham Lincoln not a little. But as soon as he commenced to talk his clothes gave himself and his audience no more concern. He spoke fluently, deliberately, and clearly, never being at a loss for a word. His gestures were few. Of course he was delivering a speech quite familiar to him—one of his regular series of lectures—and by the time he had reached Lancaster it was an oft-told tale. But he infused it with enthusiasm, and it struck the audience with freshness and with force. Once or twice he made a plain bid for the galleries and promptly received his reward. It was a demagogic lapse that seemed to me an unnecessary blemish in an otherwise fine oration.

Public speaking is easy to him, and after his introduction no one at any time doubted that he would make a great success. It was a complete triumph. We had a little taste of him in his best and brightest moods, and before he left us he had added many former doubters and decriers to the vast number of his friends and admirers.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE I heard several times, always as a lecturer, but in every instance the preacher predominated. He was past his best days, and the fickle public had begun to get tired of him. I noticed nothing particularly striking about his oratory except the wonderful effect he produced in quoting scripture texts. There he seemed to be in his element and the words appeared to stream from the tips of his fingers. He was fluent enough, and more jocular than sombre in his style, but he used too many old jokes and gags for a man of his high reputation—in this respect reminding me of Chauncey M. Depew, who is brave enough to retail “chestnuts” that have been discarded by even Coney Island Vaudevillians. Talmage personally impressed me as a cold, calculating man more likely to strike a stiff bargain than to let his heart run away with his head. His mouth was the prominent feature of his face, and so big it seemed that I have always thought the Scotchman was not far wrong who declared that Talmage could have sung a duet all by himself. I have always admired his great command of language and wealth of illustration—his sermons read well even to-day for those who do not care for such theology—and I had heard wonderful tales of his oratorical powers, but he only filled me with a very mild enthusiasm, and the net result was a disappointment.

HENRY GEORGE.—The week that I emigrated from Scotland to America Henry George was billed to de-

liver a lecture in one of Glasgow's largest halls. This was as far back as May, 1886. It was more than ten years after that when I first had the pleasure of hearing him—at a Single Tax meeting in Philadelphia, where Dr. McGlynn was the principal speaker. George was recognized in the audience, and literally compelled to go on the platform. He was a wee mannie, but stout, and seemed more dumpy on that account and also because of his big, bushy beard. I remember how he flung his head back, as if to look more easily into the eyes of his audience. He spoke freely and with care, on his favorite theme. Several times he warmed up and pranced around quite lively, giving the impression that when aroused he would fight hard. His thinking was done on his feet, his short address being extemporaneous and unexpected. McGlynn was a good speaker, earnest, forceful and with winning ways, but Henry George eclipsed him fairly. After that I could understand something of his power over men and felt sure his conquests were only restricted by his physical limitations. He died suddenly in New York, in the heart of a municipal campaign, being then the Labor candidate for Mayor. Any one who wishes to see what kind of a debater Henry George was with the pen is recommended to procure the little book entitled "A Perplexed Philosopher," which deals with Herbert Spencer's revised opinions on the land question. It is as engrossing as the latest novel and shows how small a big Goliath in the wrong may be made to look when a little David, with right on his side, gets a fair chance to swing his sling.

MOODY.—Twice did I hear the great Moody, but the first time is a misty memory. It was at Craig Castle, Auchindoir, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and must have been in 1874, when I was in my ninth year. It was also my first attendance at a big revival meet-

ing. The Laird of Craig of that period was "a little daft on religion," and at his own expense, it was said, brought Moody from Aberdeen. Sankey was not present at that time, but there was no lack of other good singers, and evidently many who followed Moody from place to place just as the side shows follow the big circus. As everywhere, the crowd was immense. I don't remember a word Moody said at Craig, but I recall his gestures, and I am also sure that the douce, dour, phlegmatic Auchindorians refused to admit there was anything wonderful about the Yankee revivalist as a preacher. The next and last time I saw Moody was at a noon mass meeting for ministers in 1897 in the Y. M. C. A. Building, Philadelphia. I managed to creep in somehow, and was well rewarded for my enterprise. Moody preached on "The Good Samaritan" which he pronounced "Sam-er'itan." When he came on the platform I thought: "A gourmand he must be!" He had a paunch on him like a Shakespearean alderman. But after he began to speak his swelling rotundity was forgotten, if it did not actually disappear. What a wonderful talker he was! Full of life and fire, genial, witty, humorous, impudent, personal, sarcastic, kind, tender, pathetic,—everything by turns; active, profuse in gesture, effective in pose, abounding in illustration; his sentences crisp, short, well moulded and projected with the force and directness of bullets. To my delight his matter was intensely humanitarian, as it had to be from such a text. He said too many people, ministers included, thought that so-called religious chatter was their whole duty. Well, it was easier and cheaper than putting their hands in their pockets and giving practical help; but sermons and tracts and prayers were not enough. A little coin, a loaf of bread, a small basket of fruit or even a bit of candy would often preach a better sermon than the most eloquent

pulpit oration. When the sick and the aged were visited an orange, a bunch of grapes or something equally refreshing might be substituted for a reading from the Bible, or a meaningless, cold, hard, punky "pious" talk. The trouble anyhow with most people was that they were *all the time shouting 'Cream, cream, cream,' but only living skim-milk!* "Who is your neighbor?" he bellowed. "I don't mean the man that lives in the brownstone front, next door to you, but the little fellow in the back-alley next to your stables." He noticed a newspaper artist trying to make a sketch of him, and he said: "Never mind me, young man, put in the picture of a Philadelphia Good Sam-er'itan. It will be far more interesting and inspiring than a cut of Moody." In my time I have heard the most of the great preachers, and, without hesitation, I place Moody at the top of the list,—with no second. His enthusiasm was such that, from the very beginning, he captured his audience, as with a net, and he kept them in that position or condition until he had said his last word. He was essentially, however, an orator, and without the charm of his personality his talks make almost as dry reading as Henry Clay's speeches.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.—Long before I left Scotland I had become familiar with Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's writings and had come to look upon him as the greatest orator of our time. The high encomiums he received from such judges as Beecher, Field, and indeed all prominent Americans capable of judging did much to fortify this opinion. His printed lectures and addresses read well and had about them the true oratorical aroma. They were not essays nor treatises, but preëminently spoken words. When I came to America I kept my eye open for a chance to hear Ingersoll. In due time it came and I have heard him under the best possible auspices—from the body of a hall and

from the platform beside him. He talked on religious, secular and literary subjects, but in every instance, to my disappointment, he *read* his oration. His voice had a slight rasp, and there was also a noticeable nasal twang when he began to speak. His manner was confident, perhaps "cocky," but he was by no means profuse in gesture. Everybody always seemed to be pleased with him but myself, some going into raptures over his performances. With all his noted self-control, once in Philadelphia I saw him badly "rattled" by an old man who took exception to something in the lecture. Ingersoll plainly lost his temper and his fine speech in rebuking his critic. I was very anxious to have Ingersoll measure up to my high ideal of the world's leading orator, but I could not see it, much as I liked him personally and admired above all else his manly independence. Several times I conversed with him and found him to be like all noted speakers—quite hesitant in his ordinary talk. He also had the important blemish of using oaths in common conversation to give emphasis to his talk. This was particularly unfortunate in him, as he was innately a clean and well-behaved man, and certainly did not lack for decent words to express his meaning. He favored me from time to time with some fine letters, always sent me complimentary tickets for his lectures, and on several occasions presented me with autographed copies of his works. The last time I saw him, about a year before his death, I noticed he was failing fast. When he died I felt I had lost a friend. Many people affect to believe that Ingersoll was not sincere in his criticism of theologies and creeds, but I am satisfied he spoke from the heart and because of his love for humanity more than on account of his hate for the religious systems that, in his opinion, so much retarded the world's real progress. His favorite author was Shakespeare,

and the orator never tired telling how much our great Scotch poet had done for him as a writer and an emancipator. In this connection I may tell the joke perpetrated on Ingersoll by Henry Ward Beecher. The eloquent agnostic had been lecturing on the "Bard of Ayr," and the conversation had turned on epitaphs. Beecher said he could suggest a good one for Ingersoll, and in proof of it produced a card on which he had simply written

"ROBERT BURNS."

No one would have better enjoyed the joke than Colonel Bob himself.

When I visited the Burns Cottage at Ayr last summer I saw a fine photographic fac-simile of Ingersoll's "Tribute to Burns" occupying the place of honor in the "Auld Clay Biggin." Several ministers protested against such sacrilege, and to one of them I made the following rejoinder:*

"BURNS AND INGERSOLL.

"*Sir.*—It is not at all strange how differently the same things will strike different men, and, knowing Colonel Ingersoll as I knew him, and Rev. Dr. Robertson of Cincinnati as I know him, I am not surprised at the outburst of my clerical friend in regard to having Ingersoll's poem on Burns in the Burns' Cottage at Alloway. Dr. Robertson, it seems to me, has made the mistake of thinking that his individual opinion of Ingersoll is sufficient to cause the withdrawal of the well-known agnostic's beautiful lines; and, as the critic has no real case against the writer, he hopes by abuse to direct attention from the unquestionable genius of the verse. As it so happens, I am a Scottish-American too, and on visiting the Cottage to-day, I could see no impro-

* *Ayrshire Post*, October 31, 1902.

priety in having the tribute where it is. Nay more, it would have just read as well and pleased me none the less if it had been written by Moody or by Dr. Talmage. Ingersoll wrote very rarely in rhyme, and this is without doubt one of his happiest effusions. I happen to know that he was passionately fond of the bard of Ayr—‘almost insane on Burns,’ as he once wrote to me—and in my belief Ingersoll had more than an ordinary share of the poet’s philosophy and religion. At this moment, I cannot think of anyone that Burns would have been more delighted to meet than the fearless, warm-hearted, manly Robert Ingersoll, who never wearied in his love and admiration for the author of what he was fond of styling, ‘Humanity’s Declaration of Independence’—‘A Man’s a Man for a’ That!’ Dr. Robertson no doubt felt he was doing right to publicly resent the coupling of Burns with Ingersoll in the birthplace of the bard, but he evidently overlooks the fact that the world, and even the Presbyterian creed, have been moving since election and fore-ordination were crucified on ‘Holy Willie’s Prayer’; and lots of people, with no unkindly feeling to churches or to ministers, now do their own thinking, and not without thanks, in many instances, to such brave souls and advanced minds as Robert Burns and Robert Ingersoll. The genial American was fond of telling a story that may not be out of place here. He said he was once in the company of a distinguished divine, and after a long talk on Burns, Ingersoll asked the minister ‘if he had the chance, would he rather meet King Solomon, or the Apostle Paul, or John Calvin, or Robert Burns?’ ‘If you don’t tell on me,’ said the clergyman, ‘I’ll tell.’ ‘Oh, then,’ said Ingersoll, ‘you needn’t mind, as if it was anyone else than Burns, you did not have to exact any promise from me!’ From what I know of Dr. Robertson, I believe he himself would be glad to meet Burns any time, in spite of all

the hard things he has said against the cloth and the kirks—and so say we all of us! Colonel Ingersoll's favorite quotation from Burns was:

“To mak' a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life!”

Any one who had the privilege of entering the Colonel's family circle, soon discovered that he not only believed in that statement, but lived up to the splendid philosophy of it.”

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, of Philadelphia, preacher, lawyer, soldier, traveler and journalist, gave the finest “lecture” I ever heard, and I place him amongst the very best orators it has ever been my lot to see and hear. His subject was “Acres of Diamonds,” and although he had “delivered the goods” actually thousands of times he infused a freshness into the theme that was positively inspiring. He was strong on mimicry, which I am convinced is one of the leading requisites of a good orator. He had better command of himself than any speaker I ever heard, and every sentence seemed to be just right, with the accompanying gestures natural and correct. So much impressed was I with his style that I soon went to hear him preach at his big Temple, but found him nothing above the ordinary. Indeed, I was displeased with his sermon, both as to matter and to manner, although he manages to hold the biggest congregation in the Quaker City, and does perhaps as much good with his talents as any single man in the town of William Penn. Conwell is a good business man as well as an acceptable Baptist preacher, and part of his great success must no doubt be credited to his executive ability.

ANNIE BESANT.—Many women speakers I have heard in my time, but none that could hold the candle to Annie Besant. When in Edinburgh I attended a meeting of the Philosophical Society at which she was the lecturer, holding forth for an hour on her latest hobby—an “Outline of the Creed of Theosophy.” She spoke without note of any kind, and made an abstruse theme intensely interesting. Her oration reminded me less of rhetorical pyrotechnics than of shot after shot from an unspikeable battery, a steady slug, slugging away, and each blow hitting the target. There was neither let nor pause—not even once did she trip on a word or hesitate for an expression, but stuck to her guns and kept pounding away until from the overwhelming applause, she evidently convinced her audience that she had proved her propositions and demolished all possible objections to them. If there was any fault to be found with the delivery it was in its too solid monotony, and yet coming from her lips it seemed to be the only proper way to present such a weighty theme.

A pleasing orator of the Irish type was FATHER JOSEPH O’CONNOR, Roman Catholic Priest, of Philadelphia. He was one of the most delightful speakers in his Church, and had admirers among all sects and classes. His sermons to Protestants became so popular that an admission fee was charged, and yet he never lacked crowded houses. He excelled at telling a witty story, but also made ambitious excursions into the realms of history and literature, and always came off with flying colors. Much as I enjoyed his public addresses, I believe he was at his best in his own room, going over Hamlet’s “Advice to the Players,” or giving imitations of the interesting speakers he had heard from time to time in his long years of oratorical study. He prepared a small book entitled “Notes on Preaching,” which I highly prize, and, my copy having

been received from the author himself, his inscription on it makes it particularly valuable. Father O'Connor died when in his prime, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and admirers.

ROBERT COLLYER.—The grand old man of Unitarianism is a powerful speaker with a fine grip of the homely Saxon. His career is an inspiration to any man. All the world knows that he was a blacksmith, and he told me himself that he has filled in spare time breaking stones for road metal. But he never smothered the bird of hope that kept singing in his breast, and he lived to occupy the best-paid pulpit in America. He read his sermon the only time I heard him preach, but, as the old woman said of Dr. Chalmers: "It did not matter if he had whistled it"—he was fine! The Unitarians have not many speakers, compared to other churches, but they certainly have a big share of good orators. Edward Everett Hale and Minot J. Savage need not take a back seat anywhere. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is perhaps the last of the school of Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis, and worthily upholds its traditions.

Three eminent speakers from the ranks of journalism are COLONEL MCCLURE and CHARLES EMORY SMITH, both of Philadelphia, and HENRY WATTERSON, of Kentucky. The first and the last-named have each a lecture on "Abraham Lincoln." McClure, I think, brings us nearer to "old Abe," but Watterson is the better orator, and I never heard any one read a letter as he can do. Smith I consider an all-around man of great power, and destined for yet greater triumphs. He has been in the Cabinet of the United States, and it would be no surprise to me to see him President.

DR. JOHN WATSON.—Major Pond tells me of all his platform successes "Ian Maclaren" easily topped the list, eclipsing even Stanley. I heard Watson lecture

and am quite sure we have a thousand preachers in Scotland who could have done as well, but then—not one of them has given us a “Dr. McClure” or “A Lad o’ Pairs.”

It might be safely imagined that men who are continually before the public could always make good speakers, but it does not follow. One of the poorest speeches I ever heard was perpetrated by such a renowned actor as SIR HENRY IRVING. It is nothing new to know that charming writers like Washington Irving and De Quincey were complete failures as orators, but something better is expected of men who are in constant platform practice and know every trick of the trade.

There is perhaps no art under the sun where success has been reached under a greater variety of forms than this same business of public speaking. Personally I demand a great oration to have good matter, to be delivered without any notes, and with every variety of tone and gesture; but it cannot be denied that speeches which have become classics have been poorly delivered, and many finely delivered orations have perished with the occasions that called them forth. The American high-water mark of eloquence is doubtless LINCOLN’S Address on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and yet it made a very indifferent impression on the crowd that first heard it. I have talked to some who were present—intelligent men and friendly to Lincoln—that declare the speech was a pitiful failure, not for a moment to be compared to the oration of Everett, who was the top-sawyer talker of his time. The best description I ever read of this great historic event is given by John Russell Young, who was on the ground as a reporter for the New York *Tribune*. His detailed account of the proceedings on that memorable day makes a worthy

frame for Lincoln's masterpiece, and should accompany every reproduction of it.*

Pleasing American political talkers I have listened to by the dozen. BLAINE's day was over before I heard him give a short speech at the Union League, Phila-

* When at Springfield, Illinois, I visited the home and many of the haunts of Abraham Lincoln. Visitors are admitted to his former residence, where many relics of the martyr President can be seen. I was invited to sit in Daniel Webster's chair and use Mr. Lincoln's writing desk. It reminded me of the story of the darkie barber at the Capitol and the left-handed compliment he paid to a Senator who was anxious to be praised for his oratorical powers: "You remind me, sah, of Dan'l Webster," said the tonsorial artist. "Indeed," said the Senator, "in what respect? In my voice, or my gestures, or general carriage?" "No, not exactly," was the crushing response,— "in your breath, sir, in your breath." I hope my resemblance to the great orator, for the brief period I occupied his seat, took a more flattering turn. All around me were personal memorials of the Lincoln family, including several letters, and promissory notes in Abe's well-known hand, a lock of Mrs. Lincoln's hair, some fragments of her jewelry, one of her books with her autograph, the white table cloth used at the Lincoln wedding dinner, and last but not least the sofa on which this interesting couple did their courting. Before I left the city I found an old man who claimed to have known Lincoln intimately, and to my regret did not speak well of him. But local testimony is not always to be depended on, especially after the departure of the subject of criticism. Do not forget the fable of the donkeys that kicked and insulted the dead lion!

Abraham Lincoln made a great speech on Robert Burns that has so far eluded all recent searchers, much as it is desired. The files of the local newspapers, the fine organization of the Congressional Library, and all the surviving literary men of the time have been appealed to in vain. If any reader of these lines can help in this matter it will be greatly appreciated by all Burns students. The late Tom Donaldson, of Philadelphia, told the writer that Lincoln told Donaldson that Lincoln got the idea of negro emancipation from "A Man's a Man for a' That." Lincoln has put it on record that his life was more influenced by Burns than by any other single author. The great President was also very partial to Wm. Knox's poem, "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" and that fact is noted on Knox's tomb-stone in Greyfriar's churchyard, Edinburgh, as I verified. Lincoln never knew who was the author of the poem. Knox was a native of Roxburghshire, born 1789, and for a time, like Burns, was a Dumfries-shire farmer. He published three volumes of poetry and attracted the attention and help of Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson, dying in his thirty-seventh year.

delphia, but he drew an enormous crowd on his high reputation. CHAMP CLARK is a scholar as well as a statesman, and shines equally well on the platform or around the social table. GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE could hold his own with any—an orator of the old Kentucky school. Our own Lancaster BROSIUS evoked golden encomiums wherever he spoke, but his style was too ornate and elaborate for ordinary occasions, and he never came off his high horse. The consequence was that when he made a speech on street-cleaning or a kindred trivial topic the gorgeous embroidery of his style seemed out of place.

Ex-Attorney-General WILLIAM UHLER HENSEL, also of Lancaster, Pa., is second to none as a pleasing extemporaneous public speaker, on political, civic, legal, literary or social topics. As a toast-master he has repeatedly graced the chair at the largest gatherings of Lawyers and Judges ever held in America. Wherever he speaks he carries off the honors. After a wide acquaintance with all kinds and classes of orators I place him in the very first rank, for all the leading qualities essential to a fluent talker who can think on his feet. He also shines with the rarest brilliancy as a host, and has entertained and edified all the celebrities that have found their way to Lancaster in the past score of years, making Hensel hospitality harmonize with Lancaster county's agricultural record, which every one knows is ahead of all competition. Mr. Hensel is the busiest lawyer in Lancaster, yet he manages to keep up his interest in his college and give it a fair share of his time, being Vice-President of its Board of Trustees, and also holding office on other important Franklin and Marshall Committees. He is a member of the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, and above all, to my mind, he is sensible enough to do a fair amount of traveling yearly, either in the Old World or in the New.

Few people, it is said, die of overwork, but I never hear this remark without thinking and fearing that my friend may sometime "overdo the pressure and thus unhappily snuff out the light that man can not restore." Nothing is trivial that may produce good results, so in hope that the caution may be heeded I am fain to parody one of St. Benjamin's best known apothegms, and remembering the motto on the seal of Mr. Hensel's Alma Mater, say to him none the less sincerely because jocularly framed: Take care of the *Lux* and the *Lex* will take care of itself.

W. BOURKE COCKRAN is by some considered our leading living political orator, and consequently when the opportunity to hear him presented itself I went to Carnegie Music Hall, New York, with high expectations. From what I have read of Daniel O'Connell I think Cockran belongs to the same category. He impressed me as having more strength than grace—an orator for vast assemblages. He had a crowd of many thousands when I formed one of his audience—it was in the midst of a New York City political campaign—and in many passages of his speech he literally bellowed like a bull. He no doubt did not feel called upon to give us his best, and as a matter of fact he impressed me poorly, his whole talk being of the go-as-you-please order with a good many stumbling sentences and halting figures of speech. Yet it would be foolish to belittle him, as I have read speeches he has made that literally lifted me off my seat and they must have been even more moving to those who heard them. Cockran is said to be "a natural born" orator, but his fine literary style at his best proves that he is a careful student and painstaking polisher of his periods.

JAMES B. POND.—It is rather difficult to place Major Pond. He was best known as a manager of orators, indeed "the" manager of our time, but he could give

a good lecture himself and he was a most delightful conversationalist. His excellent books contain only a small part of him, and to know him at his best was to have a chat with him in his "den" at his interesting home in Jersey City. His residence was a unique treasure-house, every wall hung with souvenirs of the most noted public entertainers, and his library stocked with the rarest mementos of his happy associations with his "stars." Major Pond was a most methodical man, and among other things kept a journal for the past thirty years, jotting down daily his observations and experiences. It is no exaggeration to say that he came in contact with more celebrities than almost any other man of our era, and enjoyed the closest personal relations with the best of them. He had many plans for further utilizing his vast and valuable data, but his unexpected sudden demise last June has left the mines practically unworked. By a strange turn of affairs I was brought into intimate relationship with him in the closing months of his life, and the more I saw of him the more I admired, esteemed and loved him.

Among after-dinner speakers, of whom I have heard many, ex-Mayor WM. B. SMITH of Philadelphia, and ex-Bailie MICHAEL SIMONS of Glasgow, are entitled to the highest honors. Smith is a favorite everywhere, and can say commonplace things with a charm and a force that are the despair of the most assiduous students of oratory not gifted with such natural graces. His voice and his smile are irresistible. Simons is, in his own words, "a psychological study" and in the opinion of his contemporaries "an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile." Born of a Scotch mother, his father a Hebrew, he unites in himself two of the greatest races of all time, and it is hard to say which one predominates. The folks over the sea do not bother with the problem, knowing he is a Glasgowerian, one

of themselves, a successful business man, who has filled with honor many of the highest offices and posts in the gift of the community, and feeling they are always safe in having him to fall back upon when a local talk of more than ordinary quality is needed or expected. He is even in demand in London on extra great occasions, and while his visits to the states are "strictly business," not a few who have been bored with some of our big Yankee guns have succumbed to the golden eloquence of this well-beloved son of St. Mungo.

CORPULENCY AND CLEVERNESS.

Reference to Moody's *embonpoint* emphasizes the opinion that, contrary to a common impression, stout people are not necessarily barren of brain or sterile in intellectual ability. Among statesmen and orators who were and are of generous physical proportions we can readily call to mind Lord Salisbury, Grover Cleveland, Tom Reed, Ingersoll and our own honey-tongued Hensel. Historians to be included in the same category are Hume, Gibbon and Fiske. Antiquarians can show Captain Grose. Among essayists may be mentioned Johnson and Sainte-Beuve. Boswell was also "a man of weight" in more *ways* than one. The novelists can point to Balzac and the elder Dumas, and it is well known that Eugene Sue had a constant terror of becoming another kind of a "Soo," and daily drank vinegar (like Byron) to kill fat. Jules Janin, the King of critics, played havoc among chairs and sofas when he went visiting. Lablache, the Italian singer, was counted equal to three fares when he travelled—and had to pay them. Rossini, the composer, lost sight of his feet and his knees for years before his bed was made with a shovel, and his body tucked into its wooden blanket. Even Napoleon, with his active brain, could not keep down his plumpness. One of our leading

Western merchants, my friend, Mr. Dugald Crawford, of "The Big Store," St. Louis, Mo., in spite of his gigantic proportions, lets no competitor out-strip him in the race for business. And where is there a wittier character in all print than the fat knight, Sir John Falstaff? It has even been said and fairly well confirmed that Shakespeare himself was a man with a good-sized stomach, and could play the character of his bulky "old Jack" without any padding. It is not granted to every one to be able to say:

"Enough's enough—of bread or cheese, of water or of whiskey,"

and then again,

"It take's good beef to make good bree."

People built on a liberal scale are often told that the most valuable goods are put up in small packages, but they may always have a good retort in the words of Balthasar Gracian, who says (what is also true) that

"The most precious metals are the heaviest."

THE LIFE AND CAREER OF GENERAL HUGH MERCER (SCOTTISH-AMERICAN PATRIOT).

AS DELIVERED AT THE EXERCISES IN HONOR OF HUGH
MERCER, KEIL HALL, MERCERSBURG, PA.,
U. S. A., MAY 1, 1902.

Mr. President, Boys of Mercersburg, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In being here, I feel that I am standing on hallowed ground. Pennsylvania is a great state, an empire too vast for any one to dispose of in a few sentences. Franklin County has a marvelous history: to do it justice would demand a volume; and even to simply enumerate the choice and master-spirits who have been identified with Mercersburg would require more time than I can give to my whole address. This beautiful spot, so highly favored with Nature's gifts, is rich in memories of great and famous men. We cannot forget that Mercersburg gave us James Potter, who was a Major General in the Continental Army and also Vice-President of the State; that she gave us Robert McClelland, who was a Governor of Michigan and also Secretary of the Interior under Franklin Pierce; that she gave us the Finlay family with a Governor, and three brothers all in Congress at the same time; that she gave us Thomas A. Scott, who was an Assistant Secretary of War and is still considered the greatest railroad manager known to the world; and that she also produced James Buchanan, a statesman who was Senator, Ambassador, Secretary of State and President of the United States, filling every post with credit to himself and honor to his birth-place. In the quieter walks of life Mercersburg also shines with resplendent lustre. Here lived and labored Dr. John Williamson Nevin in the front rank of theologians and one of the profoundest thinkers of his age. We cannot forget that this was also the home of Dr. Philip Schaff whose learning commanded the attention of all lands and whose name will ever be associated with the Revision of the English Bible of King James. Dr. Frederick Augustus Rauch was another great Biblical scholar who added to the fame of the borough, as did Dr. Henry Harbaugh whose harp within this lovely vale was often tuned to the sweet, quaint music of the Pennsylvania German speech. Here also lived Apple and Higbee and Aughinbaugh, among the prominent men of their time in the field of education.

Indeed Mercersburg breathes a truly classic atmosphere; for small as the borough is, and to some extent obscurely situated, it can never have erased from its annals its record as a seat of learning. In addition to having a college of its own, it was, as you all know, the original site

of Marshall College as well as of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church; and if Lancaster must bear some blame for absorbing the last two named institutions, Franklin and Marshall College has surely made ample amends in giving back so able an educator as Dr. Wm. Mann Irvine, the respected, beloved and successful President of your present rapidly growing, and now widely noted Academy. When Mercersburg had been abandoned by her old time friends, her rooms vacated and her halls deserted, undaunted by the existing gloom and the seemingly hopeless outlook, here Dr. Irvine pitched his tent, and unfurling his white and dark blue banner to the breeze, with the energy and enthusiasm of youth set to work to restore to this famous name something of its former prestige. How well he has succeeded results themselves will tell! Instead of having to brood over departed glory, Mercersburg has entered on a new lease of life that bids fair to excel her former history in its palmiest days. Long may the genial Doctor preside over the destinies of his growing charge! Irvine has always been a name to conjure with on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, and as it is true that "blood will tell" it is equally pleasant to remember that, in spite of increasing fame and expanding prosperity, no student of this academy need ever be afraid to sing "A Man's a Man for a' that."

In the present state of literature when the so-called "historical romance" leads all other forms of popular reading it is found that real characters make the best heroes for our modern writers. Most great novels are indeed biographies or autobiographies more or less related to the known facts of history, and it is still generally admitted that "Truth is stranger than fiction" if the proper biographer and the fit historian can be found to tell the tale. This is particularly true of the Revolutionary Period of our national history. The life of every noted actor in that drama, if faithfully portrayed, would make a more thrilling romance than most of the absurdly padded, semi-historical fiction of our time. It is no unkind criticism which asserts that the closer the novelist can keep to real biography and to genuine history in elucidating the lives of our noted men and women, the more interesting, entertaining and instructive the result is sure to be.

We are here to-night to consider briefly the life and career of one of the most noted men in this country

during the great struggle for Independence; the man who (according to his colleague, Gen. Wilkinson), stood second only to Washington for education, talents, disposition and integrity, the soldier who did his full share of fighting in the darkest days of our history; the patriot who at the last risked his all and sealed his devotion to his country's cause by the supreme sacrifice of his own life; the fearless, faithful, valorous and victorious General Hugh Mercer, one of the consecrated names in our most brilliant galaxy of National Stars; the particular patron saint of Mercersburg, and a worthy example for all Mercersburg boys to emulate as long as the Conococheague flows into the waters of the Potomac.

Hugh Mercer was a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, having been born there in 1721. At that time George I. was on the British throne. While the older people across the Atlantic were in the throes of the great South Sea Bubble, the younger folks were making the acquaintance of the ever delightful "Robinson Crusoe" which had just appeared from the pen of Daniel Defoe. In this part of America, Sir William Keith, another Aberdeenshire Scotchman, was the resident Governor of Pennsylvania and his time was mostly taken up conferring with the Indian tribes who were a constant menace to the peace of the Colonists. Mercer was "a son of the manse," his father being minister of Pitsligo. This obscure place you may never have heard of before, but it is not without a certain kind of fame. The minister of the Parish in 1634 was a Rev. Andrew Cant who proved to be a snivelling, whining hypocrite imbued with such affected piety and mock humility that, forever after, his name was used to describe the whole canting crew. However, if Pitsligo gave "Cant" to the English language, the parish made ample amends when it produced Hugh Mercer who had no

“Can’t” or “Cant” in his composition, but whose life motto was “I can.” His father’s father and grandfather were also ministers of the Gospel in different districts of Aberdeenshire. Statistics will show that whatever else they claim, as *parents*, the Clergy of Scotland are the mainstay of their country. In proportion to their numbers they contribute more distinguished men than come from any other class, their sons being particularly noted in literature, religion, education, government, law, and war. With his ancestry and environment much might have been expected from Mercer, but his career was certainly more varied and dazzling than the wildest dreams of the village gossip or the brightest predictions of the parish “spae-wife.” He first attracts our notice as a student of Marischal College, Aberdeen. This name, although spelled differently, has the same sound as our own Marshall College formerly located here, and in looking it up we find a double coincidence. It was founded in 1593 by George Keith, Fifth Earl Marischal, from whose family came the same Sir Wm. Keith who was Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania when Mercer was born. A brief sketch of this famous seat of learning may not be uninteresting to Academy boys.

Aberdeen has two universities now united in one corporate body. The oldest university was founded in 1494–95 by Wm. Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, with the patronage of King James IV., of Scotland, and the sanction of Pope Alexander VI. The Universities of Paris and Bologna were specially named as models to pattern after. The first name of this University was “The College of St. Mary,” but at an early date it was changed to “King’s College,” by which name it has long been popularly known. It was under Roman Catholic control until 1569 when the Protestant Episcopal element came into power. In 1639 the University

was associated with the Presbyterian form of church government, and after 1860, when it was merged with its sister university, King's College ceased to have a separate existence. Marischal College though almost a hundred years younger than her rival sister has been perhaps the greater educative force. Her alumni have been heard from in many distinguished fields and some of her sons have attained world-wide fame. What particularly interests us is her Chair of Medicine endowed on the 8th of August, 1700, by the Earl Marischal. Sixteen years later the Marischal connection with the College ceased, as the tenth Earl was concerned in the Rebellion of 1715, and had to forfeit his title and estates and his connection with the College in the following year. With all its ancient splendid history so late as 1738, after a vigorous financial campaign, the buildings of Marischal College were only valued at \$3,500. The highest subscription was one pound (about \$5.00) which is quite a contrast to the princely donations of later years when one Alumnus gave \$100,000 to build a new hall, and more recently still greater amounts have been presented by single individuals.

The Chair of Medicine interests us particularly because Hugh Mercer was a student of Medicine at Marischal College. So far as we can tell he entered the University in 1740 and left it in 1744 without graduating. We next hear of him as a surgeon in Prince Charlie's Army. Although descended on one side from a long line of ministers of the gospel of peace, Mercer had noted fighting blood in his veins. His mother was Anne Munro, the daughter of Sir Robert Munro who fought with distinction in the British Army on the Continent at Fontenoy and elsewhere. He was ordered home to oppose the Young Pretender, and was killed while in command at the Battle of Falkirk, in 1746. It is not improbable that his grandson, Hugh

Mercer, was his opponent on the same bloody ground. But the triumph of the Pretender was brief as three months later, on Culloden Field, the rebel army was completely crushed and the Stuart cause lost forever. It is not difficult to account for Mercer's presence among the Jacobites. In the North of Scotland there were many who espoused the cause of "Scotland's rightful heir," and Aberdeenshire, in particular, was ever loyal to the Stuarts. Mercer was of the age when Prince Charlie's romantic "dash for a throne" would have enlisted all his sympathies. He could make himself especially useful as a physician and surgeon, and he no doubt thought he saw an excellent opportunity for speedy distinction in his chosen profession. Above all, I am of the opinion that he believed the exiled Prince had the right side of the contention. After the crushing defeat at Culloden, when every follower of Prince Charlie was mercilessly hounded to death, imprisonment or exile, Mercer decided to take leave of his native land, and try his fortune beyond the sea. He managed to escape the vigilance of his enemies and, embarking at Leith, he arrived at the port of Philadelphia some time in 1746.

It is now impossible to tell why he located so far inland, but whatever may have been the reason, his first attempt to establish a home was made on the frontier of our State at a place then described as "near Greencastle," but now, since named in his honor, known to all the world as Mercersburg, Pa. Here he settled down to the practice of his profession. It is believed that Mercer's services as a physician and surgeon covered the whole Conococheague settlement, embracing the entire district between Chambersburg and his own residence. At that time this part of the country was little better than a wilderness and few white people were to be found in the vicinity. In those days the pioneers

themselves did most of the doctoring necessary, the lancet and the medicine bottle being considered among the rarely approachable luxuries of their semi-civilized life. We hear nothing of Mercer for the next few years but know he was living here. It must have been specially interesting news to him when he heard of Braddock's defeat by the Indians in 1755, as only nine years previous he had himself opposed Braddock on the ill-fated "Drummossie Moor."

Emboldened by their success the Indians became more and more troublesome and in self defence the Colonists formed themselves into companies of Rangers, of one of which Dr. Mercer was appointed captain. His commission is dated March 9, 1756, and his superior officer was Colonel Armstrong, a native of Ireland. Mercer's territory extended from the Welsh Run district and Mercersburg into remote regions along the foothills. The present village of Bridgeport was formerly the location of McDowell's Fort, and Mercer frequently made his headquarters there, acting as surgeon to the garrison as well as attending to his regular military duties. In one of his Indian fights he was severely wounded and having been left behind by his retreating companions he narrowly escaped with his life. Closely pursued by his savage foes he providentially found a place of safety in the hollow trunk of a tree around which the Indians rested, and discussed the prospect of scalping him in the near future. When they had taken their departure he struck out in another direction and completely outwitted them. Sick with his wounds and worn out with his recent struggles he began a lonely march of over a hundred miles through an unbroken forest, but finally succeeded in joining the remnant of his command at Fort Cumberland. To sustain existence he had been compelled to live on roots and herbage, an occasional rattle-snake proving his

most nourishing and palatable meal. He was with the force that surprised and destroyed the Indian village at Kittanning in 1756, but was severely wounded in that encounter, and once more counted among the missing. For the second time he had to use all his wits to manœuvre and march through the woods, half famished for lack of food and faint from the loss of blood, until he succeeded in joining his surviving companions. Such energy and bravery elicited the applause of all who knew his experiences, and in appreciation of his services and sufferings the Corporation of Philadelphia presented him with a vote of thanks and a beautiful memorial medal. In the summer of 1757, Mercer was made commander of the garrison in the fort at Shippenburg, and in December of the same year was appointed Major of the forces of the Province of Pennsylvania posted west of the Susquehanna. In the following year General Forbes made his expedition against Fort Duquesne accompanied by Mercer with his troops.

It was on this memorable march that Mercer first met George Washington, then a brigadier-general of Virginia troops. In a short time the men became the warmest friends, and established an intimacy that was only broken by the lamented death of the dashing Scotchman. We can easily imagine what pleasure the two soldiers must have had in exchanging their experiences and discussing the stirring topics of the time. By all his biographers Mercer's modesty is especially emphasized. He had nothing to be ashamed of in his past history, but much for which any man might feel proud. That he won the highest admiration and permanent affection of such a noble character as Washington is sufficient to rank Mercer with the best and greatest men of his age, and particularly to enshrine him in the hearts of all Americans. It is owing to this friendship, however, that Mercersburg lost Hugh Mercer.

After the conclusion of the French and Indian War, and the evacuation of the western forts by the French garrisons, Mercer, who had been promoted to the rank of Colonel, temporarily retired from military life; and, yielding to the solicitations of his friend Washington, removed from his home in the Pennsylvania wilderness to Fredericksburg, Va., where he again took up the practice of medicine. At that time although also thinly settled, this part of Virginia contained the homes of many of the most distinguished families on the continent. They gave Mercer the cordial welcome to which his education and talents entitled him, reinforced by his brilliant career as a military man and supplemented by the brotherly love and many favors shown him by General Washington. In the near neighborhood was the plantation and home of his already famous countryman, Paul Jones, who was destined to be the founder of the American Navy, and the first man to fly the American flag. Paul Jones by sea and Hugh Mercer by shore, certainly upheld the fighting reputation of the "Mitherland." Mt. Vernon was not far away, and Mercer was a frequent and always welcome visitor.

We have striking proof of this in the testimony of a traveller who paid a visit to Fredericksburg prior to the Revolution, but who did not record his observations until 1784. He says:

"I called upon my worthy and intimate friend Dr. Hugh Mercer, a physician of great merit and eminence and a man possessed of almost every virtue and accomplishment. . . . Dr. Hugh Mercer was afterwards a brigadier general in the American Army, to accept of which appointment I have reason to believe he was greatly influenced by Gen. Washington, with whom he had been long in intimacy and bonds of friendship."

And then the writer gives this strange reason, which we must remember comes from a loyal Briton at a period very trying to British loyalty. He wishes to be as charitable as he can to Mercer's motives for espousing the American cause, and in searching for an excuse he puts the blame for Mercer's defection on the broad shoulders of his Virginia friend and neighbor. He says:

“For Dr. Mercer was generally of a just and moderate way of thinking, and possessed liberal sentiments and a generosity of principle very uncommon among those with whom he embarked.”

It need not be questioned that Washington and Mercer confined their talk to reminiscences of Indian wars. Ominous political clouds were gathering in the colonial sky, and the perilous situation was quickly and fully realized by the patriotic Virginian. When the general British order went forth to seize all military stores in the colonies, the Americans made prompt resistance without further parleying. Massachusetts was speedily followed by Virginia and almost the first important item we find is that Dr. Hugh Mercer was drilling a partially organized body of Virginia men to be ready for any emergency. In deference to more conservative counsel the volunteers, by a majority of one, voted to disperse for a time, “to meet again some other day” if the need should arise. They did not have long to wait. Patrick Henry's prediction in his immortal speech was speedily fulfilled, and when “the next gale from the north brought the clash of resounding arms” the patriots of Virginia commenced to organize for immediate fighting. On the first ballot for first Colonel of the First Virginia Regiment Mercer received 41 votes to Henry's 40, but ultimately Henry was awarded the signal honor. May my pride be forgiven me if I say that to me this

choice has a special interest as it was Aberdeen pitted against Aberdeen, Patrick Henry's father having also come from my native granite-bound shire which has ever been a Rock of Defence in time of need and a Wall of Resistance against oppression! To Mercer was assigned the Colonelcy of the Third Regiment of Virginia. That he was no mere schemer for office is so well known that it hardly needs to be mentioned, but if any evidence were necessary we have a beautiful proof of it in his simple proffer of services to the Virginia Convention. It has recently come to light and here it is in full:

“Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country and the cause of liberty in any rank or station to which he may be assigned.”

For brevity, clearness and comprehensiveness this note could not easily be surpassed, and it shows that Mercer could write as well as fight.

When at Fredericksburg, Mercer was a member of Masonic Lodge No. 4, a Lodge which gave no less than five general officers to the Continental Army, including the Commander-in-Chief.

Congress having adopted the Virginia troops as a part of the Continental Army, Mercer was not long permitted to remain a colonel but on the urgent recommendation of Washington was made a brigadier-general. His commission is dated June 5, 1776, and his assignment “with the Army around New York.” It is not necessary to follow him in all the details of his later career. He was strenuously opposed to the evacuation of New York, and on other important occasions differed with Washington, but never sulked or kept back because he could not have his own way. The two generals had many discussions together, and some of them have been reported to us. In one of the darkest periods of the Revolution, “What think you,” said Washington to

Mercer, "if we should retreat to the back parts of Pennsylvania. Would the Pennsylvanians support us?" This was a question put to a man who knew the backwoods of Pennsylvania, who had resided there for many years, and who might lean to mercy's side in his desire to speak well of his old acquaintances. Yet he could not deceive his Chief—he was another man who could not tell a lie—so Mercer answered candidly, "If the lower counties give up, the back counties will do the same." But even this did not faze the dauntless Washington. He said they could retire to Virginia, and if out-generated there, they could cross the Alleghanies! Can we ever repay the debt we owe to such a spirit that in the gloomiest and most hopeless periods of the struggle could neither be broken, nor subdued, nor discouraged? But as it happened, the Americans did not have to take either to the South or to cross the western mountains.

It is stated on good authority that the idea of attacking the British Army at Trenton originated with Mercer, and he certainly did his full share to wrest success from such a hazardous exploit. He is also credited with the plan of the battle at Princeton. It was equally as daring a venture as the crossing of the Delaware, as a single break in the American calculations meant untold disaster. All went well through the night, but in the early hours of the 3d of January, 1777, the American troops were surprised by the 17th British Regiment under Col. Mawhood. Mercer, on a fine grey horse, occupied the post of honor in the front, and at the first volley from the enemy his horse was brought down and his most trusted lieutenant, Col. Hazlett, killed. Such bad luck had a depressing effect on the American troops and when Mawhood's soldiers charged on Mercer's men with bayonets, the American riflemen without bayonets could not resist the attack. Mercer

was unable to extricate himself from his wounded horse in time to defend himself. The enemy rushed upon him in overpowering numbers, and called on him to surrender, which he could not do. Single handed and alone he defended himself with his sword, and succeeded in killing not a few of his assailants. But the odds were too much against him. He was struck down and clubbed with the butt ends of innumerable muskets, repeatedly stabbed with bayonets, and left for dead on the field. At this juncture Washington made his appearance and by his presence and personal bravery inspired the American Army with such fresh courage that a glorious victory was plucked from a foreshadowed defeat. It was not the last battle to be fought against the oppressors, but it was the turning point in the struggle for American Independence. Such a momentous occasion was fitly but dearly consecrated by the death of Mercer. He lingered for only a few days after his desperate encounter, expiring in the arms of Major Lewis, who had been sent by his distinguished uncle, General Washington, to minister to the wants of the dying hero.*

That Mercer had some premonition of his fate seems credible when we read the report of his conversation with his brother officers on the eve of the battle of Princeton.

“We are not engaged,” said he, “in a war of ambition, or I should not have been here. Every man should be content to serve in that station in which he can be most useful. For my part I have but one object in view and that is the success of the cause, and God can witness how cheerfully I would lay down my life to secure it.”

* Although it is now more than 126 years since the Battle of Princeton only the other day I talked to a man who received a graphic account of the fight from one of the American participants; just as I, myself, have talked to several Waterloo veterans, and may be able to repeat their tale, at first hand, for fifty years to come.

He knew the great risk that was wrapped in the movement which he had planned, and he refused to occupy any position but the most dangerous one—at the front of the marching army.

It is no exaggeration to say his death was lamented by the whole American people. No one enjoyed to a greater extent than he the affectionate confidence of the army, his fellow officers, and his illustrious chief. When General Lafayette arrived in this country in the spring after Mercer's death he found the whole army and country so full of Mercer's name, the impression left on Lafayette's mind was that Mercer was a personal friend. The city of Philadelphia gave him a public funeral, said to have been attended by over 30,000 persons. The Continental Congress ordered a monument to be erected to his memory at Fredericksburg.* It also undertook the education of his infant son. He was a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, and, in addition to caring for his grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery, it is the custodian of his sword now deposited with the Historical Society of Philadelphia.

General Mercer married a Miss Isabella Gordon and they were the parents of several children who with their mother survived him. A son and a daughter left descendants, many of whom are still living in Virginia and Georgia. One of his grandsons was Brigadier General Hugh W. Mercer of Savannah, Ga. Two great-grandsons, like their illustrious progenitors, died on the field of battle, Col. Geo. S. Patton in Virginia, and Col. Tazewell Patton at Gettysburg. Their father was John Mercer Patton, a Congressman and Governor of Virginia, and for many years the recognized leader

* This was overlooked, but only last year Congress re-opened the matter, and voted the amount necessary for an appropriate Mercer memorial.

of the Richmond Bar. His father was a Scotch merchant named Patton and his mother the daughter of General Hugh Mercer. In the old country many of his kin are to be found but none have given such prominence to the name as he did himself.

For the few days before his death he was tenderly nursed by Mrs. Clark and daughter into whose home he had been carried, and, in addition to Washington's nephew, it is worth mentioning that Dr. Rush of Philadelphia was also at Mercer's bedside doing everything possible to alleviate his sufferings. In that short time he had opportunity to review his life and muse upon the leading scenes in his strange and varied career. In fancy's flight we can sympathetically follow the panorama from his earliest years until the final drop of the curtain.

We see his as a restless boy in the little parish manse, and hear him discuss with his father the great topics of religion and politics. We follow him to Aberdeen and are with him at Marischal College while he studied art and medicine. We accompany him as under the Stuart flag he marches off to the stirring tune of "Wha'll be King but Charlie." We are by his side when "the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight." We watch him "hounded like a hunted hare" until he ships at Leith to seek another clime. We see him make his way from the seacoast until he finds a foot-hold here.

We are with him until the end: When he leads his little band of Rangers against the treacherous Indians; when he is wounded and left behind, alone to thread his way, faint and suffering, through the pathless jungle; when he meets his old opponents, and Braddock's immortal aide, Col. George Washington. We can overhear them as they sit around the campfires swapping stories of the days gone by. We see him in

his home at Fredericksburg dispensing medicine and good advice to any patient who may choose to call; or note him as he drills his raw recruits upon the city's grassy squares. We see him at Mt. Vernon the honored guest of Washington, and later, when made a brigadier general, the inseparable companion of his great commander.

The war is on, and we see him bid farewell to wife and children and take his last look of "the green fields of Virginia." We are with him in New York and hear him urge his chief to change their war-tactics from the defensive to the offensive, promising to lead where any would dare to follow. We cross the Delaware with him and share his triumph at the Battle of Trenton. We accompany him to the council-of-war when he plans and urges the march on Princeton, and we are by him when the British red-coats take him by surprise and make his men stampede. We see him fall, and rise, and fall again. We hear the hoarse shouts of the enemy as they call on him to surrender; but he has faced death too often to fear it now. We see him struggling with countless numbers—one man against a whole regiment—by his trusty sword making them pay dearly for their brief success. We see him carried from his "gory bed" and are with him as he sinks into his well-earned rest. No remorse! No regrets! No complaints! He is still comparatively young and in the ordinary course of nature might have lived for many years. But his time draws near. "*What is to be, is to be! Good-bye, dear native land! Farewell, adopted country! I have done my best for you! Into thy care, O, America, I commit my fatherless family! May God prosper our righteous cause! Amen!!*" Such was his final prayer. His race was run, his labor over!

What death could finer laurels buy?
What grander ending can there be
Than for a noble man to die
To help to make his country free?
Although the day was dearly bought,
'Twas there the Tyrant's doom was sealed,
So not in vain the fight was fought
When Mercer fell on Princeton Field!

His sword will waste away with rust,
And tho' 'twere wrapped in cloth of gold
Within the grave his precious dust
In time will mingle with the mould;
But he, himself, is canonized
If saintly deeds such fame can give,
For long as Liberty is prized
HUGH MERCER'S NAME SHALL SURELY LIVE!

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

Who cannot live in London Town
Need nowhere else attempt to live
Since London holds for King or clown
The best and worst that Life can give

However viewed, London may honestly be styled interesting. Even her statistics excite one's fancy. Her population in 1901 was 4,536,063; Greater London, 6,581,372, and London and immediate suburbs, 8,039,204. The postoffice alone employs 32,000 persons, and they take care of 600,000,000 letters annually. She has only 960 firemen, but 15,890 policemen are needed to protect citizens and property. In my opinion, she is abominably behind the age in the matter of transportation. I did not see a trolley car in all my wanderings, but horse-cars in abundance, and 'busses, it seemed, were everywhere. There are about 3,600 of them, plying in all directions, and the two-wheeled cabs number 7,500, against 4,000 four-wheelers and about 100 motor-cars. She has underground trains and tubes, but everything bunched together does not begin to cope with the needs of the city. Much valuable time is lost in going anywhere, a block of an hour in a congested district being nothing unusual. Glasgow is immeasurably ahead of London in this respect, and it must help in putting the Scotch city forward.*

THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

One of the first places I visited was the House of Parliament at Westminster. I have several acquaintances

* Even our own Lancaster could afford to laugh at the antiquated, rickety, slow-moving vehicles of the world's greatest city. There is certainly room for a traction magnate in London, and, *Given* the right man, nothing but millions could flow into his purse, and municipal blessings in his train. Think over it, *William B.*! Mr. Yerkes is making an attempt.

who are members there, but decided to select Sir William Allan as my "guide, philosopher and friend," and splendidly did he acquit himself. Sir William is a fine Scot, sixty-five years old, and in his gray homespuns among a monotony of black reminded me at once of my old friend, Walt Whitman. Allan is a poet, too, of no mean quality, with over a dozen volumes to his credit, including tender Doric lilt, and vigorous English verse. In business, I believe, he is an engine and boiler builder, and, having had lots of experience, he quite naturally soon became known as a Parliamentary naval expert, and is now so conceded by both parties. It will interest Americans to know that when a very young man he worked at Paterson, N. J.; was also a blockade runner in the Civil War, and finished up as a prisoner in Richmond, Va. That was his last experience of the United States. He has been in Parliament ten years,* and, in spite of his well-known Democratic tendencies, his knighthood came to him ungrudgingly and to the satisfaction of everybody. He told me the members of Parliament have no salary and no perquisites, except stationery. They have even to pay for their postage stamps! For that reason only men of independent means can sit in the House, the few exceptions being labor-leaders, like John Burns and Keir Hardie, who are paid a salary (and a small one) by their constituents. Occasionally, also, a rich man backs a

* When Allan first came out as a Parliamentary candidate his opponents accused him of having been "a pirate." His Civil War record and his leonine look no doubt suggested the terrible name. That he is a brave man goes without saying, and yet he confesses he was once thoroughly scared when bathing in the sea. He was enjoying his "dook" without any thought of danger when he realized that a monster shark was after him, and none too soon did he see it, as it was hungry, and was just turning itself to gobble him up, when by an extraordinary effort he escaped. Sir William's autobiography will make rare reading as his life has been a stirring one and he has the literary ability to tell it well.

young fellow of promise, and sometimes a small office is given to a few, enabling them to live by their profession; but, on the whole, a membership in Parliament is only for rich men. Sir William took me in hand in good time, and, under his guidance and intelligent comment, I saw everything of interest in both Houses. The House of Lords is a far more gorgeous place than the Commons, the carving and decorations being unusually magnificent. All the woodwork of both Houses is exclusively of British oak, in itself a good lesson in patriotism. I saw the Lord High Chancellor sitting as President of the Appellate Court, but noticed little difference from an ordinary Assize meeting; indeed, the pomp and glory of the Lancaster (England) Assizes would have completely eclipsed Lord Halsbury's modest display. The upper House takes things much easier than the lower, often sitting less than an hour. On the day I was there they rushed all their business through in fifteen minutes.

THE NOTABLES OF THE HOUSE.

In the lobby of the House, as the members began to gather, Sir William pointed out the notables to me. I was interested in seeing Mr. Herbert Gladstone, a son of the Grand Old Man, but failed to note any resemblance to his illustrious father. He has a great handicap and shows pluck in taking up a Parliamentary career. Another notable character was Xavier O'Brien, an Irish member. He had the last high treason sentence passed upon him—"to be hanged, drawn and quartered"—but there he was, as gentle as a mouse, going to his place to help in the making or obstructing of the Imperial Laws. Most of the Irish members were at their homes when I was present, having made some agreement to absent themselves during the discussion of the Education bill. I was fortunate in seeing

the Speaker's march to the chair preceded by the Mace Bearer, and followed by his own Train Bearer, Chaplain and other officials. It is a custom dating back to almost Norman times. As the procession approaches the lobby the Police Sergeant shouts, "Hats off, strangers!" and all uncover, the pages make obsequious bows and the march ends with the opening prayer, which Sir William informed me, was only for sinners, so few members pay any attention to it.

IN THE HOUSE GALLERY.

Prior to this I had been escorted through every room and saw all the precious relics and curiosities that are to be seen at every turn. Having secured a ticket from the speaker, endorsed by my friend, I lost no time in getting into the gallery. There was much red tape to go through, however, before I finally reached my seat. I noticed all tickets were collected, and wished to keep mine as a souvenir,—an unheard of request. But all the same I succeeded and I have it now, and I lost no privileges by my audacity. My allotment was a centre seat in the front row, the choicest in the whole room. I looked right down on the House and could have dropped my hat on Balfour's head had I been so disposed. Opposite the strangers' gallery, behind and above the Speaker's chair, is the press gallery, the most conspicuous member of it at present being "Toby, M. P.," Mr. W. H. Lucy. Back of this, and still nearer the sky, is the grille set apart for the ladies. Poor things, the lattice work is so close they must be in semi-darkness. All I could see of them was the white of their boas and muffs and feathers. For all the world they reminded me of birds in a cage at the Zoo! It is very ungallant to treat them so, and I cannot give the explanation.

The first business of Parliament was the asking of

questions by various members on every conceivable variety of topics. The questions were all printed on the schedule (copies of which were furnished to each visitor as he took his seat), referred to in speaking by numbers, and almost every member of the Cabinet had the pleasure (?) of discussing three or four. In this way one soon got acquainted with the leaders of the administration. The House is divided into two sections—the government party being on the Speaker's right, and the opposition on the left. Most members sit with their hats on, and all of them in every conceivable attitude but what good society manners demand. The fantasticalities of dress appear to crop out most in their methods of wearing their watch chains. Such a display as I saw would excite the envy of a Bowery swell or Atlantic City dude.

BALFOUR AND BRYCE.

Remembering the glorious history of the House of Commons in the past, I cannot but think that it is now in the hands of a race of pigmies. The Government is unquestionably in a big majority, but it cannot be credited to the brilliancy of its leaders. Balfour, Scot though he is, I consider a mediocre man. Some men are born clever—he was born rich and lucky, and tired. I can only account for him being Premier because he is Lord Salisbury's nephew, "Sister Blanche's boy." He is an atrocious failure as an orator. Any Lancaster High School boy, with a month's coaching, would do as well. He chaws, claws and paws, mutters and stutters, backs and fills, chips and planes, and even saws, with painful progress, in full view of the house. His matter is equally poor, his inaccuracy being notorious. When seated, he is most of the time yawning, or apparently in a doze. It makes one sleepy to look at him in many of his attitudes. But he has a fairly good

presence, and to his credit it can be said: He has the look of innocence, and can even blush on occasions. One feels that nobody can disturb him with threats of raking up his Past. This is a high gift to a statesman. Some men, eloquent and able, give you at once the impression of trickiness, and they can never rise above the impression. But Balfour makes you feel unhesitatingly, "Well, he's honest, anyhow," and you cannot help liking him, with all his faults.* The best man I heard in Parliament was Professor James Bryce, M. P. for Aberdeen. His "American Commonwealth" has made him known to all the world. He has not much of a presence, but he speaks clearly, cleanly, with emphasis and no impedient. You are satisfied he is a good thinker, and his speeches read even better than they seemed to be when heard. All told, I heard about forty different speakers, and there was not one among them all that would compare favorably with half a dozen of our home orators. How I wished they could have been there to have shown the British how to conduct a debate! Public speaking demands much practice early in life. The bulk of the Commons are men who made their fortunes in business, retiring after fifty, and without any experience in "thinking on their feet" before an audience. The result is that they cannot express themselves in public, and generally relapse into

* It must be distinctly understood that I refer here only to the impressions Mr. Balfour as a public man made on me. I know that he is a scholar, even a philosopher, and am also familiar enough with his history to believe that he made one of the best Secretaries for Ireland Britain ever had. His good nature and his love for outdoor sports are also worthy of praise, and his speeches when they finally reach print read much better than the average. But viewing him as Prime Minister, with my high ideal of what the Leader of the House should be—particularly graceful in speech and strong and ready in debate—he was an unqualified disappointment, and a most provoking one considering he is from the right country and has had so long an oratorical experience.

mere voters at divisions. Reading from manuscript is not tolerated in the House of Commons, although copious notes are permitted. When I was there the Education bill was the engrossing topic in Parliament, and the feeling on both sides seemed to be bitter. America settled the same question some years ago, and sooner or later Great Britain must follow the course of the United States. To give any particular sect or church control of secular education is so very far wrong that Americans may well be pardoned for viewing the whole business with amazement. The Church of England, it seems to me, is merely playing the role of tyrant, and where that fails she does not hesitate to act as beggar. Justice-loving Englishmen will not tolerate such an imposition, and, although the bill passed, I predict that the taxes will be resisted by all the nonconformists and a small revolution precipitated. It also means a change of government, and I think, in the near future—disestablishment in earnest—so let the band play, the best dancing will come the sooner.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Over the way from St. Stephen's is Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and monuments, unequalled, perhaps, in the world. It is overwhelmingly rich in memorials of great men. At every step almost you tread on the grave of some immortal. Amongst the recent additions are the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Here also are the graves of Garrick, Samuel Johnson, Thomas Campbell, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, and a long line of poets, back to rare Ben Jonson, Spenser and Chaucer. I was pleased to notice a bust of Longfellow; and a James Buchanan's name appears in connection with the monument to Andre, whose final resting place is here. The Chapel of Henry VII. contains the dust of Kings and Queens innumerable, some bitter

enemies, like Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, now sleeping quietly almost side by side. Addison is buried in this chapel. In the part called "The Chapel of the Kings" there is preserved the royal dust of many centuries, going as far back as Edward the Conqueror, who finished his career in 1066. I took special note of the big stone box containing the remains of Edward I. (known as Longshanks),* but better remembered by my countrymen as "The Hammer of the Scots." He gave them some good thumps, but it all ended in Bannockburn a few years after his death. It was some satisfaction to me (against orders, as usual) to put my hand on his coffin and offer a silent prayer that his sleep might be sweet, as he has long ago been forgiven—I fear as many others often are—because his efforts have been completely nullified. It is easy to be merciful to a defeated enemy! His tomb was opened in 1774 and the remains found to be in a good state of preservation. His height was six feet two inches, but probably he was all legs. In this room is the famous coronation chair, first used by Edward III., and by every monarch since, including Edward VII. a few months ago. It is, in its bareness, a mean-looking chair, but what a history clusters around it! Beneath the seat is the Scotch "Stone of Destiny," said to be the one on which Jacob rested his head when he saw the angels ascending and descending on the ladder that reached from earth to Heaven.† Close by the chair are the sword and shield,

* He was in Kildrummy, Auchindoir and the Cabrach with his Army of Conquest.

† The Scotch Kings have been crowned on this stone since the days of Fergus the First, a good Irishman, who founded the royal dynasty of Scotland in 330 B. C.!!! All I have to say in regard to the Jacobean legend is that the stone is good Scotch sandstone, but, of course, the same variety may be found in Palestine, or, perhaps, after all, Scotland was the home of the patriarch. After conclusively proving that Pontius Pilate was a Scotchman, I am ready to believe almost anything in regard to the products of that misty and mystical little land.

also used at coronations. The sword is seven feet long and weighs eighteen pounds.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

A second Westminster Abbey is St. Paul's Cathedral. It is crowded with fine statues, and the crypt full of the graves of many notables. Some of the epitaphs I have noticed in my chapter on "Voices from the Tombs." Both here and in Westminster Abbey I could not overcome the feeling of stuffiness and a desire to get out into the open air. How much finer a simple grave in some secluded vale, sheltered by a friendly wooded hill, with a little stream close at hand, singing a perpetual requiem! I should even prefer Bun-hill Field, which I visited to see the graves of Isaac Watts, John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe. Over the way is the grave of John Wesley, one of the greatest men of his time, and a power for good unquestionably. By accident, I passed the grave of Geo. B. Du Maurier, at Hampstead, but it took me some time to find the last resting place of dear Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most charming writers of the English language. I found it at last, in the precincts of Fleet street, near the Temple Church, and also had an opportunity of seeing the house where Noll resided when in London.

SIDNEY LEE.

Now for a few more lines about the living. One Sunday I had a great treat at the South End Ethical Society, where the services were conducted by Sidney Lee, editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, and of world-wide fame as a Shakespearean scholar. His lecture was on Sir Walter Raleigh, and as he unfolded his hero's career, and told of his intimate connection with America, I could not help but think "What a fine lecture for American audiences." After the con-

gregation dispersed I had a delightful chat with Mr. Lee, and on mentioning my impressions he told me his paper was the first draft of a lecture to be given at the Lowell Institute, Boston, and possibly, also at Johns Hopkins University. It was to be Mr. Lee's first visit to our country, and he sailed in January. I suggested to him that he should come well-primed with Shakespearean lectures, and he said he would take my advice. Since then he has paid us his visit, and was received with great interest wherever he spoke, his Shakespearean talks being particularly enjoyed.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

The balance of the day I spent with my fellow-villager, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in his lovely home, at Frognall in the Hampstead District. Dr. Nicoll has proved himself to be one of the most successful editor-managers of modern times, and has been the means of bringing before the world such famous writers as Barrie, Crockett, Ian MacLaren, and a host of others, almost as well known. He is himself a charming writer, and a most prolific one. His good-looking and accomplished daughter showed me, as a recent addition to his triumphs, a finely-bound copy of Dr. Nicoll's "Incarnate Saviour," printed in Japanese, and a duplicate of the volume presented by the publishers to the Prince Imperial. His house is a veritable literary museum, being packed full of personal souvenirs from the most noted authors of the day. And books!—they are everywhere—rows upon rows, with double and triple shelving to augment the space, and yet the overflow has almost carpeted the floors of the big study. I felt very much at home here. Dr. Nicoll has an English wife, but she is a treasure, and watches lovingly over her precious charge. His health is only fair, and his unremitting industry, in spite of it, is a rebuke to stronger

men. We had a fine "twa-handed Scotch crack," which gave me much incentive and encouragement. I was surprised to hear Dr. Nicoll say that of all the learned men he had met—and he has been intimate with the world's best—the ablest was a native of our own parish, Henry Stephen by name, and now a professor in Calcutta. But for an unfortunate morbid taint which stopped him from composition, Dr. Nicoll believes Stephen has the genius in him to make him one of the three profoundest writers of our age. All knowledge is his province, and that now means infinitely more than it did in Lord Bacon's time. I remember Stephen fairly well, and it was a lucky find of a box of his old books that gave me my first appetite for serious and systematic reading.

Dr. Nicoll has been in America, and we had a pleasant exchange of impressions of that country. That the Doctor's opinion, on the whole, was not unfavorable, may be gleaned from his assertion that if he were a younger man he would go to the States. He thinks, however, journalists are in a better position in Britain than in America. They are paid as well, and their standing is superior. Dr. Nicoll edits his many magazines from his own house, his secretaries coming and going as need demands. At most, he only gives a day a week to his city office, finding in the seclusion of his own library the best atmosphere for good work. He says he would not have a telephone in his room for a thousand pounds a year, and I can quite well appreciate his reasons. Dr. Nicoll's summer home is in his native village of Lumsden, at the Old Manse where he was born. His father was the greatest Book collector in Scotland, and, what is more, read every book he owned. But he has not left a line of writing, putting it off and off under the curious presentiment that to begin to write was the beginning of his end, just as some people have

a dread of insuring, and of making their wills, in the fear that by doing so they somehow hasten their death. Dr. Nicoll believes his father was the greatest "Book-man" he ever knew, and I think the name of the magazine may have been suggested by this remembrance. I discussed with Dr. Nicoll the old question of Johnson's indebtedness to Boswell.* My own opinion is, that if Boswell did not make Johnson he greatly improved him, and I could give abundant proof to support my assertion. Dr. Nicoll thinks the success of Boswell's life is to be found in the fact that Boswell made instant note of conversations, even writing when Johnson was present. This gives a freshness and a fullness that no after-jottings could produce. Such a "Life" cannot be duplicated now, as no one would tolerate a scribe fussing around him, and it would be impossible to take a report unknown to the talkers. Dr. Nicoll greatly admired Johnson's independence of mind and utter carelessness with regard to the opinions that others might have concerning him, believing he spoke and wrote absolutely without fear or favor. The more I read of the "Life," the more I think of Boswell, and only regret he did not give us everything as he had at first intended to do. But much of his book passed under Johnson's own eye, and the biographer may have been "toned down" more than he cared to admit. That he was not "polished up" is shown by his successful reports which Johnson did not see. The poor despised Scot has certainly reached us with the highest honors of all his brilliant circle. Even Johnson must not have thought much of Boswell's work, when in his last days he deliberately overlooked it, and requested somebody Haw-

* Since my return to Lancaster I have found in my library a book with the statement that Dr. Nicoll's home is the very house where Johnson wrote "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The Lexicographer had some funny experiences with ghosts in his lifetime. Perhaps his shade was hovering near us while we talked about him!

kins to write the "official" biography. If we only knew Johnson from the Hawkinade—or even from Johnson's own writings—the stuffed Sage of Grub street would hardly be known at all.

In Dr. Nicoll's pleasant literary home I met the Misses Quiller-Couch, who, with their brother, "Q," have made us all better acquainted with their native Cornwall. There was also present Professor Adam, another "unspeakable" Scot, who had invaded England, and, at a salary of £1,000 per annum, had taken a professorship (of education) at King's College, University of London. Dr. Nicoll enjoys the personal friendship of the best people of the age, and if he could afford it every hour of his time would be utilized by friendly visits. But he has his work to do—and enjoys it—so that he can only "receive" sparingly. I felt I was specially privileged in being given such a long interview, the best parts of which, however, with their reminiscent flavor and personal references, cannot be reproduced here. When we came downstairs to tea, by universal consent little "Babbits" became the queen of the circle. It delighted me very much to see Dr. Nicoll as a family man. A house with a baby is founded on a rock. He told Mildred a wonderful story about an animal that had been doing terrible things; and after her bright eyes were as big as saucers listening to the hushed narration, it was interesting to see her wake from her reverie at the climax—"and—I—THINK—IT—WAS—A—LION!!!" It reminded me of the mysterious terror of my young days—which no doubt Dr. Nicoll heard of too—"an aul' shee lyin doon at the Breem!"

Dr. Nicoll is yet a young man, as literary men are graded—being only in the neighborhood of fifty; and I was surprised to hear him say he considered he was old, and that when a man reaches thirty-five he is begin-

ning to go down hill. A man of thirty-five has passed, it is true, the half of the allotted span, but, judging him by years of possible production—beginning even at twenty—at fifty he has almost the half of his life before him and the best years. If spared to live to his father's long age, by this system of calculation, Dr. Nicoll has about two-thirds of his journey yet to travel. In the matter of years most middle-aged men, when asked to take a back seat, generally take affront. Dr. Nicoll has plainly no touchiness on that point, but some of his admirers have, and as one of them I am always glad and proud to say of him "while he is happily getting on well in life he is not yet getting well on in life," and happily also—for himself, for his family and for his friends.

ROYAL KILDRUMMY.

“ Here Kings and Queens were domiciled
And seen of high and low
When Fortune on the Castle smiled
In days of Long Ago.”

It is a bright morning on the 8th of May in the year 1607. There is much stir and bustle in the Palace of the King of Great Britain. The grooms-in-waiting and the lords-in-waiting have one by one been summoned to face their august sire. His toilet is not complete and he has an important engagement on hand. “Stockings, stockings!” is his pathetic appeal. “A pair of kingdoms for a pair of hose!” But his cry was unavailing. The royal wardrobes have been ransacked in vain. In a couple of hours he must keep his appointment. The Stuarts, however, were always resourceful, and James VI. and I. had a trick up his sleeve. Sitting down at his writing table the Scottish Solomon sharpened his quill and dashed off the following letter to the dandy Earl of Mar:

“ Dear Jock: As I am gaing to gie an audience this morning to the French Ambassador, I deseir you to be sae gude as to sende me a pair of yeir best silken hose, with the goud clocks at them.

“ Your affectionate Cusine,

“ JAMES R.”

There is no doubt but what the appeal was successful. A King's request is really a command. The Earl of Mar addressed was John Erskine, the Lord of Kildrummy Castle.

This magnificent pile, long a ruin, stands in the parish of Kildrummy near the toll-road, not far from the Towie boundary and on a mound commanding a good view of the adjacent country. The Castle had at one time been surrounded by a moat which can yet be

traced. The whole buildings covered about an acre. Of seven great original towers, the remains of six may still be seen. The material used was free-stone quarried from the district. One of the prominent features of the Castle was "The Snow Tower," which is in a fair state of preservation, the next best portion of the ruins being the Chapel with its picturesque lancet windows. From the styles of the architecture employed Kildrummy Castle is believed to date as far back as the twelfth century. David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion, passed it on to the great Robert Bruce.* In 1307 it was captured and partially destroyed by the English; but recaptured and rebuilt by the Earl of Athole, and held out for Bruce in 1336.† By the marriage of Bruce's sister it fell into the hands of the Earl of Mar. He quarreled with his King and David II. besieged and took Kildrummy from him, but eventually gave it back, and the Earl died there and was buried within its walls. David gave it a friendly call in 1365, which was the last visit of royalty until Queen Victoria's pilgrimage in 1866.*

* Bruce and Bruce's queen and his brother Nigel are all closely associated with Kildrummy Castle and Sir William Wallace is also known to have visited it. Rev. Mr. Christie is of the opinion that the original castle was on a different site from the present ruins, and pointed out to me the probable foundations of the earlier buildings not far from the present Kildrummy Church-yard. The local place names lend considerable color to his theories.

† Duncan Duff, Thane of Fife, married Mary Monthermer, niece to Edward I., and allying himself with the English was made Governor of Perth. Robert the Bruce took both prisoners and immured them in Kildrummy Castle where Duff died in 1336. It was this same Duff's sister Isabel, who was "The Caged Lady of Buchan." She was true to Bruce, and exercised the Duff right of placing the crown on the Scottish sovereign's head. Eventually she fell into the hands of King Edward of England, and by him was imprisoned in Berwick Castle—confined for seven years in an iron cage. The coward who fled in terror from Scotchmen took his revenge in this ungallant manner on a brave Scotch woman.

* On that occasion my father, in charge of his engineering corps, provided the kettle for Her Majesty's *al fresco tea*. He had met her

In 1403 Sir Malcolm Drummond, the husband of the Countess of Mar, was killed in Kildrummy Castle by Alexander Stewart,* a natural son of "The Wolf of Badenoch" and a "bad enoch" man he proved to be himself, afterwards gobbling up the Kildrummy estates and marrying Drummond's widow. There was a spectacular wedding ceremony in front of the castle in 1404,

incognito when surveying the Palace grounds at Osborne, and was pleasantly recognized by her. Tennyson was also one of his acquaintances in The Isle of Wight, and in fact, from his official position he frequently met all the celebrities of the period, and has quite a fund of good stories about them.

* In 1431 Stewart was defeated by The Lord of the Isles at the Battle of Inverlochy, and after wandering among the hills for days was only saved from actual starvation by meeting a beggar woman who furnished him, at his request, with some barley-meal from her pock. He sat down by a spring, and using the heel of his shoe for a bowl he soon prepared for himself a bicker of brose, which he always declared was the sweetest morsel he ever tasted.

Aince to please a royal loon
 "Brose and Butter" was the spring;
 "Brose and Butter" I'll be boun'
 Is a dish micht please a king.
 But to Scotland's noblest chiel
 Auld Kildrummy's Yirl o' Mar
 Water mixed wi' barley meal
 In his brogue was finer far.

He had focht his fecht in vain,
 Missed his men and had to flee;
 Tired and hungry and in pain
 Cot nor castle could he see;
 When he met a beggar-wife
 Begg'd frae her a puckle meal,
 And the dainty o' his life
 Made he in his auld shoe-heel!

Mony feasts he had been at
 Aifter this, as weel's afore;
 Mony tit-bits had he gat,
 Wi' his will o' stock and store.
 Hunger tho' is kitchy sweet
 And he said, he never knew
 What it was to relish meat
 Till he suppit frae his shoe!

during which the lady made free choice of Stewart, and handed over to him the keys and charters of all her possessions. They died without heirs male, and Kildrummy Castle passed into the hands of the son of James II., then was given to Robert Cochrane, a favorite of James III. In 1508 the Elphinstone family became owners, and held possession until Queen Mary decided in favor of the Erskines, who still retain the Mar title. The family lost the Kildrummy estates when the earl raised "the standard on the Braes o' Mar" in 1716, in spite of the banner having been blessed by the Rev. Wm. Milne, the parish minister. A few years later Mr. Gordon, of Wardhouse, bought the property and he in turn sold it to the present enterprising proprietor, Colonel James Ogston, of Aberdeen.*

Many interesting stories cluster around Kildrummy Castle, and if its walls could only speak they would not lack audiences. Its most famous siege culminated in its betrayal by a blacksmith, who agreed to fling a red hot plough-sock into a hay loft in the grounds, on condition that he would be paid as much gold, by way of gift, as he was fit to carry. He performed his part of the contract and the Castle was burned down. When he asked for his payment the English poured the red-hot molten metal down his throat, so little good his treachery did him—a Midas reward for a Judas act.

In 1746 the Mar vault in Kildrummy (old) church aisle was opened, and the embalmed body of a lady discovered in a perfect state of preservation. She was supposed to be the whelp of Badenoch's mate, or the wife of Gratney, Earl of Mar. Kildrummy Castle is much frequented by picnickers,† and in recent years

* The new House of Kildrummy stands across the Back Den facing the Old Castle. The little burn between them is now spanned by a fine bridge which looks like a duplicate of the old Brig o' Balgownie.

† Over a quarter of a century ago I remember attending the Highland Games at Kildrummy Castle, and seeing the peerless Donald Dinnie,

has had some advertisement by the G. N. S. R. Co. as one of their great "sights." They may safely claim it to be so, as in size and in historical importance they have nothing on their whole line to compare with it.

Kildrummy has even existing relics of prehistoric times, in the extraordinary number of "Eirde" (earth) houses found throughout the parish. They are also called Picts' houses, and really are subterranean villages, supposed to be the dwellings of the aboriginal inhabitants. The nearest resemblances we have to them in this country are the homes of the Cliff-Dwellers in Colorado, Utah and Arizona, or of the Mound Dwellers in Ohio and Indiana. In Ireland the Beehive Houses seem to have been made by the same people and on the same plan as the Eirde Houses of Scotland, but are not underground.

Kildrummy has a special interest to lovers of Scottish literature, as it was the native parish of the mother of Robert Fergusson,* the poetic predecessor of Burns. She was a Forbes, and the Reids and the Carrs were related and locally associated with Templeton, Drumnahive, and The Culsh. At Old Auchindoir Mr. John Reid allowed me the privilege of sitting in Robert Fergusson's grandfather's chair, and gave me much out-of-the-way information relating to the poet's Aberdeen-

Scotland's champion athlete, carry off the bulk of the first prizes "open to all-comers." Dinnie, who is a native Aberdonian, has been in the Antipodes since then, and at the present time is running a tavern in Newcastle, England. No professional has ever touched his score of *eleven thousand* victorious contests. Among his trophies he shows first prizes for wrestling, hammer-throwing, tossing the caber, leaping, jumping, racing, dancing, shooting and quoiting. His lifting record at his best was two tons. I have several books of prose and verse by his father, who had more intellect than Donald, and by those who knew both was considered the stronger of the two. In his youth Donald was apprenticed to my uncle George Law, of Aberdeen, but left stone-cutting for athletics.

* His father came from Crathie, also in Aberdeenshire.

shire connections. His pedigree is fully discussed in my old correspondent Grosart's "Life of Fergusson" in the "Famous Scots" series.

At one time Clova was a separate parish and later on was quoted with Kildrummy as "Kildrummy and Clova."

It is strange how many parishes hereabout go in pairs. We have Rhynie and Essie, Auchindoir and Kearn, Forbes and Tullynessle, Leochel and Cushnie and so on. Kildrummy now stands alone, and we only speak of the Clova estate. But the ruins of the old Church of Clova, "Cloveth" or "Cloueth," may be seen within a mile to the south of Clova House. Clova Church was named "St. Luke's," and figures in records as far back as 1063, when King Malcolm granted it and its lands to the Church of St. Mary of Mortlach. In 1157 Pope Adrian IV. confirmed Clova Monastery to the Bishops of Aberdeen. There was a "Robert Lumisdaine" in Clova in 1549, probably an ancestor of the present proprietor, Mr. Hugh Gordon Lumsden, although Cushnie is said to be the native parish of the Lumsdens. Prince Charlie's secretary was of the stock. Not far from the site of the old church Mr. Lumsden has erected a beautiful private chapel, which is open, however, to the public; and for such an anti-Catholic neighborhood is well patronized. The present priest, Father Fraser, is well liked by everybody. It is, perhaps, not generally known that he is a profound Gaelic student, and is now working on his *magnum opus*, a translation of Don Quixote from the original Spanish to the language of the Celt. Mrs. Lumsden of Clova House is also a fine Spanish scholar, and enjoys the most intimate relations with the Court of Spain, so that it needs no straining of truth to closely connect Kildrummy with royalty once again, and to join the Clova vicinage with the Vatican, as in the olden days.

STUYVESANT SQUARE AND WALL STREET.

The good old-fashioned Trinity
Of "L" and "S" and "D,"
Is by the new Divinity
Condensed to "\$" and "¢";
While some, for true affinity,
Have jew'd it down to "G":
In "G"—which is to say—in Gold
Their Hope and Saviour they behold,
And hence their Motto, Faith and Creed
They long have striven to adjust,
That all may mean, whate'er they read,
"In G"—that is "*In GOLD—We TRUST!*"

On Palm Sunday, 1903, I celebrated my thirty-eighth birthday by attending the morning service at St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, New York City. To make a frank confession two reasons chiefly led me there: (1) To hear the minister, Rev. Dr. Rainsford, and (2) to see J. Pierpont Morgan, who is a deacon or usher or vestryman, or coin collector in that church. Dr. Rainsford, with his "institutional" church, has long been in the public eye, and quite recently has gained much notoriety on account of a remarkable address he made at a Lenten meeting in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, held under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Whatever he said gave great offence to many, and among other results the ministers of the Philadelphia diocese, as an offset to Dr. Rainsford's statements, hurriedly prepared, signed and circulated a reaffirmation of their creed; intending thus to repudiate Dr. Rainsford's heresies and to reassure the public that the Philadelphia Episcopal parsons were not like this New York Shepherd, who by some strange oversight had strayed into their green pastures. It took me some time to find out what Dr. Rainsford had really

said, but at last I succeeded, and from one of the congregation I quote verbatim:

“Dr. Rainsford belittled the sinfulness of sin. He denied the mediatorial work of Jesus; emphatically stated that the Bible is erroneous in the Old Testament, and that the New Testament writers made many mistakes. The Virgin birth of Jesus was dismissed as if it were so much nonsense. Finally, he said, that as man came into this world without any choice on his own part, and as he had to act very much according to his inheritance and environment it was ‘up to God’ to save him.”

Of course that is “higher criticism,” yet heterodoxy flat, and quite slangy as well. But may not Dr. Rainsford be himself a victim of his environments? A minister who associates with a congregation like Dr. Rainsford’s is apt to imbibe strange views and startling phrases. His parish contains the two extremes of great wealth and great poverty, and neither are neglected. I was told that Dr. Rainsford took hold of St. George’s when it was so far run down that it had been seemingly abandoned by God and man—and woman. It is now one of the prominent churches of New York,—claims a membership of 7,000—can that be Stock Exchange figures?—and, anyhow, has about it every air of prosperity and success. Perhaps it excels in its labors among the poorer classes—educational and recreational—and notably with its “Fresh Air” work. Every summer it sends many thousand families for a week into the country or by the sea, and the fund which provides for this excellent philanthropy is the ordinary church collection on Easter Day.

The interior of St. George’s is little different from the average Episcopal Church. A hideously ugly, gilt sounding-board, over the minister’s stand, stuck out in front of the altar like a sore thumb, and on both sides

there was a large white-robed choir of male and female voices. No doubt the singing was fine, but I was not able to understand a single word of it. However, that is nothing uncommon in high-class high-paid choirs, and simple worshippers who expect to make out the hymn or psalm or anthem are extra simple indeed. Dr. Rainsford had a couple of assistants—after the manner of end-men—but he himself was the central star performer. He is a big, athletic Englishman. In reading the Scriptures he did so from a small hand or pocket Bible and did not use the big pulpit Bible that for so long has seemed to be an inevitable necessity in public worship. His pronunciation was curious. He said “fill-éd” for instance, and not “fill’d,” but “sinn’d” and not “sinn-éd,” and zigzagged with other words in like manner, without seeming rule or reason. His sermon was on “The Prodigal Son.” He spoke in a conversational tone for the most part, but at times was very dramatic. His matter was not entirely extemporaneous as to delivery, but his notes did not seem to be much in the way. With all his clearness of enunciation a word sometimes slipped, or could only be guessed at. This was notably the case in his definition of the Universe. “It was,” he said, “a Universe of — —” ? What? — “*Whim* ?” — No; although it sounded like that. “*Wind* ?” — That could not be, and yet the sound was exactly like “Wind.” Later on the right word came by inference, and it was “*Will*,” — “a Universe of Will.” The whole talk turned on the exclamation of the Prodigal son “*I will* rise and go to my father.” Among other notable things that forenoon Dr. Rainsford said:

“Nothing lasting or valuable can come suddenly or cheaply. * * * Nothing is so valuable as Human Will. We consider murder the greatest crime, but were it possible to rob human beings of will-power and make

them idiots it would be infinitely worse than murder. No crime conceivable like the crime that would rob a man of the power of will. * * * Breakers of Will to be blamed. A powerful man to be blamed for trampling down his neighbors. Does the man say 'you must not give me power if I cannot use it!—That is a fool's argument. The cry of sin is 'give me my rights!' It was the voice of the Prodigal—'I'll have my rights—I want to go.' * * * After satiety comes remorse. Present conditions say: 'Get out—get home.' Friends say: 'Go Home.' Belly says: 'Go home.' Then comes the mystic cry '*I will.*' 'I have been feeding swine long enough. I will arise and go to my father.' Now here's Jesus talking—not me! * * * There was another prodigal son who had never gone away, but, alas, alas, alas! He had carried all in his heart. He had never known his father. That was surely to be lost indeed. Better any far country than to live at home and know not and love not. * * * Well it's true what I told you. If we confess our sins Jesus is ready to forgive us our sins. This is Jesus' own story. We must use our will. I will arise and go to my father."

While the learned Doctor was holding forth, I could not repress a smile as he read the verse "And when he came to himself." It recalled the explanation of that phrase given by the worthy Wesleyan minister.

"There," said the good old man, "is a fine instance of the wonderful depth of meaning there is in the Scripture. We see how low this unfortunate prodigal man had fallen. 'And when he came to himself'—what does it mean? Well, look at home. What do we do when our money is gone; when we have no credit; when our local banks will not cash a five-hundred-dollar note for us with the endorsement of a multi-millionaire; when all our 'friends' give us the cold shoulder? What do we turn to? The pawn shop, of course. Our Uncle

Dudley yet is kind. So was it with the Prodigal Son. First, no doubt, he spouted his watch and chain. This would keep him living a month. Then his coat would go, and he might feast a week on that. Then his vest—two days more. Lastly, his shirt would follow—and that wouldn't sustain him long. Then, ah then, my brethren, 'He Came to Himself.' He couldn't pawn *himself*, so he said, 'I've been feeding hogs long enough, I will arise and go,'—and home he went to his father!"

Now a few words as to the other man who divides with Dr. Rainsford the interest of strangers. J. Pierpont Morgan was sixty-six years of age on April 17. According to a horoscope made as recently as 1892 he "was born under a lucky star." His great successes have been achieved since his sixtieth birthday, which should be some encouragement to many half-century failures. In personal appearance Mr. Morgan looks about fifty-five. He is a good big man physically, brisk in his movements, and brusque in his manner of speech. His face is of the Jewish business type with prominent nose and staring eyes; his hair gray and white, closely cropped, and showing rather thin at the crown. When he took up the church collection he was the first to deliver his plate, not waiting as the other deacons did to march to the altar in pairs. Any one could recognize him from the newspaper portraits so plentiful in the last ten years. His style of dress, his eye-glasses, his bristling moustache, his swelling front—everything was complete but the inevitable cigar which, of course, he had to forego in the church. Really he was a sight worth seeing, as he is the only man we have who deals on the billion-dollar scale. A business affair involving ten millions he considers "a small matter." When I saw him he was probably at the apex of his career, yet far behind the speculative success reached by the Scotchman Law, of "Mississippi

Bubble'' fame. Morgan had announced that he was to sail for Europe on the following Wednesday, but his programme was suddenly changed—by the sickness of one of his partners, his firm explained, but later on the public believed the adverse decision on the Northern Securities case had more to do with his remaining in Wall street. Since then I have seen it reported that many of Morgan's former followers, associates and parasites have deserted him, believing that the tide of fortune has at last turned against him.* But that is the way of the world, and who has not experienced it on a big or little scale? "Fair-weather friends" are proverbial. When storms or adversities

* I suppose it is rank financial heresy if not business blasphemy for a mere onlooker to make any comment on Morganizing methods, but I feel tempted nevertheless to say a few words in regard to his widely heralded Steel transaction. To my mind his Trust can only succeed by keeping steel prices at abnormally high figures. This is the whole thing in a nutshell. If the prices received in 1902 had been the same as the prices received in 1897-98 the Steel Trust would have had to face a loss of over \$22,000,000, because the 1902 advance in price of steel products of the United States Steel Corporation over the 1897-98 figures, according to the published reports, has been no less than \$140,127,619. The Carnegie Steel Company and presumably other well managed steel companies made plenty of money in 1897-98 when prices were 33 per cent. less than the prices of 1902. But the huge capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation has a much bigger appetite than that of the individual companies it absorbed, and on the basis of its production steel consumers actually paid in all \$232,000,000 more for their steel than they would have paid for the same products at the 1897-98 prices. Can this continue? Such enormous profits on steel will certainly tempt other companies into the field if legislators cannot be persuaded to reduce the tariff on the products of foreign steel manufacturers, which is also not impossible; and it is thus only a question of time and perhaps a very short time, when Morgan's prize corporation will be declaring Irish dividends instead of drawing even a modest 6 per cent. Be not awed but be audacious! If you look for fame or gold learn that fear invites misfortune; luck abides but with the bold!! How long will consumers of steel pay such enormous sums to maintain what Emperor William of Germany called "the audacity of Pierpont Morgan"? He who lives longest will see maist ferlies.

come such creatures are the first to flee—or keep away in case any little service might be needed. The compensation is that they are found out, and no one should regret the exposure, but on the contrary be glad to say: “Good riddance to bad rubbish.” Happy is the man who makes his discoveries while yet young! Artist Whistler once wrote a book-dedication that had the concentrated wisdom of volumes: “To the rare few who early in Life have rid Themselves of the Friendship of the Many.”

Not one but several of Morgan’s big deals have resulted in piling up mountains of “undigested securities,” and as this is written (September, 1903) the sum that now clogs Wall street’s stomach has swelled from six hundred and sixty-five millions in April last, to considerably over one thousand million dollars; while, on the other hand, speculative values have depreciated and dwindled and shrunk to such an alarming degree as to produce another “rich man’s panic.”

The bears in the end made a raid on the fold
And the bulls who believed that their winnings were gold
Were changed into sheep to be properly fleeced;
Some lambs so be-splintered as ne’er to be pieced;
And nothing but paper and water and wind
Kept many from being effectively *skinned*.
O, the Morgan who lived in the days of old
As we read in the books was a *Corsair* bold,
And the man now in finance the most to fear
Is the Pilot who cruises—“to Morganeer!”

ODDS AND ENDS OF EDINBURGH

Dunedin! Fitting is it still
That those who keep the Royal Hill
That guards old Scotland's heart
Should yet command the world's respect
For Culture and for Intellect,
For Science and for Art!

“Edina! Scotia's darling seat” rejoices in many pet names, from the stately “modern Athens” to the kindly, couthie, colloquial “Auld Reekie.” The best pens in the world have been employed to do it justice, but where a writer with the ability, the affection and the knowledge of Sir Walter Scott made a failure of it (according to John Ruskin) simpler scribes may well give up the attempt as hopeless.*

Sir David Wilkie said one had to make a tour of the whole of Europe to find what was collected around Edinburgh's castled rock. The natural beauties of the place are certainly rare for such a large and such an ancient city. In the matter of scenery nothing can surpass hills for picturesqueness, and the royal Edwin who first staged this burgh must have had an eye for the properties to give his fort and village so fair a setting. Its proximity to the sea, “and all that is therein,” insures Scotland's capital with its lofty landmarks, and their decorated sides and crests, a double de-

* *We do not, however, agree with Ruskin by any means in this matter or in lots of others.* Many of his criticisms are nothing more than peevish outbursts of bad temper, a straining after insignificant gnats where on other similar occasions he would gulp down camels and never thraw his mou'. Then again, he was often misled by a desire to show his own superiority; and, on the whole, while we are grateful that he left us some of the finest writing in the English language, we do not hesitate to protest against his frequent unfairness and unreasonable quibbling too often displayed. And what for no? “A penny cat can look at the King.”

gree of splendor that culminates almost in the sublime, and with that adjective I am content to leave it, so far as relates to its looks.

Volumes have been written on a single street of Edinburgh, and libraries could be filled with the history and literature of the town. I shall only take up a few items that I specially noted for various reasons.

In the Old Calton Burying Ground is a monument to the Scotch-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War—an idea that owed its origin to Hon. Wallace Bruce when consul at Edinburgh. The memorial is especially notable as it is crowned with the first statue of Abraham Lincoln erected outside of America. It was to this burying ground that R. L. Stevenson said he went “to be unhappy,” but a housemaid at one of the hotels opposite soon made the quick triumph over the dead. David Hume is buried in a big circular tomb at Lincoln’s back, and the same ground contains the dust of Constable, Walter Scott’s publisher, and Willie Nicoll, who was a chum of Burns and figures in “Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut.”

Edinburgh is full of Burns memories, and is proud to show every place associated with him or his friends in any way. I visited all his principal haunts, but was most interested perhaps in looking at the grave of Robert Fergusson with the stone erected to his memory by Burns, as a tribute from a “rhymin’ brither.” Of course I had to see the houses where he stopped, the closes and pends, etc., that we know he frequented—such as Stevenlaw’s close where Allan Masterton lived—the third blythe lad of “We’re nae that fou’”—and the Masonic Lodge Burns attended in the Canongate. I also thought of him and Fergusson when I peeped in at Libberton’s Wynd, where Johnnie Dowie’s Tavern was, and when I passed the site of Allan Ramsay’s house and saw the tablet to the Edinburgh poet’s mem-



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by Geo E. Bissell, Sculptor.

Erected through subscription of 63 Americans of which J. Watts de Peyster was one. Erected and unveiled 20th August, 1893 in Edinburgh, Scotland

ory in Greyfriar's churchyard. I lingered long before the Burns portraits, statues and manuscripts, and it took no vivid imagination to see the Ayrshire Bard himself daundering around the streets and looking in at the booksellers' windows as he told us he did for some days after his first arrival in the city.

The castle culminates in the citadel which is on the highest part of the rock. The big "Mons Meg" Cannon is one of the sights worth noting on The King's Bastion. This piece of ordnance was the work of a Galloway smith—"Brawny Kim" of Mollance or Mons, and was forged in 1476. Many tragic and droll stories are clustered around its capacious bore. St. Margaret's Chapel in the rear of Mons Meg is the oldest building in Edinburgh and the smallest church in Britain. It is of Norman architecture and was erected by the pious Queen of Malcolm Canmore. It is now used as an Episcopalian Baptistry for soldiers' children. Queen Mary's Room should not be overlooked by any visitor. The ceiling that saw the birth of James VI. and I. is still in place. The Old Parliament Hall that has witnessed many a rare banquet and stormy meeting is now a sort of museum. The Crown Room and Dungeons are among the great sights. Out on the Esplanade it will repay any one to see the kilted soldiers going through their drill, and an extra treat is guaranteed if they are on the march, preceded by their regimental band playing a lively air.* The Lawnmarket is full of memories

* Every kind and style of music is mine—for all I love—from hurdy-gurdy to grand orchestra, and from a simple melody to an elaborate opera. It has been my good fortune to have feasted on the finest bands of the world; I have listened to Paderewski on the piano, Liberati on the trumpet, Pryor on the trombone, Levy on the cornet, Patti at her best, and every other artist worth hearing in the last score of years; and whether it was an organization like "The Kilties," Willie MacLennan or Bob Ireland on the pipes, Scott-Skinner on the violin, Madame Annie Grey with harp and voice, Durward Lely and W. Kiniburgh with voice alone, or hundreds of other artists (including my own

of such celebrities as Cromwell, Prince Charlie, David Hume, Boswell, Johnson, the Gladstones, Steele and Deacon Brodie.

Sir Walter Scott's House is at 39 Castle street. Lockhart describes it well. The great novelist was satisfied with a very modest literary den. If he loaned a book to a friend its place in Scott's library was filled with a wooden strip giving the particulars. He considered 9,000 words (about four newspaper columns) a good day's work. The mere writing of this took eight solid hours, allowing no time for the changes of composition. In his declining years he employed secretaries, but they were not shorthand writers. Big as his output was, how much more he might have given us had he utilized the services of competent stenographers, and reserved his strength for dictation and the revising of typewritten copy! Edinburgh is above everything else Sir Walter Scott's town, and it is therefore fitting that it should contain in his monument the finest memorial ever erected to a literary man. Poor Ruskin saw little in it but a Gothic steeple set on the ground: we are grateful our taste is not so nice, and that it seemed grander in reality than it had ever looked on paper. The Princes St. Gardens where Scott loved to stroll after his day's stint was finished are now much more

wife, at home, singing and at the piano) in every department—even to the rendering of "Psalms and spiritual songs," the Scotch performers lead the lot—"the heather dings them a'!"

In the mere matter of drum-playing the Highland drummers make all others seem little better than rattlers of Indian tom-toms. To see and hear—say half a dozen pipers—in kilts and plaids and plumes—with colors bright and buckles glancing, marching together to a lively tune—"Cock o' the North" or "The Campbells are Coming"—accompanied by an artistic, overhand, "Seaforth-style" manipulator of the drum-sticks—with rhythmic sweep and fancy flourish—his mantle a Royal Bengal tiger's skin—is to hear and see the very personification of dignified, inspiring martial music; the band that sends the "thin red line" to Balaclavan triumphs, and scales an Alma or a Dargai Height with "Do or die!"

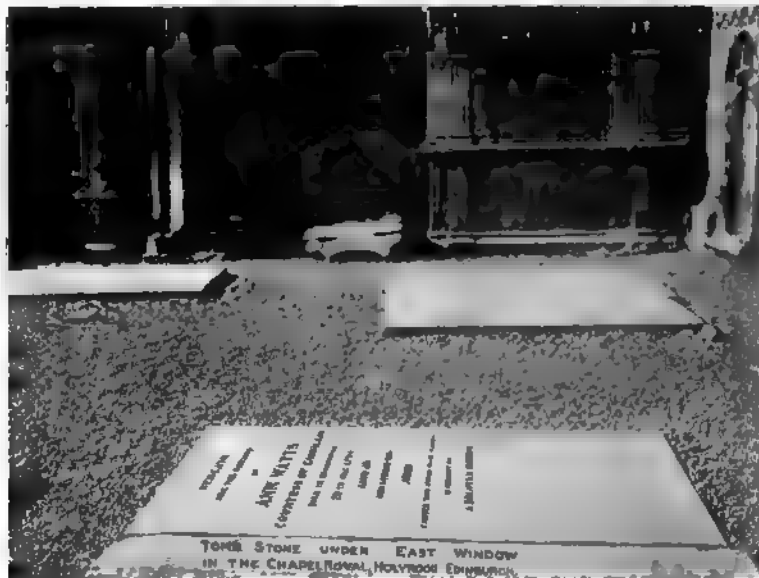
beautiful than they were in his day, and contain many fine statues to local and national celebrities. De Quincey's remains lie in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard. He lodged for many years in Lothian Road. Christopher North's house at 29 Ann street also saw much of "The Opium Eater" where he used to sleep off the effects of his beloved drug lying on a rug before Wilson's fire. "General" Symington, of Binkley's, remembers De Quincey well, having as a boy carried his mail, and has some amusing tales to tell of the domestic and social life of the brilliant essayist.

St. Giles' Cathedral is a noble building with a great history. Thanks to the generosity and patriotism of William Chambers the interior of this church was restored in 1883-88. We cannot think of it without thinking of Jenny Geddes and her "cutty stool." When the dean of her time tried to introduce the new Episcopal service (ordered by the King), and had got so far as to say he would read the "Collect" for the day:—"Colic?" said she, "Deil colic the wyme o' ye!" and picking up her small camp-stool she let it fly at the scared prelate's head for "daurin' to say mass at her lug." I attended services at St. Giles's, and had something of the same feeling as the disgusted old dame when I saw a whipper-snapper of an assistant, with neither reverence, judgment, nor taste, rattle off a prayer from a book, all the time pretending he was making an extemporaneous appeal to the Throne of Grace. The bump of piety is not so highly developed in me as it is in some good men I know, but I felt the grand old Kirk was being sadly desecrated by such mummary and I say this now regardless of whether or not it is fashionable to be ritualistic. Anywhere, it seems to me, but there, with its memories of Knox, and the Covenanters! I noticed a fine stained glass window in the Cathedral, the gift of a Law of Edinburgh, just

as the finest window in Shakespeare's church at Stratford was donated by a Law of Lancaster (England). There is a seat in St. Giles for the King's use that looks like a second pulpit. He is a Presbyterian when in Scotland and an Episcopalian when in England, in matters ecclesiastical believing it is advisable when in Rome to do as the Romans do. The Scotch battle flags that hang from the ceiling of St. Giles and the brass tablets on the walls in memory of Scottish soldiers killed on the field make one hope the day is not far distant when Christian nations will "hang their trumpets in the hall and study war no more."

At Free St. George's I heard a sermon by the Rev. Hugh Black (author of "Friendship," etc)., but was less impressed by him than by the glowing coal-fire that graced the entrance to his church and seemed to give a warm welcome to all comers.

Another day I found myself at the office of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* and had an interesting chat with the present head and representative of the noble family that has done so much for Scotland—Charles Edward Stuart Chambers. This was a particular pleasure to me for many reasons. With millions of my countrymen I had come to consider "Chambers" as more than a household word—a member of the family indeed—and often in evidence, whether in the form of cyclopedias, dictionaries, magazines or entertaining miscellanies in prose and verse. The Chambers publications are all good. In the difficult field of books of reference, with one or two exceptions their works are my preference. Their *Journal* still holds its own like a sack of golden grain amid bags of trifling magazine chaff that Time, the great winnower, will soon blow out of existence, as it has disposed of many similar contemporaries since "Cham'ers" was founded. The Chambers Burns is second to none of all the myriad editions of Scotland's



Grave of Ann Watts, Countess of Cassilis, in the Chapel Royal. Born in the Province of New York, 20th Sep., 1744, Died in Edinburgh, Scotland, 29th Dec., 1794.
The graves of the Stewart Kings are to the right as the observer looks toward the East or Chancel window.

favorite poet—in facts, arrangement, and in spirit. Any one who must select a single edition, up to date, can make no mistake in deciding on Wallace's Chambers' Burns. With it, with their recent clear-print Handy Dictionary, their latest edition Edinburgh Cyclopædia, and their new Cyclopedia of English Literature a Scotsman has a university always on tap at his elbow, and if the volumes are used as they should be they will ultimately place the student on *tap* too. I was glad also, at Chambers' office, to meet Mr. Cochrane of the editorial staff, and have a crack with him on congenial topics.

Knowing that the Laws hailed from Mid-Lothian, *via* Fife, I kept my weather eye open for any signs of the name in Auld Reekie. I knew James Law was one of the important men of *The Scotsman* which comes nearer being a national institution than any other newspaper in Scotland. The new *Scotsman* Building, when entirely completed and equipped, will take a back seat with none exclusively devoted to journalistic enterprise, but on my visit everything was going on and out from the old headquarters. Mr. Law I found to be from Ayrshire, and I am glad of this opportunity to testify to his kindness in helping me on different local matters. The Laws of Coffee fame I was not fortunate in meeting. I noticed on old maps of Edinburgh a place marked "Jamielaw" that no doubt took its name from the original owner. But richest of all my experiences in this line I went into a saloon or small inn called "The Hole in the Wa'" to see if it differed from other places of the kind, and to find out *why* it was so styled, when to my astonishment and amusement the proprietor turned out to be a "James Law."

Among the leading libraries I visited were The University, the "Advocates" and The Edinburgh Free Library. The latter is under the management of Mr.

Hew Morrison, who put himself considerably about to help me in my researches, and greatly added to my information and entertainment. He is collecting a Department of Scotch Poetry that will be a worthy rival to the Mitchell Library "Corner" in Glasgow. The Edinburgh Free Library seemed finely equipped except that it wanted an elevator. It is no fun to climb up and down long flights of stairs, and while occasional spry visitors like myself make no complaint, I can fancy it is a heavy tax on the time and the energies of the librarian whose duties I noticed often called him above and below. Mr. Carnegie was the donor of this library building, or at least made it possible by a gift of \$250,000 in 1890. The University Library when I called was in charge of Alexander Anderson the poet. It has some great Scottish treasures, but I was for once more interested in man than books, and the pleasure of looking through the shelves was postponed to another visit which has not yet been paid. The Advocates' Library contains about 330,000 volumes, 2,000 manuscripts and a large collection of literary treasures. I had here some very old maps through my hands, the original drawings of many centuries ago, and I saw enough to believe that in many respects this is the greatest library in Scotland.

Edinburgh has been described as "a West-Endy East-Windy" town, and I verified both appellations in my wanderings. I took a prow through some parts of it after midnight and saw sights that probably lifelong residents would not believe possible. Under the protection of the police, passed from one "Bobby" to another, I was in no danger, but I observed enough never to make me wish to try it alone, or even to repeat the experiment for idle curiosity.

The tram-cars run in all directions, and by means of them I saw the most of the town. The Pentland

Hills, the Braid Hill and the Golf Course recalled Allan Ramsay, for in his day the three attractions figured largely in Edinburgh—as now. Arthur's Seat and St. Anton's Well gave new meaning to the old ballad "O, had I wist before I kisst." The "Pier o' Leith" reminded me of Burns' charming song, the first verse of which he "conveyed" from Lesley of Deveronside's lilt in honor of Helen Christie, written 1636.

"Ye'll bring me here a pint o' wine
A server and a silver tassie
That I may drink afore I gang
A health to my ain bonnie lassie."

Lesley's other words are not worth quoting, and how beautifully the whole song was improved! Surely this is the kind of stealing that is not only no sin, but highly to be commended? "The Heart of Midlothian" is marked on the pavement near St. Giles' Cathedral. "As I cam' doon the Canongate"—what history and romance and poetry is bound up with that name!—but I cannot linger now. How lucky I was in knowing Madame Annie Grey, the Scottish Prima Donna! With her husband, Mr. Wade, and her charming mother the famous Cantatrice occupies a beautiful home on Princes street, and I found my way there more than once. One evening we had a rare concert when I was treated to many of my favorite songs and airs. It sent me back to the delightful entertainment Madame Grey gave us in Lancaster, Pa., some years ago, and the still finer programme she favored me with at the Stevens House on the following day. To hear her in "Ay Waukin, O," with her mother at the piano, or in "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," with her own harp accompaniment, is to get the best that Scotland can produce at this time. Is it any marvel that Queen Victoria specially honored the fair songstress by kindly compliment and substantial tokens of her admiration?

Did you ever hear of a "Singing Minister"? This title justly and exclusively belongs to the Rev. James Robertson of the Haymarket Church, Edinburgh. Being a Scotchman his specialty is Scotch song, but he does not confine himself to that. He won his sobriquet by the singing of sacred solos in the pulpit—by and by consenting to include a classical Scotch song at the social gatherings of his congregation, following this up with lectures on "How to sing" and kindred topics, including illustrative examples furnished by himself. He was a professional teacher of music before entering the ministry so that he has technical knowledge as well as natural gifts. He is now much in demand, as may be imagined, and having heard him several times I was greatly pleased with him. This spring he took a flying trip through the States and Canada, and was persuaded to give lectures to several audiences with much approbation. I shall never forget the fine effect of a visit I paid in his company to an old lady nursing a broken leg. She was bemoaning her luck a little when quietly, without any warning, Mr. Robertson commenced to sing "Count Your Blessings." It was so timely and so appropriate, and seemed so fresh and soothing compared to the ordinary hackneyed prayer that I wish it were more common. I was not surprised to learn after that he was often invited back to sing again. It gave me a new idea of "the ministry of song."

Mr. Nelson, after we had a look through his Art Galleries, took me to his home and showed me more fine violins in one room than I had ever seen before. I am afraid to say how many were Cremonas, but as the owner is a member of Edinburgh's Millionaire String Quartette it may be believed that he can have the best obtainable where his tastes incline. He has one of the finest musical libraries to be seen anywhere. When I first met Mr. Nelson he was decorating a fine picture

with a gold border,—“gilding refined gold” it seemed to me; and reading my thoughts, I fancy, he explained that a friend of his had admired a copy of the picture in his home. He concluded to present his friend with a duplicate, and make it better than his own picture to prevent any possibility of envy! Was not that a clever way to enhance the pleasure of the donor as well as of the donee?

The Museum of all others that most took my fancy was the fine building and collections originally owned by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, but handed over by them to the Scottish nation. In ancient archæological and historical memorials of Scotland it is without an equal, and is constantly being augmented and enriched in every department. Not a district but has sent its quota of prehistoric treasures, and what a variety may be seen! Implements of the rough stone and smooth stone age; flint arrow-heads; axes, hammers, querns, coffins and urns. Coming to later times, bronze implements and ornaments; trinkets of gold, silver, amber, jet and glass; pottery, altars and inscribed tablets of Roman days; arms and armor; bells, crucifixes, reliquaries; musical instruments, watches, clocks, seals, stamps, charms, amulets, coins, medals, tobacco pipes, snuff-boxes are to be seen in bewildering profusion. The gruesome relics of punishment and torture spoke volumes. Here were to be seen “The Maiden” that chopped off the heads of Regent Morton, Sir John Gordon of Haddo, the Marquess of Argyll and The Earl of Argyll; “The Stocks” from Old Canon-gate Tolbooth; a *brass collar* inscribed “Alexr. Stewart, found guilty of death for theft at Perth the 5th of December, 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars as a perpetual servant to Sir John Areskin of Alva”; handcuffs, “gauds,” girdles, fetterlocks, repentance stool, sackcloth gown, joughs, thumb-screws, gags, manacles,

mantraps, flagella of iron wire, belts of penance, "life preservers" (*ironical* indeed) and spiked collars of varied designs. Among articles of dress and ornament were Queen Mary's gloves, ribbons that had belonged to Prince Charlie, brooches that were unquestionably worn by Viking beauties,* Celtic collars that Druid priests had owned, Roman armlets of gold and silver that may have seen the Emperor Claudius, and bone combs that decorated the coarse hair of aboriginal Scottish belles. The Department of manuscripts, etc., showed good specimens of Scottish royalty, men of letters, and historical characters. A curious original poster was "The Declaration of a poore, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of the suffering, Anti-Popish, Anti-Prelatick, Anti-Erastian, Anti-Sectarian true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland," etc. The letters of Paul Jones, Burns, Scott, Hogg, Hume, Wilkie and David Livingstone are worth examining carefully. In fact the whole repository should not be missed by any one who visits Edinburgh. It is the finest collection of Scottish odds and ends extant.

A word must be given to Holyrood Palace which is in point of popular interest second only to the castle. The palace is on the site of King David's Abbey—the Chapel of the Holy Rood erected by him in gratitude for some fancied, miraculous deliverance. The first palace was erected in the time of James IV. It has been partially destroyed frequently, but through all its vicissitudes has some time or other been occupied by the reigning sovereign. Queen Victoria lodged in it more than once, and only the other day King Edward and his consort held court at ancient Holyrood. Every

* Mr. Wm. Dey, of Lumsden, very kindly presented me with two silver Viking plaid pins, ornamented with cairngorms. They were not original brooches, but fine duplicates, and their value enhanced to me because made in Lumsden from true patterns, under the supervision of the late James Smith, watchmaker and jeweler.



ANNE, oldest daughter of John Watts, Sr and Anne de Lancey, Countess of Cassilis:
from portrait in Colzean Castle, Scotland.
Born 20th September 1744 in New York **Died** 29th December 1793, in Scotland
Buried in Holy Rood Abbey, Edinburgh, Scotland.

visitor knows about the Rizzio tragedy, and whatever else is seen no one leaves without looking up Queen Mary's apartments, including the spot still marked by the heart's blood of the poor murdered Italian.

In the Chapel Royal, near the graves of the Stuart Kings, is the tomb of Ann Watts, Countess of Cassilis. This is a most distinguished honor to an American lady. She was the daughter of Hon. John Watts I. of New York, and was born there on September 20, 1744. Mr. Watts lived at No. 3 Broadway, New York City, and next door to him resided Archibald Kennedy, who was then a captain in the British Navy, with a distinguished record. He became eleventh Earl of Cassilis. The Kennedys still retain the title and the head of the family is now a Marquess (of Ailsa) with seats at Cassilis House and Culzean Castle. General John Watts de Peyster of New York City, is the oldest living American relative, and the head of the United States branch of the family.

THE HOMES OF JOHN KNOX AND JOHN WESLEY.

Two great Reformers in their day,
Raised up, it seemed, by special grace;
Yet only made of common clay,
Like all the sons of Adam's race.

John Knox's house projects so prominently into the Hight Street of Edinburgh that even a stranger could not miss it. Fairly emblematic is it of the good man himself, who loomed up big in Scotland's history and made a strong impression on his contemporaries in the three departments of church, state and education. But just as there are people who doubt Knox's usefulness so are there those to be found who deny that the great reformer ever lived in the picturesque looking structure that unvarying tradition has assigned as "Knox's House." The same doubts exist as to Shakespeare's birthplace. When I was in Scotland I came across a learned article that almost ridicules the Henley street claim out of court, and I must say makes a strong assault on the pretensions of its former owners. These shrines occupy a position in space similar to many of our heroes in time. They embody the feeling, the atmosphere, and the surroundings of the period, and also, like some of the pleasant myths in our ballad literature, for instance, may be accepted as true in spirit if not in letter; in structural harmony and even technical detail, if not the actualities themselves.

The John Knox house is undoubtedly one of the oldest structures in Edinburgh, and goes back at least as far as the sixteenth century. In 1525 it was owned by a John Arres, whose daughter Mariot was married to James Mossman, a goldsmith. A tablet may be seen

on the west wall of the house with the letters I. M. and M. A. and the Mossman arms. To-day the Mossmans follow the same business in Edinburgh, and I believe there are other instances of families there that retain trades handed down for several centuries from father to son.

The antique gabled architecture of Knox's house with its heraldic decorations and inscriptions fit in well with its traditionary history; and the rooms as now shown to the public bring us very near to the great reformer. The ground floor is occupied by Mr. Hay, a leading dealer in books and antiquities. The first floor is reached by an outside stair, and the "audience chamber" should be first examined. The window of it has been called "The Preaching Window" on the supposition that Knox used it occasionally as his pulpit. The room is well stocked with editions of Knox's works, pictures of places associated with him, including fac-similes of letters and other documents in his handwriting. There are also Knox sayings painted on the walls, such as:

"I am in the place where I am demanded of my conscience to speak the truth. Therefore the truth I speak, impugn it whoso list." In the passage leading to the back room are specimens of the coins in use in Scotland in Knox's time. The back room itself also contains more pictures, portraits and fac-similes, with Carlyle's tribute to Knox. The front room is well filled with pictures and books—the three rooms on this floor containing a fine collection of portraits of prominent people of all countries in any way connected with Knox.

On the second floor we find Knox's bedroom, dining room and study. Some pictures are to be seen painted on the woodwork after the fashion of the time. The little study has a fireplace lined with old Dutch tiles, and a cupboard or book-case recess. In the Antiquarian

Museum Knox's pulpit is shown—that is, the one “said to have been used by him.” His grave is marked by a small flat stone on the pavement to the south of St. Giles Church with the simple inscription “I.K., 1572,” in brass.

Miss Stocks, the custodian of the John Knox house until her death early this year, showed me around the place in an intelligent style, and with a good deal of the “protesting” spirit. She did not hesitate to express her opinion on the “characters” we discussed. While I am vexed at lots of things that seem to be true about Mary Queen of Scots I am not yet ready to desert her, or believe she was the very wicked woman that some historians have pictured. Miss Stocks viewed Queen Mary “with suspicion,” and at least set me to re-reading the history of the times.

John Knox was born near Haddington in 1505. His mother's name was Sinclair, and in times of peril he went under the name of “John Sinclair.” He attended the University of Glasgow, and was a Roman Catholic Priest until, at the age of forty, when he became an adherent of the Reformed Faith, attaching himself to George Wishart, who suffered martyrdom in 1546. In 1547 Knox was made a prisoner by the French at the siege of St. Andrew's Castle, and *for nineteen months was a galley slave, chained to the oar* with other Scotch Protestants, in the *Notre Dame* galley! He was then in his forty-third year, with all his great, telling work before him. Edward VI. of England interceded for him and secured his release. Knox preached at various places in England and Scotland, but on account of Catholic persecution had to flee to the continent in 1554. There he became intimate with Beza and Calvin. In 1555 he was back in Scotland. He married Marjorie Bowes in 1556—thus taking his first wife when he was fifty-one years of age and at least a dozen years

after he left the Church of Rome. He see-sawed between Scotland and Geneva for the next three years and in Edinburgh was burned *in effigy* as a heretic, 1557. In 1559 he was elected minister of Edinburgh and finally settled there in 1560. He helped the Scottish Parliament to abolish the jurisdiction of the Pope in Scotland; had his famous interviews with Queen Mary, and was tried for high treason and acquitted in spite of the Queen's angry protest. His first wife died in 1560 and he married, at the age of fifty-nine, a young lass of seventeen. In 1567 he preached at the opening of Parliament and had the satisfaction of hearing the Reformed Church declared to be the only church of the realm. He was stricken with apoplexy in 1570, preached for the last time in St. Giles at the induction of his successor (James Lawson, of Aberdeen), and died November 24, 1572, at the age of sixty-seven.

John Knox, as much perhaps as any single man, made Scotland great. He was a republican as well as a free-thinker; or better perhaps say—a reformer in matters of state as well as in matters of religion; and above all else he believed in Education. The divine right of kings gave him little concern, and his boldness in dealing with Queen Mary and her courtiers was as refreshing as it was beneficial to his country. His active, eventful career was well supplemented by a powerful pen. Among the curious things of his life we note that he enjoyed his glass of wine, that he called his wife his “left hand”—(the wife Calvin spoke of as “sweetest spouse”); he complimented Queen Mary for her “pleasing face,” and she presented him with a watch at his second marriage. He brought home his bride riding—“with a great court on a trim gelding with his bands of taffetie fastened with golden rings and precious stones”; his pulpit style was vigorous—“he dung the Bible into blauds”; and he was called by some of the

Jesuitical brothers “a crafty little fox.” John Knox’s best epitaph was pronounced by the Earl of Morton—
“Here he lies who never feared the face of man.”

John Wesley’s house is on City Road, London, opposite Bunhill Burying Ground. It put me very much in mind of John Knox’s house, although Wesley’s house is a modern building in comparison. Wesley relics are everywhere—books, portraits, letters, medallions, etc. Wesley’s desk is shown *with a secret drawer* that somehow suggested his tartar of a wife. Wesley’s married career was a nightmare. He had trifled with the affections of many good women and in the end was caught by a lady that paid him back with compound interest. She did not even hesitate to lay violent hands on him, and authentic accounts are in existence describing the venerable founder of the Methodist Church cowering on the floor with Mrs. Wesley ramping over him brandishing handfuls of the white hair she had plucked from her helpmate’s head. Wesley must have felt he deserved it or otherwise he was as insane as she was, not to have had her confined in a madhouse. There was no evidence of John Knox Bordeaux wine in the Wesley House, but a colossal teapot that had belonged to the Wesleys proved their fondness for the cheering beverage. It was a white china pot with blue decorations. On one side was marked:

“Be present at our Table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere ador’d;
These creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.”

On the reverse:

“We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food
But more because of Jesu’s blood:
Let manna to our souls be given
The bread of Life sent down from Heaven.”

Innumerable little books and "keepsakes" that Wesley had presented to different women were collected and displayed around, and if Mrs. Wesley had ever seen as many trophies at one time, instead of a few locks of hair I believe her spouse's whole head would have been sacrificed. Wesley's study or praying-closet was a small chamber, with hardly room for a table.

John Wesley was born two hundred years ago, and after wandering about in two hemispheres settled in London. His chapel—also worth visiting—is next door to his house and his grave is behind the chapel. He was a Church of England man, took up for a time with the Moravians, and after saying the Methodists should never leave the Church of England left it to become the leader of his own Wesleyan movement. He wrote lots of hymns, including some good ones, and his prose writings are a library in themselves. His "Journal" deserves to be better known than it is. Once he published a dictionary of only one hundred pages in the preface of which he says "Many are the mistakes in all others, whereas I can truly say I know of none in this." It is about the poorest of his literary efforts. His life is so full of inconsistencies and contradictions, with occasional lapses from good conduct, the most charitable view to take of him is that he was as mad as the bulk of our great geniuses. But don't ordinary people suffer from the same affliction? I am inclined to think with the poet:

"We're a' some crackit, fore or aft;
Some temper'd hard—some temper'd saft;
Some wrang in woof and some in waft;
In some degree
Somewhere, on some occasion, daft
Baith big and wee!"

GO AHEAD GLASGOW.

It's Bailie Nicol Jarvie's toun
And still his wraith, they say, is seen
As big as life stravaigin roun'
The classic haunts by Glasgow Green.

Unless gifted with prophetic vision neither St. Mungo nor Kentigern ever dreamed of the great city of Glasgow that has grown up on the site of their little village of "Cleschu," established about 550 A. D., on the Molendinar Burn. Greater Glasgow now has a population of over a million, making it the second city of the Empire, and for push and hustle strikes a traveller as being far ahead even of London. No American can be long in Great Britain without deciding that Glasgow is the town that most of all resembles his own cities, and Americans who keep posted in the world's work, even if they have not crossed the sea, know that the best governed municipality anywhere is this same Glasgow. Here, then, are two ideals united that are scarce enough to be called rare—good individual progress and honest with able civic government. No wonder Glasgow flourishes and forges ahead with leaps and bounds! We have the one valuable quality in the States, but the other we have not yet insisted on, so that our advance in the face of such a handicap as a refractory, vicious, "balky" running mate is most encouraging, as it shows what we really could do were we to have a harmonious team at our municipal chariots.

The air of Glasgow must have a special tonic property, as for centuries the citizens have been particularly noted for their indomitable perseverance. When one commercial door closed they forced open another, scrupling not even, as in the case of the Clyde, to overturn the

designs of Providence, to gain their ends. The bringing of their city water from far-off Loch Katrine was another stupendous feat. Often a small circumstance will bring a big thing vividly before us, and I have several times thought of the Glasgow wooing of the "Lady of the Lake" when I took a drink of Loch Katrine water in New York City, from the tank of a Glasgow steamer.

The Clyde is certainly one of the great traffic highways of the world and its ships sail on every sea, able to hold their own with the best of any nation. Yards and factories fringe the banks of the river for miles, every establishment seeming to be on a gigantic scale. The big Atlantic steamers can go and come as far as Glasgow only when the tide says so, but impatient travellers can embark or disembark at Greenock, and do the balance of their journeying by train at any time.

St. George's Square is a sort of civic Hall of Fame, statues being there erected to Scott, Burns, Watt, Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde, Thomas Campbell, Gladstone, Dr. Livingstone, Sir Robert Peel, Thomas Graham, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. In other places in Glasgow are monuments to Nelson, Wellington, John Knox, Motherwell, and some more men of purely local fame. The Glasgow Cathedral has a figure of Archbishop Law.

Glasgow is well provided with libraries—the Baillie, Stirling and Mitchell Libraries being named after their donors. Mr. Carnegie has also given handsome donations for the expansion and the extension of the free library system. The Mitchell Library deserves special mention. It was founded by a tobacconist, and is particularly rich in purely Scottish literature, its Scottish "Poet's Corner" being without an equal anywhere for completeness and minute classification. Mr. Barrett,

the head librarian, has endeared himself to all students by his knowledge, his enthusiasm and his kindness. Mr. Ingram, his right-hand man, is from Banffshire, and is an authority on all matters Caledonian, having to his credit many valuable books of reference on his favorite studies. Of Mr. Ewing I have written elsewhere. All three gentlemen put themselves about considerably to show me their special treasures, and I wished I could have been around the Mitchell Library a year instead of only having the opportunity to pay it a few visits. There was not a single book I called for that I failed to see, although in more than one instance the library had the only known copy.* Several were unique enough and of such value as to be kept in the fireproof safe. The reading and writing rooms of this library were admirably adapted for their purposes, and I was pleased to observe that nearly every seat was filled whenever I was there. I happened to be in Mr. Barrett's room one day when Convener Fyfe called, and could see that as a Councillor he performed his library duties in no perfunctory manner, but with a due sense of their importance to the city and to the citizens.

The municipal buildings occupy the whole east side of George's Square, and are crowned by a tower that must be about 240 feet in height. The staircases are very fine, and the balustrades and panels of veined

* One of the rarest books of Doric verse, strangely enough, is the work of a Cabrach writer well known to Rhynie and district at one time, viz., Mr. Charles Mitchell, formerly of Bridgend and now of Dufftown. I had asked for it in vain when in the North. Several parties promised to get "copies" for me, but not one materialized. One man even said Charlie himself would write out the whole of it for me if he knew I cared for it!—but I said I expected to see it in Glasgow—and I did in the Mitchell collection. It is poor stuff in one way, yet valuable in another. I may over-estimate "localism" in books, and give undue value to "personalities," but I am so constituted that both qualities (or "accidents" if you will) always appeal to me strongly, and C. M. furnishes many choice examples of both.

marble have a rich effect. The present Lord Provost is Sir John Ure Primrose, Baronet. I had the honor of an informal lunch with him when he was Provost-elect, and saw him again when he was in office. His high title has come to him within the past few months, and gave immense satisfaction to Glasgow, where he is beloved by all classes, as well as honored with the chief office in the gift of the city. Sir John is now "the pride and primrose of his line" and in a fair way to found another lordly family, by and by to rival the Laird of Dalmeny's.

Once in Chicago I met the Glasgow Exhibition Commissioners on tour in the interests of their big show. In the party, that I remember, were Messrs. Crawford, Mason and Simons—all city fathers, and Mr. J. Murray Smith, who controls one of the powerful editorial pens of Glasgow. It was like a breeze from off the heather to me, and Scotland was well represented and strongly to the front in the Auditorium-Annex that particular Sunday. We all fore-gathered again at their club in St. Mungo's, and in such good hands I felt very much at home. It was amusing to me to be put in the position of defending American institutions, but for the sake of my adopted country I believe I was able to let the eagle scream a little without compelling the lion to roar too loudly. In the company of the leading men of the most wide-awake city in the British Isles—Glasgow baillies, nae less—soon to entertain their Sovereign and receive his substantial compliments—ma conscience! it was a prood day for me.*

* It is a hard matter for me to go anywhere without sooner or later meeting a Glasgow City Father. The other day on Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, "The Erin," while I knew that the genial host was a Glasgow Scot—and neither an "English Knight" nor a "native Irishman," as has been so often claimed—I did not expect to meet any of his fellow-citizens on the waters of New York Bay, off Sandy Hook. But behold!

Then out to "Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!"—to see the university and its museums, and exhibits, and meet its principal and librarians. Rev. Dr. Story gave me valuable information about the university and city coat of arms. I spent considerable time in the Hunterian Museum poking about among the coins, and Roman remains. Also remember seeing the steam-engine model that belonged to James Watt, and many other curious and important items.

Glasgow is finely provided with transit facilities from surface electric cars to underground trains. In the Subway, or Underground Road you get your ticket at a wicket, put yourself in the slot, and like a ball are shot, until out you pop once more on top, on another part of the city's chart, and in such a jiffey that unless a "diffy"* you must confess, while your breath you catch, a rare Express is the "Sub Despatch."

The railway stations and the streets and stores seem crowded always. The people are on the go all the time, and only on a Saturday night is any disorder to be seen. Then it is bad enough to make up for six sober days, the most disappointing feature being considerable intoxication among the young. It is a most difficult problem to cope with, and the only way I could see to lessen the evil would be for the city to shut up tight all the saloons and public houses at noon on Saturday; but I suppose such an idea is out of the question. Many who drink to excess would not bother getting stimulants if legal barriers were put in the way. I believe in this as in many other things lots of people would be "good" or "bad" according to their associates and opportunities.

the first man I encountered was Bailie Walter Wilson of the "Collosum," and right worthily did he grace his place and position, and uphold the credit of the premier city of Scotland.

* This word I heard expounded at Skibo Castle by Mr. Carnegie, who said it was in common use about Pittsburg, and was applied to any one more than ordinarily stupid.

This does not argue much backbone, but it shows the known power of environment, and the general human tendency to follow the crowd.*

Glasgow leads all cities I know in the matter of popular amusements. The city has a permanent entertainment bureau in charge of a competent man who does nothing but book talent and arrange programmes for first-class concerts at nominal prices. The best artists of all kinds have appeared in the St. Andrew's Halls, and the audiences are always big.

Other Scotch towns I know have this commendable feature—Aberdeen notably so. Edinburgh leans more to Philosophical lectures. The English "Pops" have been famous for decades, and, thanks to the generosity of Sir John Leng, Dundee has developed much interest in Scottish lyrics, but Glasgow seems to be in a class by itself and especially with its Saturday concerts. It is a civic feature well worth copying in America.

Glasgow also excels in the quantity and quality of her tea-rooms. Everybody there drinks tea and it is surely an excellent substitute for the cup that cheers *and* inebriates. For a few pennies one can have a nice light lunch, daintily served, with a wide range of biscuits, crumpets, cakes, scones, etc., golden butter and delicious, fresh preserves, with tea unsurpassed by the finest brews that ever inspired Cowper or Dr. Johnson. Why, I wonder, is tea so neglected by Americans? The

* Apropos of drinking, and the most common Scottish toast, my little daughter Evelyn (not quite three) just brought me upstairs "a glass of lemonade." After thanking her, in fun I said: "Here's to you!" and she instantly retorted: "But ye're takin' 't to yersel' Papa!" How fair a remark, and as good a criticism as the saying of the traveler in Scotland who observed that "Glenlivet" should really be named "Glen-tak'-it," if a brand with the true meaning were desired! Of course the Scotch "Here's to you" really means "Here is health and happiness and all success to you as I drink." The improved version is: "Here's till us! Wha's like us?" and the response should always be—"Very few."

best to be had at the best hotels is little better than slop, —“dish-water”—and this seems so strange for a nation that can beat the French on coffee, and the world on cocoa and chocolate.*

Just as London has its noted “Bridge,” so Glasgow has its “Broomielaw” famed in song and story, and perhaps representing the high-water mark of traffic on the banks of the Clyde. Here people from all nations meet and pass, bringing the uttermost ends of the earth often together. America seems separated only by a short ferry-ride, and many Glasgowerians think no more of going to the Continent than of taking a trip “doon the watter.”

Among particularly interesting features to me I must say a word about the Glasgow bookshops, new and old. They compare favorably with the best anywhere. The old book stalls are many, and will well repay a leisure hour. If prices seem stiff it is because the goods are uncommon and of high quality. Among publishers Bryce & Co. deserve special mention for their unique library of the smallest books in the world, and their magnificent plates of Highlanders in costume, historically exact and correctly colored.

The roll of Clydeside literateurs is by no means a small one—living as well as gone before. I had the

* I know a Lancaster gentleman, otherwise without an equal as a judge and provider of “the good things of life,” who insists on boiling tea before serving it! But apart from the “masking” of it, I do not believe the best brands of tea touch America, unless in quantities so limited as not to reach the masses. As to cocoa, we have in our city of Lancaster the magnificent Hershey plant—soon to be removed—after the English style of Fry’s and Epp’s—to its own model town near the Old Donegal Church in Dauphin County. Our big caramel factory, also originated by the same genius, sends its products all over the world. In my own little village of Lumsden, Scotland, it was very interesting to me to find out last summer that the “sweeties” my bairns occasionally bought were manufactured on the banks of the Conestoga, thus bringing together again native products and native consumers, after a thousand leagues’ journeying across the sea.

pleasure of meeting many able writers in my short stay, and to show that the extemporaneous muse still haunted the banks of Clutha I was not allowed to leave the city without a poetical greeting. I was also favored with a membership by the Glasgow Ballad Club, an organization devoted to the study, production and publication of lyric poetry, and I value the honor as highly as if I had been complimented with a burgess ticket and given the freedom of the city.

“LET GLASGOW FLOURISH!”

A LOOK AT LESMAHAGOW.*

Old King Coal, the jolly old soul,
How once he made the day go
My Langyardsides and Muttonhole,
And the braes o' Lesmahagow!
But his *cannel* noo burns low and pale,
And green as Tursilago
Are the bonny fields o' Douglasdale
Aroun' by Lesmahagow!

A good friend of mine in Lancaster has been plaguing me so long about seeing a little Scotch village, named Lesmahagow, that to-day I made up my mind to pay the place a visit. It was not the best season of the year to make a trip into the country, but I was glad on this particular morning to get away from the Glasgow fog. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon it was still dark, all the city lamps were lighted, and the shops fairly ablaze in a vain attempt to frighten away the all-enveloping mist. Street cars, wagons and pedestrians moved cautiously, and the trains lost ground everywhere on account of their slackened speed. Occasionally the sun could be seen tumbling among the clouds like a great big orange. Glasgow seemed to be on a sphere by itself, cut off from the rest of the world.

After my train got fairly away from the city line, however, the dark pall lifted, and by the time Lesmahagow† was reached it was both clear and pleasant, although very cold. On the way out to this wonderful village I passed through Blantyre, noted for its old Priory and forever famous as the birthplace of David

* [This was written from Glasgow, December 8, 1902, and addressed to Editor James D. Landis of *The New Era*. For the sake of variety I have reprinted it pretty much as it originally appeared.]

† Smollet in his "Humphrey Clinker," has drawn a Scotch character under the name of "Captain Lismahagow" that is worthy of Cervantes.

Livingstone, Christian missionary and empire builder; quite close to Bothwell Bridge, one of the important battle-fields of Scotland, with "Wallace's Beef-Barrel," and Old and New Douglas Castles in the neighborhood; through Hamilton, the home of one of the best Scottish provincial newspapers,* and also boasting of its Palace, the principal residence of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, with a gorgeous mausoleum on the grounds that alone cost \$650,000, while not far off is Cadzow Castle, of ballad fame, and in the surrounding woods may be seen a herd of Scotland's aboriginal breed of wild cattle; by Tillietudlem Castle, well known to readers of Walter Scott; and near to Kerse, where some of the choicest Burns manuscripts in Scotland are preserved, and where, too, many of the most unique ones were destroyed.

MINER FOLK.

The railway carriage also was not without incident. The district is profusely dotted with coal mines, and the miners and their families were coming and going from station to station. One group particularly interested me—a miner, his wife with a baby in her arms, and a boy five years of age. It was not a smoking carriage, but the youngster led the way puffing at a cigarette almost as long as his face. I asked how old he was, and the mother and father, after some wrangling, decided that "by this time next month all but two days he would be five." Then I said, "Is it customary for children of his age to smoke?" "Oh, ay, if they can get the stumps." "Ye see," said the mother, "they begin by gettin' the pickups i' the street. Wee Johnny has fand that in the gutter." "No, I didna," said the boy, triumphantly producing a package almost intact, "I bocht them." The father put in a word then and ordered the boy to stop, which he reluctantly did,

* "The Hamilton Advertiser."

carefully saving the unused part of his cigarette. After a bit, he asked his mother for a "hair-preen," and then slipping over beside his father, abstracted a clay pipe from his pocket, and commenced to clean it out with the hair-pin preparatory to refilling it with cigarettes. But he was caught in time, and before I could see the next move they had reached their station and passed out into the street. In discussing the matter with others I was told that the mining boys thought it "bairnly" to eat "sweeties," and substituted cigarettes and pipes for candy at a very early age. But this was not at Lesmahagow, only on the way to it.

A BIT OF GOOD FORTUNE.

The first and only bump I got on reaching the end of my ticket was to find that my destination was a mile and a-half from the station. However, a 'bus was in waiting, and for a small charge I was soon whirled to the Royal Hotel, in Abbey Green. Sitting next to me in the conveyance was a most intelligent gentleman, who took special pains in answering all the questions I put in regard to the place, its people, and its history. He turned out to be Mr. Francis Brown, a kinsman of my Lancaster friend, and on learning that I was from Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A., and had only a few hours to give to Lesmahagow, he, most kindly, took me in charge, and did not leave me until he said good-bye at the train. It was a special case of excellent luck, as in all the village there was no better man to show a stranger around, except, perhaps, the noted John H. Tudhope, local antiquarian, book-lover and curio-collector, now, however, over eighty, and confined to his room. Mr. Brown told me his programme for the day called for his going home by a later train, and if some unforeseen influence had not brought him from Glasgow when it did I should have missed much of

interest on my brief visit, a clear case, for once, of something coming to those who did not wait.

Mr. Brown is himself something of "a character." He is in the boot and shoe business, but well able to retire from trade any day he pleases. He says he is not known to any one as "Mr." Brown, but simply "Francie," and told me a good story in proof of this. Prior to a summer vacation he ordered a special cap made for himself at a Glasgow shop, and left his address and "tuppence" to pay for posting the bonnet. Weeks passed and no parcel was received. So one day "Francie" was in town he called at the tailor's and asked why they had failed to send his cap. "Oh," they said, "you only gave us the address 'Francis Brown, Lesmahagow,' and we were afraid to risk it, as the direction was too vague." "Let me tell you," thundered Mr. Brown, "if ye had jist pit on 'Francie, Lesmahagow,' it would hae gotten me a' richt, but I'll tak' it wi' me, and ye can gie me the tippence I left wi' ye for the postage!" "Remember I'm something o' a character oot there!"

ON CONSECRATED GROUND.

Lesmahagow is situated in a hollow, and, with only a population of 1,700, has no less than thirteen roads leading into it. Until recent years the finest gas coal in Scotland came from this locality, and to this day all cannel coal is rated according to the Lesmahagow standard. In summer it must be a pretty place, with its nearby braes and woods and green fields, and the sparkling Nethanburn wimpling through the centre of the vale.* The monks of old never selected poor sites for their settlements, and Lesmahagow was no excep-

* Lockhart has told us in his "Life of Scott," how pleased the great Sir Walter was with the scenery around Lesmahagow, and mentions particularly a drive they took there together during the last illness of the poet.

tion to the rule. The village of Abbey Green, where my Lancaster friend was born, is entirely located on consecrated ground. All beyond it was in "the world," and a place was pointed out on the edge of the village still known as "The World's End." This in itself sounded quite Lancastrian, as some of us at home divide the sheep from the goats very *plainly* in advance of the final Day of Judgment. The old church at Abbey Green was founded by King David I., A. D. 1140, and was one of three places in Scotland known as "Houses of Refuge." When a fugitive reached its sanctuary no harm could overtake him, as no power could dislodge him. In later times the parish became famous for the number of adherents it gave to the Covenanting cause. The diligent and scholarly John B. Dalzell* has compiled a list of no less than two hundred Covenanters who came from this district. Many of the martyrs rest in the parish graveyard, which also has a goodly share of quaint and curious headstones and epitaphs. A big mausoleum is shown that contains three bodies, and after the last was deposited, in accordance with the will of the builder, the door was locked, and the key flung inside the vault "to make sure that the inmates would rest in peace until the judgment day!" One small monument shows in bas-relief a fair representation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, with the devil getting in his fine work near an apple tree. A blacksmith's grave is shown, with the well-known verse:

"My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind," etc.

* Mr. D. has prepared a whole library of books and records relating to his family name, and embracing every Dalzell of note locally or nationally or universally. Such a complete collection as his "Dalzelliana" is not eclipsed by any other name-historian anywhere. To test its practical value I looked up the references to Congressman Dalzell of Pittsburg and found enough matter about him to fill out a good-sized biography—and all brought up to date.

A little headstone reads:

“SHALL WE ALL DIE?
WE SHALL DIE ALL.
ALL DIE SHALL WE.
DIE ALL WE SHALL.”

Peruse it up or down or any way across, the results are the same. It marks the grave of one Thomas Barr.

ONE OF DALZELL'S STORIES.

That reminds me of one of Dalzell's Lesmahagow stories. A half-witted but clever fellow named Barr, who lived here, was a little too fond of the bottle. As he came staggering down the street one day he saw the Parish Minister coming towards him and timing his steps to meet Barr in front of a crowd. As he passed, the parson wishing to administer a rebuke, shook his head and said, loud enough for the crowd to hear: “Ay Ay, Barr, drunk, as usual.” Quick as a flash Barr blurted out, “I'm the same mysel', sir!” And as he passed the boys he said in an audible whisper, “I'm thinkin' the minister got more than he was lookin' for that time!”

SCOTCH HUMOR.

Of the same type is the anecdote about the Lesmahagow barber and his minister of still another denomination. The “skin scraper” was “gey drouthie” and one morning in shaving the minister no little blood was spilled on account of the nervousness of the tonsorial artist. As the reverend gentleman surveyed the damage in the mirror he said, “Ah, Sandy, the drink's a terrible thing.” “Ay, minister,” said the unabashed Saunders, “it's inclined to mak' the skin unco tender!”

Another tit-bit I had was about the Free Kirk Minister. He could not get along with his female servants, and at last his help had dwindled down to a half-daft lass whose quarrels with him were quite frequent. One morning the minister felt it was time to assert himself, and he rebuked Janet for her want of reverence in talking as she did to "a servant of the Lord." "A bonny servant, indeed," she said; "if the Lord kent ye as weel as I kent ye, he wadna think muckle o' ye!"

And for dry, pawky humor, this would be hard to beat: The Laird had been sick, and when the doctor called one morning he said to Tammias, the faithful servant: "The minister's temperature will not be so high to-day, Thomas!" "Ah, weel," said Tammias, "I'm nae sae sure about that. . . . He dee'd last nicht!"

LITERARY TREASURES.

In my walks around the village I saw that the old parish school was now used as a carpenter's shop, and the free church school subdivided into dwelling houses. There is a splendid public park, and a bowling green, and a curling pond for the use of the villagers. Several crack curlers reside here and were offered the chance to go to Canada as picked men from Scotland to defend her laurels in the national winter game. The boys and girls have no end of fine skating on the dam-back, or coasting on a "stob" or "a curl" "doon the braes." One of the best treats I had was a brief visit I paid to old John Tudhope, aforementioned. The veteran is surrounded by treasures that any museum would be proud to own. Among his books are beautiful copies of Laud's liturgy (the 1637 Book of Common Prayer attempted to be read in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, but forever silenced by Jenny Geddes, when she made her stool fly past the prelate's head for "dauring to say mass at her lug"); the Psalms of

1636, translated by King James VI. and I.;* and several MS. volumes of sermons and lectures of the period of 1680 to 1720. He also has swords of the Covenanters and swords used at Culloden; some with remarkably artistic basket hilts. These are considered so fine that they have been photographed and described in the best books on Scottish art. In his old days John has taken to collecting book-plates, and has several hundred rare examples, drawn from many countries. He thought he could show us at least one book I had never seen when he produced the "Annals of Lesmahagow," but, thanks to my Lancaster friend, I was quite familiar with it, greatly to old Tudhope's surprise.†

A LANCASTRIAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

One of the last visits I paid was to the house where our Lancaster Lesmahagowegian was born. The present tenant told me it belonged to the "Laird of Peasehill," and very kindly showed me the room where he first saw the light. His present address in America is East Orange street, and Centre Square, in your own city. The buildings are of substantial stone, and, with many more in the district, are enduring monuments to his father, who was by trade a master builder and contractor, and of no little importance in the community. Lesmahagow is only sixteen miles distant from Muirkirk and other important districts of the Burns country. So far as I know, it has produced no poet,‡ but

* Doubtless Sir Wm. Alexander had as much to do with them as the Royal Rhetorician. While King James lived his personal versions had to be given the preference, but after his death King Charles gave Alexander freer scope and in the final revision it is seen that great changes were made on what originally appeared as the King's.

† Since this was written, Mr. Tudhope has gone to his long home.

‡ Before leaving Glasgow I was fortunate enough to pick up a little volume of Rural Rhymes by W. Stewart of Larkhall (formerly Laverockha), full of delicious Doric and many local allusions. It was a weel wared "tippence."

it has to its credit a scholar who captured more honors, degrees, diplomas and licenses from Glasgow University than any other student in any university in all Scotland, before or after his time. This was the Rev. Dr. James Dalzell, a successful African missionary, whose untimely death last year will long be sincerely mourned. He was a typical Scotch scholar, and fitted himself for his career while managing his shop in the village. His father was the inventor of the first or second bicycle,* which was also born in this village. I had the pleasure of seeing the old bone-shaker, which was suggested by the spinning-wheel, and has finally "evolved" to the wonderful "safety" of to-day.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE NOT KNOWN.

The Lesmahagow people take things easily—there is plenty of time. A four-and-a-half-mile railroad has been in course of construction for over four years, and there is much yet to do on it. There is no hurry. No one frets about piling up a colossal fortune, and dying with nothing but money, which must be left behind. They rather believe in plain living and high thinking. Simplicity is their motto, and much of the peaceful spirit of the old monks of Abbey Green still pervades the valley. But whenever there is anything worth fighting for the people of Lesmahagow yield to none. They will sacrifice even life for their principles, and have done so over and over again in no stinted quantity and without looking for either credit or applause. It is from such a race, grounded in good Northern stock, that my Lancaster friend has come. He has the Covenanting blood in his veins, and his family tree has more than one prolific branch famous in the annals of Church and of State. Need I say that I refer to Mr.

* Macmillan of Dumfries is the other claimant, so in any event the honor belongs to Scotland.

James Shand, of the New York Store? His name had only to be mentioned in Lesmahagow to find all doors open and everywhere a warm welcome. And it would have pleased him more than the praise for himself to have heard the respectful, the admiring and the affectionate tributes paid to his forbears, who sleep amongst their kith and kin in this peaceful and beautiful spot that he may ever be proud to call his birthplace.

“A TRIP IN A TUB” ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

O, why can I not grace my prosy lines
With one small Bath-Tub Poem from the pen
Of what's-his-name?—the little singing wren
Who used to treat us to such monkey shines?
Methinks he has abandoned all his mines,
Or, haply, slipp'd the *Assenæum*'s ken?—
But no, he surely must be now and then
Inspired to scribble on his old designs!

O, shades of Francis! Daddy Dilke's Delight!
O, Isaac Watts, and Mother Carey too!!
What have I done to get so sore a snub?
Search where I may it still eludes my sight:—
A Sonnet-Motto for my storied Tub,—
An Ode that only Dory D. could do!

Believing with the proverb that every tub should stand on its own bottom, we wish at the beginning of this article to make a candid statement. Our tub was not the kind of a tub that Diogenes is said to have lived in, nor was it the useful household article so much in evidence on the weekly washing day. Oh, no; it was “the good ship” “A,” one of the crack vessels of the “Blank” Line of steamers, as advertised by its owners, “carrying the Government mails,” and yet, during our voyage, at least, no other name was given to her in our hearing than the “Tub,” which was in one word an appellation and a description that fitted her as a glove fits the hand.

As to the midwinter trip itself, unless you are a good sailor or floater don't try it, and thank me in advance for giving you this sound advice. Only a matter of necessity should make a man attempt the voyage, and women and children would be far better quartered for as many days in a hen-coop or in a stable at home.

No doubt there are differences in vessels, but I speak freely of the bad performances of “The Tub,” as I crossed the ocean on her last July, and everything then was as lovely and as pleasant as could possibly be. The sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and there was not a single case of sickness on board. Moreover, we made the journey from New York to Glasgow in a little over ten days.

What a contrast has been the trip just completed, lasting no less than sixteen tedious, trying days from Glasgow to New York!

WRONG FROM THE BEGINNING.

Everything went wrong from the beginning. We started out in the tail-end of a storm that left the sea heaving and tumbling—not exactly mountains high and valleys deep, but in too lively a manner for our comfort. With few exceptions, all the passengers were sick the first night, and even the apathetic stewards admitted “it was very dirty weather.” We were soon driven to our cabins, and were kept there, to exist as best we could until the sea subsided. It was just eight full days and nights before we saw the deck again.

At first there was little to do but to lie in our bunks and give way to our feelings, wondering every moment when the ship would take her final plunge to “Davy Jones’ locker,” no more to trouble any one on board. It became quite monotonous watching the clothes on the wall swinging to and fro like so many gigantic pendulums at every change of the ship’s motion. The only variety given us in our stateroom was to see our small baggage pitch from its moorings, and do a waltz—or was it a Scottish schottische?—up and down the cabin floor. For the first few nights it was impossible to sleep, the novelty and the terror of our situation being too much for even tired nature to overcome. We prac-

ticed all the positions possible for ease or peace, and had to admit ourselves defeated. The beds were about as comfortable as sleeping on the bare back of a horse, and Mazeppa had no more fearful ride than ours "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Was it any wonder that nightmares came also to add to our horror when we were able to snatch a few moments of slumber?

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The multiplicity of sounds that constantly greeted us was led off by the continual grinding that seemed to be in the bowels of the boat. One man, who knew it all, said it was "the bloody loose iron with which the damned old tub was ballasted." Another said it was the shifting of the cargo, which was mostly coal, and George F. Baer and J. Pierpont Morgan were straightway remembered in our prayers. On investigation, however, the noise proved to be made by the rasping of the anchor chain at every roll of the vessel. Then came the never-ceasing tinkle of water-bottles, glasses, knives, spoons and other small ware about the dining-room. Crying babies added variety to the moans and groans of the older people. Over and above all, filling every nook and crevice, was the never-ending roar of the ocean, sour and dour, surly and gurdy, now bumping against us head-on, at another time whisking its tail over us with a lighter flourish, and again, and most frequently, simply breaking in tons over the deck, rushing and swishing in every direction, grinding at the doors, battering at the port-holes, and sometimes taking a leap down the ventilators and flooding the saloons. A young man, red-headed and hopeful, tried to change the luck of things on the third day by thumping on the piano, but, after three or four selections, and a somersault over the stool, he left the instrument in disgust, and went off on a drunk that lasted to the end of the week, during

which time he was “dead to the world” of clamor and tumult enacted on every side of him. Occasionally we could also hear the clang of the ship’s bells, and, to add to our irritation, the metallic voice of a sailor, singing out as if in mockery, “All’s well!” We felt if we had the strength we could seek him out and threep the needless lie down his brazen throat.

It is wonderful how loyally the crew will stand by their ship and the sea. When the stewards can hardly navigate, even with the aid of the handrails and tables, they will cheerfully laugh, and in response to your anxious queries declare that “if it’s no worse than this we won’t complain.” I saw a stewardess, with some cups and plates, trying to steady herself against our cabin door, and I ventured: “Pretty bad, isn’t it?” She smiled sweetly, and said: “This is all right,” and the next minute an extra swell sent the crockery out of her hands with a smash on the floor. I suppose if her arm instead of a plate had been broken she would have still asserted the niceness of the voyage. But it is no doubt the best policy, as if the “help” talked pessimistically the passengers might easily become panic-stricken.

GETTING SEA LEGS ON.

After getting over the worst sickness a few of us ventured out to the dining-room, where the most of our time was spent in holding on to the tables and trying to snatch a passing bite during meal hours. In Scotland the people are great tea-drinkers, and one of the pleasantest national institutions is “a fly cup” indulged in generally early in the afternoon. On board-ship all our beverages were taken “on the fly,” and were as often missed as caught. The dining tables were hemmed in by shelves on the sides and a deep ridge in the middle, but in spite of all this care the eatables would

stampede over the fences and start an exploration tour through the room. It mattered little after all, as nobody had any appetite for anything, and taste was at such a low ebb that salt might have easily been palmed off for sugar, and flour substituted for both. Seamen unable to use the decks were continually passing by our doors, clad in glittering oil-skin coats and hats, with greasy boots and hands, and a general perfume of tar and oil that did not add any to the steadiness of our stomachs. The table linen could not be kept clean and the stewards and waiters (like ourselves) soon began to look dirty and untidy. There was no possible chance to shave for a whole week, the mere handling of a razor being equivalent to deliberate suicide.

At its best, a ship is an unclean animal. A few patches of it here and there may be made presentable at times, but the great bulk of it is a filthy mess, with more kinds of dirt and more varieties of smell and stink than can be found anywhere else in the world in equal space. If any one should doubt this, make a complete exploration of an ocean emigrant steamer before pronouncing a final verdict.

No wonder we all lost patience and temper and ambition. And then every day at noon, when the log was posted, to find we had only been progressing at the rate of four miles an hour, seemed to add the last straw. But the climax was reached by the announcement that the anchors were being lashed to the decks, all sails and canvas screens taken down and barrels of oil held in readiness to pour on the troubled waters. Boreas and Neptune had now done their worst, short of annihilation altogether. We seemed to be doomed to experience every degree of despair and disgust before finally kicking the bucket and letting the rope go with it to the bottom of the well.

UNAPPRECIATED AEROBATICS.

A little novelty was added one evening by hearing that two sailors had been washed overboard, but it turned out that they were only swept along the deck and got off with nothing more serious than some bruises and a broken leg. When we saw them carried to the “Glory Hole” by their comrades we felt prepared for any tragedy that might come.

Another evening a new and hazardous trick was added to the gymnastics of the saloon. Some barrels of flour were being hoisted from a store beneath the dining room. Being left unwatched for a moment they broke loose and started gyrating and galloping across the floor, tossed hither and thither by the motion of the tub. A fellow had to jump lively to dodge such formidable missiles, for they were truly the heavy artillery of our naval engagement, but fortunately the guns were spiked before doing serious damage.

THE SHIP SURGEON.

Our surgeon was a very delicate-looking chap, and utterly incapable of spreading much attention over so many patients as had fallen to his care. My son, Duff, had about as hard a time as any with the mal-de-mer, but he succeeded in finding out that our ship’s doctor had been for the past few years resident physician to the Court at Balmoral, and had often prescribed for Queen Victoria, and his present Majesty, King Edward VII. Now, the man of medicine* was on a sea voyage for the benefit of his own health, and by this strange turn of affairs we had the care and the skill of one of the royal surgeons, which was hardly to be expected as likely to happen on “The Tub.” He succeeded in pulling us all out of our bunks and placing our feet

* Only a few weeks ago with much sorrow I read that *via* North River, New York he had made his final trip to the Undiscovered Land.

upon the floor, a result which could not have been surpassed by Sir Frederick Treves, or the still more eminent Lord Lister.

ON DECK AGAIN.

When we finally got up on deck, it was some consolation, if not recompense, to find that the storm had really been a serious one. Several sails and life-buoys had been washed into the sea, railings and footboards swept away, and stout iron rods bent like so many gas pipes. All the life-boats had also been moved from their fixtures by the fury of the wind and water, and the waves had been raised so high as to drive the spray down the smoke-stack, dampening the ship's fires during the most furious time of the tempest.

By and by we picked up enough courage to organize and hold a couple of concerts, which passed two evenings very pleasantly, the talent being as versatile as it was plentiful. Between cards, games, reading and conversation, promenading the cold and slippery deck, with an occasional extra snooze in our bunks, life on board became more and more bearable. There was a good library attached to our saloon, and every one had some personal contribution to make to the current literature of the day. We had gone the full limit in every variety of sourness and bitterness, and when the sweet and pleasant at last arrived we found the change all the more appreciable. We even reconsidered our harsh verdicts on "The Tub," and decided that after all it was the weather that was really to blame. The wind stirred up the sea, and they both combined to vent their spite on "The Tub," which in turn passed on its troubles to us. But "all's well that ends well," and in spite of what has been written we all felt grateful that we were spared to reach dry land. The finest modern vessel could not accomplish more than make the shore, although we

believe it can be done, and even in midwinter, with much less discomfort and with much more despatch.

THE LESSON TAUGHT.

But such an experience as ours is, at least, a fine lesson in self-control. Whatever might happen to us, we were, as passengers, helpless, and entirely at the mercy of the captain and his crew. No amount of fretting could alter the situation in the slightest degree, or mitigate our lot by the smallest fraction. We could not help but think that it is often so in the voyage of life. Many conditions and results are entirely beyond our control, yet daily cause us countless moments of wearing anxiety. It is surely the wiser plan not to worry over what we cannot help, and what we can help, let us work to accomplish or to overcome, finally trusting that the great Captain will at last guide us into the happy haven where we all desire to be.

VOICES FROM THE TOMBS.

Young and old and rich and poor,
Sage and fool and sweet an' soor,
Ugly, bonnie, high and low:—
We hate to go—but hae to go!

In this chapter is collected a Miscellany about various places I have known or visited at different times, including some of the thoughts and reflections suggested in recording my notes. Epitaphs have always had a fascination for me, and in spite of the surrounding gloom I believe nearly everybody has at some time lingered long enough even among strange graves to add to their information or amusement. We may not agree with the sweeping declaration of the Irish grocer who had his headstone inscribed:

“Life is not worth a fig
And I have good raisins for saying so”;

neither may we believe with the Englishman whose couplet runs:

“I think the land most free from ditches
Is where the *livers* have no *itches*;

but we can more or less enter into the spirit of the Scot who wrote:

“Ye micht dee waur than to gie heed
Sometimes to records o' the deid.”

Historically, few mortuary places in the old country can surpass in interest St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and The Tower of London. St. Paul's originally dates as far back as 607 A. D., and the farm of Tillingham in Essex, endowed at the consecration of the first cathedral, still remains in the possession of the

Dean and Chapter. We often smile when we read of Nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year leases, but here we have a contract that has weathered a much longer period.

The architect, Sir Christopher Wren, has the oft-misquoted epitaph which is here correctly transcribed:

“*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*”

(If you would see his monument, look around you).

The great Duke of Wellington rests in the crypt, incased in no less than five coffins. Not far from him sleeps Lord Nelson, who occupies a coffin Cardinal Wolsey had designed for himself.

On the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence of Indian mutiny fame may be read:

“*Never Surrender, I charge you.*

Let every man die at his post.

Voice of the dead whom we loved

Of Lawrence, the best of the brave.”

Sir John Moore is remembered by a quotation from Wolfe’s glorious poem:

“Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,

We carved not a line, we raised not a stone

But we left him alone in his glory.”

In the “New London Gleaner” I came across two stanzas added to Wolfe’s Dirge that may be new to most of my readers:

“And so he shall sleep tho’ the foe should raise

In zeal for the fame they covet

A tomb or trophy to speak the praise

Of him who has soared above it.

“By *Englishmen’s* steps when the turf is trod

On the breast of their hero pressing

Let them offer a prayer to *England’s* God

For him that was *England’s* blessing.”

Fairly good the lines are, but a perfervid Scot in case of any misunderstanding had added a P. S.—

“And never forget when a’ has been said
That wi’ truth can be said o’ the fechtin’ chielie
Sir John was a Scotchman born and bred
For a fact, indeed, was a Glasgow ‘Keelie.’ ”

Sir Charles Napier’s memorial recalls his famous despatch when he had conquered Scinde against the advice of his political adviser:—“Peccavi,” he wired, which was his way of saying “I have sinned” and also conveying the news of his victory.

General Gordon’s cenotaph by Tennyson carried me back to my native Donside, as he was a Gordon of Dalpersie (formerly Terpersie) and they were a branch of the Gordons of Lesmoir and New Noth.

In “Painters’ Corner” and near it I saw the names of Reynolds, Lawrence, Leighton, Millais, Cruikshank, Landseer, Opie and Benjamin West, the last-named justifying what I had written in my “Lancaster, Old and New”:

“From Center Square the Quaker Artist West
Commenced his struggle up Fame’s rugged steep
To reach the Laurel that was Britain’s best
And with her greatest at the last to sleep.”

“Facts are chiels that winna ding,” and it is literally true that this great painter made his real start in Lancaster, Pa., ending his career as President of the British Royal Academy.

“Westminster Abbey” is a misnomer. The venerable pile we know is really only the “church” of the Abbey or monastery, which disappeared in the reign of Henry VIII. However, it would be affectation now to deny the name of abbey to the building which covers, as Francis Beaumont wrote:

“An acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er drink in
Since the first man died for sin.”

Turn up what Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Addison, Burke, Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott have said about it and you will get some idea of its grandeur and its glory. Its chapels are crammed with the dust of kings and queens, and all kinds of dignitaries of high degree.

When I was in Inverness there was pointed out to me, among other interesting epitaphs, one on a townsman which contained the clause:

“Slept on the 5th May, 1874, my beloved wife who made our home so happy. We truly loved each other, my good, kind, wise, prudent and affectionate Annie, whose hands were always open to the poor and needy. Thy Saviour loved thee. I shall yet rejoice with my Annie.”

This was brought to my mind as I stood before the monument of Anne, the Queen of James VI. and I., her epitaph showing the following:

“May she still be seen among us in her offspring! May we see her still happily living in her James! Forgive, O illustrious Prince, the bold truth that James wants Anne but Anne feels not any want of James. O, thou King of Kings, comfort our afflicted Sovereign”!

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and grief operates on kings and commoners pretty much alike.

King James himself is buried in the tomb of Henry VII., and now at his grave I remember I had seen the bed where he was born in Edinburgh Castle. He figures often in this book. Before leaving him I will quote the epitaph on his private secretary and literary collaborator, Sir Wm. Alexander, Earl of Stirling:

“Here layes a farmer and a millar
A poet and a psalm book spillar
A purchassour by hook and crook,
A forger of the service book,
A Coppersmith who did much evil,
A friend to Bishops and the deevil,
A vain, ambitious, flattering thing
Late Secretary for a King.
Some tragedies in verse he penn’d
At last he made a tragicke end.”

Nevertheless, this same Earl once owned all Nova Scotia, and at another time most of New England and New York. At his suggestion, to boom the *New found land* in America many baronets were made by King James,—a title being flung in as a sort of chromo with every plot of land purchased. Furthermore, Stirling was poet enough for William Shakespeare to pilfer from, as may be seen by comparing a fine flight in the “*Tempest*” with some stanzas from the Scotchman’s “*Darius*” published several years before. This same passage is the one selected from Shakespeare’s works to adorn his monument in Westminster Abbey; and as I read it, and glanced above,—to see the bust of Burns,—it was forcibly impressed upon me that the gentle William was a chiel who could take notes too. But we forgive him, since he had the good sense to “convey” only what was worth while. And it is by no means the only instance where he was kind enough to compliment the poets “of the North Countrie” by helping himself from their stores.

Whatever else is omitted in London the tourist should not fail to spend some time in Westminster Abbey and particularly in Henry VII.’s chapel, which has justly evoked this compliment: “It is the admiration of the Universe; such inimitable perfection seems to be in every part of the whole composure which looks so far

exceeding human excellence, that it appears knit together by the fingers of angels, pursuant to the direction of Omnipotence."

Aveline, Countess of Lancaster's tomb is in the chapel of John the Baptist. She was a great beauty and the richest heiress in England. The date is 1273. This is another form of the name Evelyn, which some writers contend should be confined to the male sex, other feminine variations being Evelina, Eveline, Avelina and Evaleen.

Among brief Epitaphs here are "Love-Serve" (Earl Shaftesbury's) and "O, rare Ben Jonson!" Charles Wesley's monument has three excellent sentiments from his works, two of which I quote:

"I look upon all the world as my parish."

"God buries His workman but carries on His work."

The first line suggests Thomas Paine's fine saying:

"The world is my country,
To do good is my religion."

Handel's monument has a curious representation of the great musician listening to an angel playing on a harp in the clouds, evidently following the notes of "The Messiah" which is shown open at the air:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

There is a high rhymed panegyric paid to Michael Drayton whose name is twice spelled "Draiton."

In the Chapter House I noticed a stone coffin, supposed to be of Roman origin. It reminded me of the fine specimen to be seen in Rhynie Kirkyard. Whether the original occupant of this strong chest came from the banks of the Tiber or from nearer home, it now can be said of him in the tender lines of Robert Harvey Smith (with a slight variation):

“Grim Noth upon his graif looks doon,
 And wimplin’ waters sweetly croon
 His requiem as he slumbers soun’
 Beside the banks o’ Bogie.”

The Tower of London buildings cover about twelve acres situated in a “Liberty” of about twice that area. William the Conqueror selected the site and since his day many additions and changes have been made. To countless numbers it has been fortress, palace and prison. What might not Tower Hill tell us if it had the power to speak! How many executions has it witnessed from the days of King Richard II. to the Jacobite beheadings of 1745 and 1746! They began with a Simon—Burley in 1388, and ended with Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. The visitor can stand on the spot where Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were executed. The Beauchamp Tower is covered with names and designs cut out by the unhappy prisoners who have been detained in it. The regalia of Great Britain are kept in the Wakefield Tower, and after seeing such a surfeit of crowns, sceptres, vessels, insignia and jewels any other ordinary display seems trivial. The Tower Armory has every variety of weapons and armor from the earliest to the present time. On The Parade are cannon and mortars of all ages. Among the prominent prisoners of the tower, not already named, were David Bruce, King of Scotland, Queen Elizabeth (for a fortnight during Wyatt’s rebellion), Guy Fawkes, Henry VI., The “bloody” Judge Jeffreys, Archbishop Laud, General Monk, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Strafford, James I. of Scotland (the “Poet-King”) and Sir Thomas Wyatt. Yes, they were all entombed here, and many of them were destined for final execution.

Edinburgh Castle is a second Tower of London, and seems as much associated with imprisonments, violent

deaths, executions and tragedies. It also has its armory, battery and crown room, the latter containing the Scottish regalia, which include the crown of Robert the Bruce, the sword of state of James IV. and the sceptre of James V. In Cromwell's time the regalia were hidden below the floor of the Kirk of Kineff in Kincardineshire, and entirely forgotten for one hundred and ten years! Owing to Sir Walter Scott's exertions the regalia were restored to Edinburgh Castle, where by the Treaty of Union, these "Honors of Scotland" must ever remain. The Argyll Tower is associated with the two Argylls, father and son, who were imprisoned in it prior to their trial and execution. In Old Parliament Hall the Earl of Douglas and his brother were banqueting with Chancellor Crichton when a black bull's head was placed on the table. That was a Scottish symbol that some one must soon die. The two brave Douglasses instantly drew their swords, but were quickly overpowered and dispatched. It led to other "black dinners" and much blood was shed before all accounts were settled. The Edinburgh Castle dungeons are living tombs, and the Esplanade has been for centuries a veritable Golgotha. The Master of Forbes was there hanged, drawn, beheaded and dismembered in the reign of James V. for alleged treason, and there also was kindled the fire that burned to death Lady Jane Douglas, her husband and son looking on. Witches were burned there by dozens, the bonfires becoming literal bone-fires.

Elgin Cathedral is one of Scotland's noblest ruins. It has been styled "the lantern of the North," "the glory of the Kingdom" and "the admiration of the foreigner." It was built in the form of a Jerusalem or Passion Cross, and was the most magnificent of all Scottish Cathedrals. It was twice burned and despoiled often, falling into decay after the Reformation

and receiving the finishing touch of destruction from Cromwell's troops. Some graves in it are worth noting, even if we exclude the stone-coffin that tradition says once held the body of King Duncan, mortally wounded by Macbeth. I was greatly interested in a fine stone sarcophagus with recumbent knight in full armor, and inscriptions testifying that Baron Hay of Lochloy slept below. The date of his death was given—1421—before America was known to the other half of the world! St. Mary's aisle is the resting place of the ancient house of Gordon, beginning with the "noble" and powerful Lord, Alexander Gordon, first Earl of Huntly, Lord of Gordon and Badenoch, who died near Huntly, 15th July, in the year of our Lord, 1470," and going down to the fifth and last Duke of Gordon who died 28th May, 1836, and his widow in 1864. Early in October of this year Chichester Cathedral received the body of the sixth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who died September 26th in his eighty-sixth year. Bishop Dunbar died in 1435 and was buried in Elgin Cathedral. Three carved stone shields placed by him over the great window are still in perfect condition after the wind and weather of nearly five hundred years. A curious inscription (that I saw duplicated in Bunhill fields) is on the south enclosing wall:

"This world is a citie full of streets,
And death is the market that all men meets:
If life were a thing that money could buy,
The poor. could not live, and the rich would not die."

In the New Cemetery at Elgin there is a ponderous tomb covering the remains of plain George Smith who died one of the richest men in the world,—or was it one of the poorest? It is not known that he took any of his gold with him.

“That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost.”

It will now be a pleasant change to turn to some of the humorous and whimsical epitaphs I have seen.

Stingy, miserly creatures have for ages been the target of the epitaph-maker. The only two inscriptions Shakespeare is credited with writing hit off such characters. The “ten-in-the-hundred” verse on John-a-Combe is well known, but the one on “Tom-a-Comb, alias Thin Beard, brother to John-a-Combe,” may be new to most readers:

“Thin in beard and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse:
He went to grave with many a curse
The Devil and he had both one nurse.”

Another miser I noted polished off as follows:

“Here lies Father Sparges
Who died to save charges.”

And another:

“You’d have me say here lies T. U.
But I do not believe it:
For after Death there’s something due
And he’s gone to receive it.”

Still another:

“Here lies one who for Medicines would not give
A little gold and so his life he lost
I fancy now he’d wish again to live
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost!”

Putting “her” and “she” for “his” and “he” I believe I could write the right name to that one.

With a more modern flavor, and from a locality nearer home:

“Here Moneybag’s body was dumped in its box.
 A grasping and crabbéd old creature was he,
 Who died in the midst of his bonds and his stoeks,
 When some one convinced him Salvation was *free*.
 His *soul* for a time by his dross was illumed,
 But not very far did it go till it fell
 Where bullion is melted and greenbacks consumed
 And Arbie now works in the coal hole of—Gehenna!”

Severe, but refreshing, and may preach a sermon to those who need it.

More cheerful is the one from a North of Scotland parish:

Noo Francie Faw is dead
 And here he lies;
 If a’ be true that’s said
 He yet will rise.”

It would hardly do to name the wretch who wrote:

“Here snug in grave my Wife doth lie
 Now she’s at rest—and so am I!”

The original of George MacDonald’s David Elginbrod is in Dundee, Scotland:

“Here lies old John Hildibroad
 Have mercy upon him good God
 As he would do, if he was God
 And God was old John Hildibroad.”

It recalls the petition of George King of Dublin to King George of Great Britain. The Irishman had been convicted of a capital felony, and in forwarding a memorial to the King accompanied it with the following lines:

“George King to King George sends his humble petition,
 Hoping King George will pity poor George King’s condition,
 If King George to George King will grant a long day
 George King for King George forever will pray.”

It is pleasing to record that it procured a pardon.

A pleasing verse is the one from the tombstone of a rather rough fellow who broke his neck by a fall from his horse:

“My friend judge not me;
Thou seest I judge not thee.
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I asked, mercy I found!”

That beats the case of the thief on the Cross and reminds me of Talmage’s charitable remark on the sudden death of a noted freethinker.

From Cupar, Fife, Scotland, comes this one commemorating William Rymour, maltman:

“Through Christ I’m not inferiour
To William the Conquerior.
Rom. 8: 37.”

Dorsetshire, the land of Hardy the novelist, and Wm. Barnes, the divine, and delightful Doric singer, pastor and pastoral poet, furnishes “An Epitaph answered by a Gentleman on the Widower’s Marrying again in a Fortnight”:

“For me deceas’d weep not, my dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.
Your time will come! Prepare to die.
Wait but a while, you’ll follow I.”

ANSWER.

“I am not griev’d, my dearest Life,
Sleep on—I’ve got another wife,
And therefore cannot come to thee
For I must go to bed to she.”

When Alfred Tennyson wrote about “the grand old gardener and his wife,” smiling “at the claims of long descent,” he only echoed Prior’s lines:

“Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve;
 Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?”

This, in turn, was probably suggested by the much older Scotch one:

“Johnnie Carnegie* lieth here
 Descendit of Adam and Eve
 Gif ony gang higher, wi’ lands and gear,
 I’se willingly gie him leave.”

It might have been a gentle allusion to the Noble Lords Carnegie who have long figured prominently in Fifeshire. The Carnegie name is of frequent occurrence in the old Scotch ballads, and who can forget the ringing triumphant climax of the song

“And brave Carnegie, wha but he—
 The Piper o’ Dundee!”

Over the door of the Old Castle of Glenbucket appears the following interesting inscription:

“Adam Gordon: Helen Carnegie, 1590
Nought on Earth Remains but Fame.”

Tennyson may have seen the beautiful epitaph:

“Studious of peace he hated strife,
 Meek virtue filled his breast,
 His coat of arms a quiet life,
 An honest heart his crest.”

* My American friends have “a way of their own” in pronouncing the name “Carnegie,” generally accentuating the first syllable, but they put the “Car” before the horse who give to “Car” the greater force.

In Scotch it’s easy, but I find
 In English rather plaguy
 To call a perfect word to mind
 To match this same Carnegie.
 But take from Craigie-lee the “lee”
 And only sound the “Craigie”
 And there you’ll hear as well as see
 A rhyme to match Carnegie.

It is fit to place beside:

“Howe’er it be it seems to me
 ’Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind words are more than coronets
 And simple faith than Norman blood.”

And the Cincinnati poetess also has given us a couplet equally fine:

“There is nothing so kingly as Kindness
 And nothing so royal as Truth.”

Some of the epitaphs I have seen over tradesmen and professional men deserve quotation:

On a painter:

“Here lies a finished artist.”

On Sir John Strange, barrister:

“Here lies an honest lawyer,—
 That’s Strange.”

The famous “blacksmith” epitaph runs:

“His sledge and hammer lie reclined,
 His bellows too has lost its wind,
 His coal is spent, his iron gone,
 His nails are drove, his work is done,
 His body’s here clutch’d in the dust.
 ’Tis hoped his soul is with the just.”

On an infant eight months old, and since then applied to many “enterprises of great pith and moment”:

“Since I have been so quickly done for
 I wonder what I was begun for.”

I wonder if John Burroughs ever saw this one?—

“Most epitaphs are sorry stuff.
 Here Burrows burrows—that’s enough!”

One with a canty Scotch flavor on a cattle-couper:

“Here lies interr’d a man o’ micht
 They ca’d him Malcolm Downie
 He lost his life ae market nicht
 By fa’in aff his pownie.”

On a Glasgow magistrate:

“Approach and read not with your hats on,
 Here lies Bailie William Watson.
 If Death’s pale horse had gallop’d fair
 This Bailie would have been a Mayor.”

On a coroner who hanged himself:

“He lived and died
 By suicide.”

On William Lawes, a musician, killed at the Siege of
 Chester:

“Conquer’d is Concord; in this Urn there lies
 The Master of great music’s mysteries;
 And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
 Will Lawes was slain by those whose Wills were Lawes.”

On a cobbler:

“Death at a cobbler’s door oft made a stand,
 And always found him on the mending hand,
 At last came Death in very stormy weather
 And ripp’d the Soul from the Upper-Leather:
 The cobbler hurried for his awl, aghast,
 But Death cried zip! and waxed him with his last!”

William Shenstone wrote a beautiful verse on a par-
 ish-clerk:

“Here lies within his tomb so calm
 Old Giles: Pray sound his knell,
 He thought no song was like a Psalm
 No music like a Bell.

In the opinion of this man Death is the greatest
 bowler:

“I bowl’d, I struck, I caught, I stopp’d,
 Sure life’s a game of cricket;
 I blocked with care, with caution popp’d,
 Yet Death has hit my wicket.”

The punning on names is endless, fine examples being the man named “Aire” who died for want of breath; “Nott” who was killed yet was not dead; the old “Lady Mann” who “was a maid but died an old mann,” and “Mrs. Mumm” whose inscription declared “Silence is best.”

Of unfortunate selection of texts perhaps it would be difficult to eclipse the following:

“Here lie the bodies of James Robinson—and Ruth his wife.

‘Their warfare is accomplished.’ ”

“Erected by Jane Smith to the memory of her husband John.

‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’ ”

Even learned divines have been the victims of much fun on account of the unconscious humor displayed in their graveyard sentiments. There is a well-authenticated case known to some of my readers where a devout professor made a series of amusing exhibitions in this line. He had married a second wife who was much richer than his first had been, and shortly after the second ceremony he erected a modest stone to the memory of Number One, on which he announced—

“To die is gain.”

In due course the second wife insisted on wills being drawn up by which the gentleman (who had little) was to leave all to his surviving partner, as she, in turn, left all she had to her husband, should he survive her. Soon after she died, and tombstone Number Two made its appearance inscribed:

“Not my will but thine be done.”

The Florentine who invented spectacles has the fact recorded on his tomb and immediately after—

“My God pardon his sins.”

Yarmouth furnishes:

“Here lieth the body of Sarah Bloomfield, aged 74 years.

‘Cut off in blooming youth we can but pity!’ ”

It is only equalled by the tribute to the Highland Cateran who had more than one dozen lives to his credit, and who died “aged 101.”

“Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

On a man who died on his wedding eve:

“The wedding day appointed was
And wedding clothes provided,
But ere the day did come, alas!
He sickened and he die did!”

The oft-misquoted lines to be seen in Woolwich churchyard are:

“As I am now, so you must be.
Therefore, prepare to follow me.”

The postscript added by the widow is equal to the one on page 319.

“To follow you I’m not content,
Unless I know which way you went.”

In this hodge-podge of sepulchral pickings we should not omit some of the shorter ones. Perhaps the most noted are:

Over an author—“Finis.”

Over an actor—“Exit.”

On an angler—“Hook’d it.”

On Richard Groombridge—“He was.”

On Charles Knight—“Good Knight.”

On a Scotch auctioneer—“Gone.”

Over two Englishmen—“Thorpe’s Corpse” and
“Jones’ Bones.”

And over three Irishmen—brothers:

“Here three in one contented be
In hope to meet the One in Three.”

The greatest of our poets have not disdained to compose epitaphs in prose and verse—some of them on the quick as well as on the dead. Ben Jonson, Pope, Milton and Burns have all excellent examples to their credit. Beattie of “Minstrel” fame wrote the stately inscription on Sir Wm. Forbes in Kearn Kirkyard. With all its finely balanced sentences it is eclipsed by the simple line I saw in Kildrummy:

“Always trusted—ever true.”

In this burying ground—beautiful even in its neglect—are some very old monuments. In the Elphinstone vault, by a strange turn, the finely chiseled stone that had marked the grave of a servant is still in excellent preservation, while the more elaborate sculptures of the noble lords and ladies are either broken up or have completely disappeared. The explanation is that the one had been laid in an out-of-the-way corner, and the others given the place of prominence in the center aisle of the church, and consequently worn away or damaged by the feet of the congregation. It is often so in life. A poor, silly, chattering fool in some quiet retreat will live his three score years and ten and often much longer, while geniuses like Robert Fergusson and Robert Burns will be worn out by the world or themselves before they see thirty or forty.

Auchindoir Kirkyard is more noted for its sculptures than its inscriptions. The ruins of the old church run back to the middle of the sixteenth century, and are believed to be near the site of the *Castrum Auchindoriæ* of Boethius. Among old marked graves in Auchindoir are Patrick Gordon’s (1513) and the one initialed:

L. H. M.

C. A. S.

1580,

and also bearing a shield lettered I. G., C. L., and charged with the Leith and Gordon arms. These memorials are now covered up by the alterations made in burying some recent Gordons of Craig. The Minister of Auchindoir from 1633 until 1667 was a St. Andrew's student named Wm. Davidson.*

This chapter may be fittingly concluded with two quotations that very well sum up the whole matter of Life. The first is from Young:

“Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in ‘Here he lies’;
And ‘Dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

The last verse was by Disraeli considered the saddest lines in all literature, being the well-known stanza from Gray's *Elegy*:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

* My mother's maternal ancestors, the Jamiesons (of Broom of Rhynie), are buried in Auchindoir, and their graves are marked by two finely carved table stones, with Masonic emblems. From their ages as shown, and the records of other near relatives, I find that many of my forbears reached four-score, not a few ninety, and more than one case is claimed where the century mark was passed.

Auchindoir Parish was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose name yet survives in “Mary Fair,” held twice annually at Lumsden Village. Last year I attended the autumn market, but it was a poor show even compared to the glories of my school days. Before 1822 the market met at Newton and it was then the custom to award a lily—the cognizance of the HOLY VIRGIN—with a pound note wrapped around it, to the best looking lass at the fair. My Uncle John Law was very proud to tell me that “Bonnie Mary Jamieson” had more than once borne off the prize.

THE POET-LAUREATE OF THE LIVING LYRE.

As Bayard Taylor sweetly wrote
(O, would that I could sound a note
With but an echo of his charm!):
"Eusebius never cared to farm;
'Twas not his call, in truth," he said;
For Hershey was not Poet-made,
But Poet-born—of rarest breed,
As all may see who care to read.

"He played on a harp of *a thousand strings*" did not refer to Eusebius Hershey, who made his fame secure, like Paganini, by evoking all the emotions with one. I had not been long in Lancaster County when I heard frequent references made to "The Living Poem" and other productions of this gifted singer, but could not among all my friends and acquaintances find any one who possessed a copy of his book. At last I advertised my wants, and after many harassing experiences I became the owner of "the first, second, third, fourth and fifth editions" as specified on the covers of the volumes now lying beside me.

I am more or less familiar with the musings of "the sweet singer of Michigan," of Edwin Payson Hammond, and of Bloodgood Cutter, not to mention "Jeremiah Judson's choicest gems"; but after weighing their merits and demerits I have come to the decision that all the minstrels named must yield the baize to Hershey. In the hope that others may derive some pleasure and profit from the verses of the euphonious Eusebius this short and entirely inadequate article is penned.

Hershey's ear was not perhaps extra precise at best, and living, as he did, in the land of the Penn-

sylvania-Germans it is true that he fell somewhat into their ways of pronunciation. But there was method even in his deflections. For instance, in announcing his mission the sly old bard tickled his neighbors by adopting their peculiar articulation:

"I give my thoughts in words quite brief;
God gave them to me, I *belief*;
To leave in print—to edify
For high and low before they die."

"Impression on my mind God made
That I should write before too *lade*."

"Many sought and found indeed
Sin is bitter, grace more *sweed*."

There are some Scotch and Scotch-Irish in the valley of the Conestoga which may account for the following Doric:

"I hope to God his soul is safe
When I came back I saw his *graif*."

Thus at one stroke Mr. Hershey found a rhyme for an unrhymable word, and also managed to flatter his canny-going friends. The great tobacco industries of the county were neatly remembered too:

"Many do as Demas did,—
Laboring for the Lord they *quid*."

It is believed by his admirers that Eusebius also prepared a titbit for his purely Celtic readers, but the "spud" came to grief at the printer's hands and the Quaker City alone must share the praise and the blame:

"Philadelphia—brotherly love!
God who *also* rules above
Has fixed his eyes on that great *spod*
Where Red Men long ago have trod."

Quaint little bits of autobiography are scattered through his volume, from which we find that he was born in the middle of summer and that may partially explain how he came to be such "a warm baby":

"August is to me quite dear,
The month when I did first appear;
A little infant helpless came,
My father gave to me a name."

Another wonderful event happened in this red-letter month:

"In August, on a summer's day,
When fifty-three I then could say,
God in his mercy did give me
Wisdom to write more poetry."

Like the Eusebius of Bayard Taylor's poem, Hershey tells us that he had "worked *on* farm"—"and mill." Furthermore, evidently less in anger than in sorrow:

"I helped my father to build a barn,
It was a favor, and no harm."

He also tells us—

"Some years I staid as single man"

but finally was captured "by Mary Ann." It is true, he admits,—

"She counted years two more than I,"

Then offsets this by asking:

"But who can tell which first must die?"

In his "Song of The Four Seasons" he reverts again to his favorite month with characteristic speech. He was, I am told, a popular reciter of his own poems and one can fancy the solemn feelings excited by the next stanza:

"In that month my second birth
With me took place, *it was no mirth*:
I love each summer's month indeed,
August above the rest is *sweed*."

That he was a keen observer is everywhere apparent, as witness:

"In the summer birds do sing
And their Maker praises bring:
While the lambs do skip and play,
And *some* farmers make their hay."

For giving much in little he has rarely been excelled.
Says he:

"One night I was locked in a room,
Thank God, I was not there alone.
Next morning, happy, I walked out
So soulful happy I could shout.
I then proceeded on my journey
In good humor on my pony."

It is interesting to know a great author's methods of composition, how he comports himself in his study and so forth; consequently we should all relish the little details that our faithful lyrist has given us, and after reading the specifications can conjure up a pretty good picture of Eusebius wooing the muse.*

"While I now *on my knees* do write."

.

"While now I write with ink and pen
I think of women—and of men."

.

"The little stand where leans my head
Is wet with tears that I have shed."

And finally, to be more specific:

"The year is eighteen seventy-seven
The month of May, before eleven,
Eleven o'clock now in the night ,
In Philadelphia on my knees I write."

What a pity he did not tell us his street and number, but probably our wandering modern minstrel had his own reasons for withholding the information! He confesses he had "a mother-in-law with two sons" and he might well have hesitated "to brave her tongue and face their guns." Listen!

"I am father of one child,
In my youth I was quite wild;
Yesterday, my eyes did see:
Grandfather, now they do call me."

* Wm. Cowper, before him, has specifically declared:

"But when a poet takes the pen,
Far more alive than other men,
He feels a gentle tingling come
Down to his finger and his thumb."

That he had a ready pen goes without saying.

"Twenty-five verses I did write
In the forenoon, while daylight:
Two meetings since I did attend
Of such a course I'll not repend."

"It is now about bed time
If God will give me some more rhyme
I'll put them down on paper white
Although it is late in the night."

"Where am I at?" once queried a Congressman, but
long before that the lyrical Lancastrian had asked:

"What is it now I next should write?"

"The fiftieth verse,—eleven o'clock
In the forenoon, I shall not stop;
I'll dip my pen in ink and write
If God says so, *until 'tis night.*"

What true poet anyhow would pause for such material things as lunch or dinner? He buckles on his armor and sternly announces:

"The time for writing now has come,
And by God's help I'll have it done."

Once it is true, but once only he confessed he was exhausted, but before condemning him consider his excuse:

"I hardly know what more to write,
In my heart there is no spite."

For frankness, Hershey is to be commended:

"One day I spoke with tears in eyes
To my earthly father, *here's no lies!*"

And again:

"My calling is a watchman, I
From out my watch-tower sit and spy."

Few poets have equalled the picturesqueness of that couplet. The "I" placed as it is looms up like a lighthouse in the midst of a stormy sea. It is emblematic too of the tenaciousness of the man. See how he hugs his favorite thoughts:

“And when at last I seek my bed
 My night cap *on*, not in my head.
 Before the next day may begin
 I hope the roof may not fall in.
But if it does I wish it known
 With pen and ink as I have shown,
 And to the very last proclaim:
Eusebius Hershey is my name!”

Although of a serious cast he could indulge in a pun:

“From Matthew, Mark and Luke and John
Mark what I say—I’m not yet done”:—

—and has even shown hilarity at times:

“But I must go, I’ll feel the *woe*
 If I refuse the trump to blow.”

Ben Jonson has told us of Shakespeare’s facile pen;
 our poet is his own recorder:

“I know not where my pen shall stop;
 The ink is willing still to drop.”

And none of the Elizabethan dramatists could say:

“I preached to colored and to white
 In daylight and by candle light.”

In another poem he says:

“Dear colored race *we wish* you *well*.”

Note the happy alliteration. It also appears in—

“The righteous all shall prosper well
 While sinners shall be *hurled* to *hell*.”

And in—

“Some useful work I hope to do
 By *preaching* and by *proxy* too.”

With all his sweetness he was a fearless critic. In discussing pride he begins at the beginning and shows that Eve’s daughters live up to their mother’s reputation:

"While the child is not yet here
The wicked mother does appear,
 And with her wicked hands prepares
 Gegaws for the child, she snares."

.

"Of experiences I some things can say
 I travell'd matrimony's way;
 Over twenty-seven years I'm in this school;
 I write with wisdom, I'm no fool."

In recounting where pride flourishes he writes:

"On the dancing floor, that's low,
 There you see this sin doth grow."

Then again:

"Some will buy on trust for show,
 Thus the devil makes them go
 Swiftly down the path to hell,
 There forevermore to dwell."

Some believe he had a slap at editors when he was inspired to say:

"Tobacco and the whisky-stink
 Oft are mixed with smell of ink."

When the Centennial Exposition Sunday closing movement was on the tapis Eusebius Hershey's voice was heard with no uncertain sound:

"Don't open on the Sabbath day
 That show of natural things, *I say*;
 Let God and all the Nations know
 That we are more than brutes below."

"Republican" and "Democrat" had to him little meaning and called forth an apothegm that equals the warbling of the Sweet Swan of Avon in his rosiest mood:

"What is the name, the party name?—
 The name is after all the same!
 The question is:—Which does the right?
 Let him be branded Black or Bright!
 Good men at present are but few,
 So let's not fight about the hue."

He never balked for want of a rhyme. Who could have better met the exigencies of the case than he has done in his handling of persons and places both awkward to manipulate and difficult to chink?

"My parents' names, *without fancy*,
Hershey, Abraham and Nancy."

"The place where we for years did live
I'll to the reader plainly give
Lancaster County, and Pa.
Three miles of Manheim, north, I say."

"There is a family Levi Reist,
Death entered in their house now twyst."

"It was in Philadelph-i-a
He came to grief again, ha, ha!"

"From Genesis to Malachi
Good texts I found—I'll tell you *why*."

His fidelity to truth operates throughout all his works. To him the poetic license never permitted any wandering from the facts. Speaking of his travels, he tells us that he journeyed—

"Thousands of miles on different lakes,
On rivers, too, in different States,
On railroads—God knows best how far,....
On horseback, wagon—*some grease was tar*."

Neither did he gloss over anything uncouth for the sake of a smoother effect. Note his description of a Camp Meeting in Ontario:

"The minister in charge was there,
Brother Jacks—he closed by prayer;
We sang, I prayed, and then did read.
The interpreter *Cabbage* had his seat
Near to me, he spoke for me;
I'll give correct what you can see
How we did work for God so nice;
This interpreting it goes twice.
I read my text, then Cabbage read
The truths into Ojibbway's head,
We had a meeting very good
With C. providing wholesome food."

The corn beef is not mentioned, but may be assumed. In another place he shows his knowledge of history:

"Many, many years ago
The Indian tribes had war, *that's so.*"

He rarely ventures on a feminine rhyme, but to let his reader know it is not because he cannot handle such endings, two fair examples are quoted:

"This day I keep with God in quiet
Last night with pills I took no diet."

"The heathen Indian felt quite lonely
Though they had killed his brother only."

"They" might have slaughtered the whole family, and Homer Hershey felt called upon to offer a mild rebuke.

Poets are too often of a pessimistic turn, and seldom thankful for the greatest blessings they enjoy. Eusebius never forgot "what might have been," and frequently we meet with such grateful outbursts, as—

"Thanks be to God, to-day I'm well,
I might be long ago in hell."

He had the true attitude of a great mind in regard to critics:

"Some trifling one perhaps will laugh
And say this matter all is chaff,
But common people wheat will find
And would-be cynics—never mind."

He could, if he only would, but decided not to waste ink on them. He knew that even the best was censured, and admits—

"Strange, if all would praise my book,
Such who read and in it look.
Millions the Bible do despise,
And think by doing so they're wise."

"THE LIVING POEM speaks quite free;
Impartial readers clear can see
That for their welfare I did write
To work for God is my delight."

And with a Baconian flight he confidently announces:

“Yes, when my hand is cold and dead
My book will speak to sinners yed.”

Gentle readers, has the prophecy not been already amply fulfilled? The bard is buried long ago, and we are here.

But sometimes he had his “doots”:

“Perhaps I soon should cease to write,
In reading some may not delight.”

.

“Perhaps my pen ought now to stop
But still the ink will freely drop.”

“I hope I do not paper waste
Although at times I work in haste.”

His reasons for composition are sometimes given with startling frankness:

“I think I should write lines to-day,
Some one may come along this way.”

.

“I’m ready for poetic work,
I have the gift—I must not shirk.”

.

“My subjects I perhaps should change,
But where could I from error range?”

Yes, where?

He had no mock modesty about his abilities and the probable reception of his poems:

“My verses may *sometimes* seem queer
When they *to millions* do appear.
Read on, read often, time will tell
That I have labored much and well.”

.

“And after I am dead and gone
My lines to millions will speak on.
To sinners they will say, Now stop
Next step you into Hell may drop.”

But, in his own words:

"I gave of this in former writ,
This subject then I here shall quit."

And to conclude from the poet-preacher himself:

"Conclusion! Oh, the thought, how deep;
Hearts feel solemn, eyes will weep."

"Two verses more and I am done,
This couplet finished, leaves but one."

To give justice to our author I have selected for the ending a specimen of his best style as shown in the termination of a letter written by him to his "earthly children":

"Farewell, Jacob, and Nancy too,
Be always to each other true.
Eusebius Hershey
(and my wife),
[and with a fresh start]
Dear children live a pious life;—

"Eusebius Hershey is my name,—
I seek not here for earthly fame;
Rebersburg is my address—
In Christ I look for happiness!—

"Centre County now comes in,—
I know I hate the ways of sin,
Pennsylvania comes below;—
From earth to heaven I hope to go!"

ABERDEEN AWA'.

"Eence fae Hose it made its gains,
Noo the envy o' the planet,
For its Paper, Fish an' Granite,
And its special brands o' Brains."

Aberdeen with its "Point Law," its "Baubie Law Kirk" and its record of "James Law" made a Burgess of the city in the presence of William Shakespeare* would always have a special personal interest for me, even were it not the capital of my native shire, well known to me for many years and always destined to claim my admiration and my love. Happy am I to think also that it is honestly as beautiful a town as in the British Isles, its cleanness, its sturdiness and its warm-heartedness being fairly reflected from its trio of well-known names—"The Silver City," "The Granite City" and "Bon-Accord."

Some antiquarians think Aberdeen was the "Devana" of the Romans. The name still flourishes, although now generally spelled "Devanha." Most of the Scottish sovereigns from the days of William the Lion (1179) have visited the city, and many of them have conferred special honors and privileges on it. Long before Edinburgh was the capital of Scotland Aberdeen was a royal burgh and a port of extensive foreign trade. It has therefore a lang as well as a fine pedigree.

One of the most interesting sights of Aberdeen is "The Cross," not so old as some other local relics, but in its way surpassing anything to be found in Scotland. It has ten high-relief portraits of Scottish rulers—the six Scotch Jameses, Mary, James VII. and II. and

* See my "Seashore of Bohemia" for full details.

Charles I. and II. Two other panels contain the royal and burgh arms. The Aberdeen arms, worth noting, are *gules*, three towers triple-towered, within a double tressure-flowered and counter-flowered, *argent*. The supporters are two leopards, and the motto is "Bon-Accord." The "Cross" has also a graceful center column wreathed with thistles and crowned with a white marble unicorn, bearing on its breast a shield charged with the Lion of Scotland. Not far from this monument of historic importance I noticed a fine new granite fountain said to be the gift of a street merchant who made all his money at his stand in the neighborhood. The Square of Castle Street has also a fine monument to the Fifth and Last Duke of Gordon, a piece of work deserving special attention as it is one of the rare statues cut from Aberdeen white granite. The Square has been a market place from time immemorial, and a walk among the various booths and stalls will always be interesting. It is also a fine place from which to view the long sweep of Union Street, that Queen Victoria crowned with the compliment of being "the most beautiful she had seen in all her dominions." Close at hand are the military barracks and parade ground, and the big Salvation Army citadel nearby seems in harmony with all the surroundings. The Aberdeen Municipal Buildings, containing the whole apparatus of municipal and local government (except the prison), are crowned by a clock tower 200 feet high. In a fire-proof chamber of this tower the town charters and records are kept, and enjoy the distinction of being, next to those of London, the most complete city archives in the United Kingdom. There are many fine portraits in the Town Hall, notably specimens of the work of George Jamesone ("the Scottish Vandyke"), John Philip, and Sir George Reid, until recently President of The Royal Scottish Academy, and all three Aber-

donian artists. A feature of the hall is the great wealth of the armorial bearings, over eighty panels being filled with the arms of the learned and the brave associated with Aberdeen by birth, services or education. The stained glass windows are also fine. Marischal College is at present undergoing extensive additions, and one result of the recent change has been the destruction of the house (No. 64 Broad St.) where Lord Byron lived with his mother, and received many impressions that bore poetic fruit in after years. An old door motto has been happily preserved and built into the wall over the principal entrance to the college:

"They have said: what say they? Let them say!"

It is believed to have been originally set up by some member of the Keith family who had had so much to do with the college in its early days. The Mitchell additions to Marischal College make a splendidly balanced pile. In the "Aulton" or "Old Town" is located "King's College," the other half of "The University of Aberdeen." It runs back to 1500, and with the Old Machar Cathedral brings up memories of Bishops Elphinstone and Gavin Dunbar, Hector Boece, the historian, and John Barbour, the poet of freedom.*

Almost at every turn one meets a statue in Aberdeen. It is therefore fitting that the biggest bronze in Scotland should be in "Bon-Accord"—the heroic figure of Sir William Wallace† with his manly "declaration of

* For further notice of Aberdeen University see p. 222.

† I never see the colossal statue of William Penn on the New City Hall, Philadelphia, without feeling that once again Aberdeen is on top. This is the biggest occupied building in the world. The Penn statue stands 37 feet 6 inches in the bronze, at a height of 510 feet and weighs about 60,000 pounds. The figure is cubically 216 times life-size, and from the street looks like an ordinary man. It is the largest cast bronze statue of modern times, and was designed by Alexander Calder, an Aberdonian, who was also the artist of all the ornamental work and the various figures about the City Hall. His statue of Gen-

independence'' carved on the base. There is another of Scotland's hero in the niche of "The Wallace Tower," Netherkirkgate. Of other statues not already noted I may mention two of Queen Victoria, and those to Burns, Prince Albert, General Gordon, Priest Gordon, Provost Blaikie and Bishop Skinner (son of the Poet of Tullochgorum—who better deserved one himself). Aberdeen has also several galleries and schools of art, museums, news-rooms, and of course free libraries and special libraries in abundance. The city is well supplied with churches too, and a fine example of Aberdeen thrift is shown in the East and West churches where one spire is made do duty for two congregations! There are many pleasant little parks in the town, and the "Duthie" and "Victoria" with the glorious Aberdeen links furnish abundance of breathing space for the citizens and ample opportunity for amusement and recreation.

The New Market of Aberdeen has long been a prominent city-mark. With its basement, ground hall and galleries, all filled with stalls for the sale of every kind of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, toys, trinkets, clothing and general merchandise it is unsurpassed by any market house in Britain. Here in Lancaster, Pa., we pride ourselves on our fine markets—and they are as fine as to be found in the States—but we have nothing to compare with this magnificent three-decked Aberdeen Ship of Commerce—315 feet long, 106 feet broad and rising to a height of 45 feet. Long ago Aberdeen butter was so famous that its honor has been defended in a duel by swords, and Aberdeen beef, as every one knows, is the standard of the world. The New Market shows in abundance a third

eral Meade, considered by good judges his best effort, with many fine busts and other miscellaneous work, may be seen in Philadelphia, where Mr. Calder resides. His oldest son, Alexander Stirling Calder, has already as a sculptor succeeded in "riving his father's bonnet."

claimant for unique excellence in "the Finnan Haddie," the golden morsel and choicest titbit that ever graced a poor man's table, and a fitting feast for kings or queens. The name is derived from "Findon" (a little fishing-village nearby), and not from "the *fins* of the fish"!—as I once heard a Banffshire man explain to an enquiring American. The Findon process of curing haddocks is now successfully introduced into America—by Aberdeen men, I believe—and at all the first-class hotels throughout the country the Finnan Haddie in season occupies a prominent place on the bill of fare.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson was touring Scotland with Boswell, the lexicographer, much to his biographer's disappointment, could not be prevailed upon to enjoy a Finnan Haddie (even then more famous than the Oracle himself!)—but in spurning it he only cut off his nose to spite his face. He did better in Aberdeen with the Scotch broth provided by Mrs. Gordon. "Bozzy" was afraid he might not care for it ("them" would be locally correct) and when his hostess saw him wolfing down a plateful in his well-known style she ventured to say: "You seem to like our broth, Doctor?" "Good enough for hogs!" he grunted. "Then," quietly said Mrs. Gordon, "pray let me help you to some more of it." The faithful James did not put that in his book, any more than he told us how his own father at Auchinleck in a heated argument wiped up the floor with the great Englishman, or how he met his match in Adam Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations" is said to have a circulation next in extent to the Bible. When Johnson said to Smith "You lie," the good Adam showed enough of the old Adam to call his opponent "a son of a ——"! There is another Aberdeen Johnson story not given in the immortal "Life." The Doctor was standing looking at a man "harling" a

wall, and getting rather close he blurted out, "I trust I am not in your way, sir!" "Oh, ye're nae in my way," said the canny son of Bon-Accord, "if ye're nae in your ain," accompanying his last word with a splash of lime that was as much of a decoration to the Doctor as the Burgess ticket he was flaunting in his hat. It was in an Aberdeen inn that Boswell, as he tells us, first conceived his idea of writing the "Life of Johnson."*

No one visiting Aberdeen should fail to see the Docks and The Fish Market proper. The Aberdeen docks cover thirty-six acres of land, and as large a body of water as any single dock in the Kingdom. The fish market is considered the best in Great Britain. Sometimes as many as forty steam trawlers and fifty line boats will arrive in a morning and deliver 1,500 tons of fish, that will be absorbed by traders in a few hours. In 1900 the value of white fish landed at the port of Aberdeen amounted to over three million dollars, so that the pillage of the sea compares favorably with the tillage of the land. I often feel sorry for my American

* 1. When George the Third praised Johnson's pen

As on the Sage one day he lighted,

O, what a thousand pities then

The mighty Samuel was not knighted!

"Sir Samuel Johnson"—would it not

Have finely matched—"Sir Walter Scott"?

2. Who more indulged in saying "Sir"

To keep the conversation stirring?

The eloquent philosopher

Was surely unexcelled at "sirring";

And who, I trow, had dared to gird

Had Royal George the Doctor "sirr'd"?

3. But when he thought the matter o'er,

And all it meant in fullest measure,

The King I do believe forbore

Because it might have killed with pleasure

The boozy "Bozzy" to have heard

His idol had been so preferr'd!

friends who think they have something wonderful in the bunch of bones they call shad. Although much bigger in bulk, in quality it is honestly only a shadow of the delicious herring drawn from the German Ocean.

The Aberdeen Bathing Station will also compare favorably with any modern up-to-date resort. The trolley tram-car is now in Aberdeen and affords a good means of seeing the leading streets of the town if one is pressed for time. The city is well provided with hospitals, including what is not so often seen—a sick children's hospital with beds for sixty children. Aberdeen Royal Infirmary has accommodations for 250 beds, and is a finely equipped institution.

The Royal Lunatic Asylum is under the management of an Auchindoir man, Dr. William Reid, and I was much interested in a visit I paid the establishment. The buildings and furnishings are fine and the grounds extensive and attractive. In addition to the asylum proper there is a department for private patients, and a farm retreat of nearly 300 acres for those who can be benefited by outdoor labor. In going through the asylum a curious and pathetic incident happened. Dr. Reid called my attention to a group of patients in one of the large sitting rooms and said: "A Lumsden man is there—I wonder if he would know you?" I recognized him at once, and to my astonishment he also knew me and called me by name without the least hesitation, although we had not met for over twenty years, when he was mentally well and a grown man—and I was yet a boy. He was a victim of religious melancholia, and, although a fine specimen of physical excellence apparently, his mind was hopelessly gone, and had been for a long time. The quickness with which he attached himself to me, and told me of *our* plans for escape was as strange as it was sad, and I have not yet ceased to wonder at his mental alertness in that direction.

But to know that he was so well cared for, and would be as long as necessary, if he lived to be a hundred years old, was a silver lining to the cloud.

The newspaper published nearest to Lumsden is *The Huntly Express*, the capital of Strathbogie* being only thirteen miles from "the Lum." Mr. Joseph Dunbar is editor and proprietor and provides a journal that, with abundance of local news and an excellent generally miscellany, is a welcome visitor throughout the Strath. Aberdeen, however, is the real news center and among my pleasantest memories are visits I paid to the editorial rooms of *The Free Press*, *The Daily Journal* and *The People's Journal*. The two first named papers are morning dailies, each having their evening editions, *Gazette* and *Express* respectively. The Alexanders have long been associated with the *Free Press*, Dr. William Alexander, the author of the immortal "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk" and other in-

* Huntly, the capital of the Northern land where the Gordons had the guidin' o't, was one time known by the curious name of "Tirrie-soul." It is a beautiful little town of about 5,000 inhabitants and is situated near the meeting of the Bogie and the Deveron—the *Wan Water* and the *Glamour* of George MacDonald's fiction, our oldest and perhaps our still most distinguished living Scotch novelist being a native of the place. Its fine old castle is one of the great ruins of the shire. Its Gordon schools have justly earned a high local reputation, and with its Brander Free Library and Reading Room, prove that it is up to date in educational matters. I paid the town several visits last year and came to the conclusion that it was an ideal summer resort, interesting in itself, and the center of a wide district where almost every spot is alive with history, song or romance.

On the way to Gartly one day I had the rare pleasure of a crack with Mr. Smith, the old schoolmaster at "The Riggin'," as fine a Shakespearean scholar as I met in Scotland, with a critical taste and affection only satisfied by facsimiles of the first editions of the poet's masterpieces. Even on this remote farm the *Scotsman* was delivered every day by noon from Edinburgh, and thus the old man kept abreast with the news of the world.

Another day I paid a visit to Blairmore Castle in the neighboring parish of Glass, where I was well repaid for the time I spent, but missed the long-promised welcome from the genial Laird, who had un-

imitable sketches of Northern life and character, having been editor-in-chief for many years until his death in February, 1894. I met his brother and nephew who are worthily following in his footsteps. At the *Journal* office I had a chat with Mr. Presslie, who has since gone to sup his porritch somewhere about Norwich, and sing the praises of the Yarmouth bloater instead of the Aberdeen herring. *The People's Journal* office is really a branch of Sir John Leng's establishment at Dundee, but is so popular in Aberdeen and district and gives so much attention to strictly local news that it is the leading weekly. Mr. Duncan, who managed "P. J." affairs in the North has had his own obituary recorded since I was in Aberdeen.

I was very fortunate in knowing Mr. Dove Paterson, one of "Bon-Accord's" best known sons, and an elocutionist without an equal in Scotland. He made a successful tour in this country with the Royal Edinburgh Concert Co., and I could not help but notice how well he had profited by his Transatlantic experiences in his alertness, adaptability, home-life, and in other important differences from canny-going stay-at-homes. Mr.

expectedly died when I was on the sea, sincerely regretted by every one who knew him. Mrs. Geddes and her accomplished daughters showed me many interesting relics, including a perfect specimen of native pottery, discovered near the site of the present castle and believed to be of prehistoric workmanship.

It was at Huntly that I thought I heard the richest, most graphic Aberdeenshire Doric in all my travels. The people there realize that "r" is a letter of the alphabet, with an acute accent on it, and I would neither "conter sic a notion" nor "gir-r-r-rn about it." Once in a Huntly bus pretty well crowded, and moving up a hill at a fair pace, an old lady opposite me thrust her big gingham umbrella into my hand and said: "See man! gie Bussy a pouk wi' that, as I want to loup aff at the yett by the heid o' the brae." The rumble of the wheels and the general conversation made a verbal order impossible, so the driver was promptly "poukit" and he realized the good sense displayed with a nod of approval and by duly stopping his horses at the place desired.

Paterson was just the man to "trot me around," and his kindness and self-sacrifice and unusual enterprise put me under obligations that it will take me some time to equal, and makes me feel glad I was able to show him attention when he was here. We took in everything from kirks and Braid Hill conventicles to concert halls and Her Majesty's Theatre, and from Brig o' Balgownie to the Wellington suspension bridge. I had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Paterson publicly and privately, and always with pleasure and admiration. He is the best interpreter of Burns I know, putting new life and meaning into the most hackneyed poems. Mr. Paterson has also developed high executive ability as a manager and director of entertainments on a civic scale. When I mention that all this is done in his spare time, and that he is known in business as one of the best dry goods salesmen in Aberdeen, his success is as remarkable as it is all the more praiseworthy.

A notable sight of Aberdeen is the Macdonald collection of the portraits of national artists, many painted by themselves. The Girard of the Granite City was Robert Gordon, whose college, opened in 1750, now supports 1,000 day scholars, as well as large evening classes. Aberdeen was at one time famed for its clippers, but the ship-building there now is confined to other lines. The new pier is worth a visit, and if seen in a storm is a sight long to be remembered. The granite industry is still of first importance in Aberdeen, and fine artistic specimens of the gray and the red stone from Aberdeen yards are to be found all over the world.

A recent statistician has proved from accepted records that in the matter of eminent men of the highest grade and in varied lines of activity and usefulness, Aberdeenshire leads not only Scotland and Great Brit-

ain but the whole wide world.* Yes, grippy as some may call them, considered in fair ratio, they surpass all others even in the matter of philanthropy! Long ago a wise citizen used to say: “Tak’ awa’ Aiberdeen and twal mile aroon it and far† are ye!” The circle

* Of course the Aberdeen folks have a good conceit o’ themselves, as they have a perfect right so to feel, and as any man worth his salt generally has, but it was not an Aberdonian who was the perpetrator of the following daring piece of panegyric I once heard and had reported at a Burns banquet: The toast was “Bonnie Scotland” and on reaching the peroration honest Willie in his enthusiasm solemnly declared: “Far be it from me, cronies, to speak of sacred things in any spirit of levity, or contrary to the Kirk and Catechism; but I have often thought if God in His infinite wisdom ever should think of making a quartette of the Most Holy Trinity there is only one man who could ever meet the requirements, and that man—need I say it, is a Scotchman—and need I say it again?—Robert Burns of Brig o’ Doon, Ayrshire, now in glory, singing to a golden harp with music envied by the angels—“Bonnie Scotland, I adore thee”!!! Ingersoll said in his wildest flights he had never equalled this audacious outburst. The “cronies” thought Bill *inspired*, and probably he was—by barley-bree. After sober second thought he himself wondered if he “hadna mixed up the bard o’ Ayr wi’ the sweet singer o’ Israel, seein’ there was sae muckle in common wi’ them in the wye o’ lasses and o’ sangs—as Robbie himsel’ has written.” Poor Will had still another “wonder” coming to him, and that was why “his apology to some seemed to gie the greatest offence of all.”

† “Far”—whaur,—where.

The Aberdeen dialect, with its “f’s” for “wh’s” and its “ee’s” for “oo’s” and other curious variations from the classical or poetic Doric, has also a wealth of words and happy phrases peculiarly its own. Gweeshtens me! I widna like a sclaiven Bogieside tongue to fa’ foul o’ me. A sclaffert in the lug wid be naething till’t. He wad be a geyan swippert bleck that cudna be ourteen, fin a soople darger cam’ knypin in ahin’ ’im. Fairly, fairly! An’ the Sooth buddies are naething bit shargers fin it comes to a richt stramash. Ye min’ on big Jock that said “Fee, Fa, Fo, Fum”? That proved he was an Aiberdeenshire chiel, an’ a champion, I’m thinkin’. A’ weel-a-wins there’s nae sic protty fallas noo! An’ fin I wiz in the toon I was ameezed to hear the droll like wye some o’ them pitt the wurd “like” to their sentences. “I wiz comin’ up the street—like.” “Foo’s a’ the day—like?” “Oh, geylies—like.” They’ll nae like it fin they see’t in print, an’ I thocht it unco queer to hear’t, but mair comic than annoyin’—like! “Weel, noo, isna he a cure? He beta hae his yammer, peer craitur, an’ we’ll forgie ’im seein’ he’s sib till coorsels, an’ him sae hyne awa’,—like!”

has been widened since that statement was made, but it is still true, I think, that the little whale-shaped county in the northeast of Scotland, size for size, is second to no place on the map in the production of granite and brains, and in the export of the same valuable commodities.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Since Art and Literature began
Up to the present year
The finest work of mortal man
Is concentrated here.

The biggest library in the world! Even in a superficial manner it would take several days to see it. The reading room alone cost nearly a million dollars. The dome is 106 feet high and 140 feet in diameter. Admission is by a reader's ticket, but strangers are always treated courteously. I called for several books to test its machinery and organization and had no delay or trouble in having them at my desk. Almost every seat was filled with students, and they looked to have "staying" qualities. To wander through the departments of antiquities is to be transported to Egypt and Assyria, or Greece and Rome, according to the rooms visited. Everything is on the richest and fullest scale. The government allots more than half a million dollars yearly to the British Museum for maintenance and expansion. Its chiefs are acknowledged experts in their lines and its agents are to be found wherever anything worth having that it does not have may be secured.

My time limiting me to my inspection I stuck pretty close to the manuscripts, charters, rare books, and seals, etc., mostly to be seen in the neighborhood of what is called "The King's Library," "The Students' Room" and "The Granville Library."

Of "Royal Autographs" it seemed that every British sovereign from the days of *Richard II.* was represented. I will quote a few tit-bits that may instruct as well as entertain. Bluebeard *Henry VIII.*'s letter to Cardinal Wolsey closed—

“Surly yow have so substancyally orderyd oure maters bothe off thys syde the see and byonde that in myne oppynion lityll or no thyng can be addyd . . . Wryttyn with the hand off your lovyng master Henry R.”

Anne Boleyn's letter to the same prelate, before her marriage, shows that “y’s” for “i’s” were fashionable.

Queen Elizabeth's specimen is a draft of one of her throne speeches.

Oliver Cromwell, though not a sovereign, has his place too. He was a poor speller, but did not claim to be “a literary feller.”

George III.'s paragraph had a fine ring. “Born and educated in this country I glory in the name of Britain.”

Queen Victoria's signature at four years of age and a letter written at her coronation completed the series; except specimens of such foreigners as *Peter the Great* and *Napoleon Bonaparte*. The great Frenchman's letter had been captured by Nelson after the battle of the Nile.

In the historical group:

Perkin Warbeck had a sample signed “Your frend *Rychard off ENGLAND.*”

Cardinal Wolsey declares his note to be “Wrythyne at Asher this twysday [9 March, 1530] with the rude hand of your dayly bedysman, T. CARDINALIS EBOR.

Sir Thomas More wrote: “At my pore house at Chelchith” [Chelsea].

Archbishop Cranmer valued the pleasure shown him by Lord Cromwell more “than yf you hadd given me a thousande pownde.” . . . Your own bowndman ever, T. CAUTAUBIER.”

Mary, Queen of Scots, has a letter in French, dated “de mon estreite prison de Chifeld” [Sheffield]. There is also a contemporary account of her execution

by an eye-witness. The final scene is thus described:

“Then lying upon the block most quietly, and stretching out her armes she cryed ‘*In manus tuas Domine,*’ etc., three or foure tymes, then she lying very still on the block one of the executioners holding of her slitley with one of his handes, she endured two strokes of the other executioner with an axe, she making very small noyse or none at all, and not stirring any parte of her from the place where she lay.”

The “little dog” incident is also told. Poor Mary! Her heart’s blood—

“Lapped by a dog: Go think of it, in silence and alone
And weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a Throne.”

Sir Francis Bacon spells idol, “idole,” double bound—“dowble bownde.”

Queen Elizabeth’s letter is a half scolding one to James VI., hoping he will bear with her for molesting him so long with her ‘skrating hand.’

Lord Clive, the Conqueror of India (after he had failed in his attempt to commit suicide), invariably spelt “We”—“Wee.” It was, however, the only wee thing about him.

George Washington wrote to the Earl of Buchan on the principle which should guide the United States in his opinion—“to be little heard of in the great world of politics.”

Pitt, *Burke*, *Fox* and *Sheridan* were all represented by holographs; *Nelson* and *The Duke of Wellington* by characteristic notes, and *Disraeli* and *Gladstone* by letters on literary topics.

General Gordon (of Khartoum) speaks in the last leaf of his Soudan Diary, and tragic enough it is in tone.

For a change let us briefly look at some of the Great CHARTERS. They run as far back as that of *Offa*, King of the Mercians, A. D. 785, and in Latin. Many have the original seals attached. Some have dozens of signatures. The famous *Magna Charta* is represented by

a collotype copy, but the original is preserved in the department. Pope's *Bulls* are quite common, including the one making Henry VIII. "Defender of the Faith."

The Literary Autographs and other manuscripts fitly begin with *William Shakespeare*, collotype copy of original Mortgage (in Museum) being shown. The poet signed "W^m SHAKSPE^r." All the great names from *Spenser's* day to the present are represented, many authors by whole books, entirely in their own handwriting. The only extant manuscript of an Elizabethan drama is "Believe as you List" by *Massinger*, except one of *Ben Jonson's* "Masques." If you list you may believe that Shakespeare's manuscript was like either of these. *Burns* is well represented by poetry and prose—fine penmanship, bold, clean and clear. *Robert Browning* has this to say of his own work:

"I can have little doubt but that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominos to an idle man."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was often a "poser" in more ways than one. The story is vouched for that he once put his legs on the table of an inn, and refused to take them down until his son said: "Father, they are taking you for Longfellow." Then he whipped them down with "Anything but that!" Longfellow could never have been so rude and Alfred Tennyson might have been told that he wrote few if any poems better than Longfellow's best. Another time (well authenticated) Tennyson was walking with a friend, and pretended to be bored with people who stared at him. Opportunely a man came towards them and the poet braced himself (as he said) to stand the ordeal. He never got so much

as a glance, and he sulked all day over it! Other instances could be given of his desire for notice, while all the time affecting to despise it. So here in his letter we have him in a natural rôle, complaining of having to wade through "printed proof-sheets of poems," with "letters for autographs" and being "penny-post maddened," also noticing "insolent letters—anonymous" and "letters asking for explanations." All pose, Alfred dear! You liked and craved the attention which was human enough, but you had to make your face while gulping it down.*

Thomas Carlyle had a different story to tell, but, as always, in a manly way:

* Books have been written on the vanity—and insanity of genius. Self-assertion at times becomes a duty, and is distinct from egotism, but even downright conceit has been a motive power that has brought many good results. It is hardly possible to imagine poor humanity doing good or great or pleasing things without looking somewhere for approbation, and my experience of life has been that those who affect most to despise fame, good opinion and advertisement, *secretly pine for it*, and will go great lengths to attain it. People of artistic temperament particularly crave admiration, — undoubted geniuses as well as mediocrities. They have enough interest in their work and love for it to sacrifice much to do their best while employed on it; but when the musician has finished his opera or Strathspey, the author his poem or essay, the painter his landscape or portrait and the sculptor his tablet or statue they each and all desire others to know their performances and to think well of them. The goodwife of the house likes to show off her fine china-closet, or her best parlor; the farmer his stock and his crops, and the tradesman his shop or store. Even those who denounce all this (or pretend to do so) wish to be praised for their humility, or their greatness in despising such follies and foibles; and in my opinion the "holier-than-thou" type of "superior person" is not any more offensive than the brand of humanity that affects apathy when it has really moved heaven and earth to secure a compliment. Some one has said self-depreciation is "conceit gangrened and driven inward," and Talleyrand declared "unbounded modesty is nothing more than unassured vanity." There would be no objection to Tennyson having a good opinion of himself—he was a great poet and a good man even if he pronounced his Bugle Song to be "the grandest lyric utterance the world has ever produced"—but why, in heaven's name, try to make believe that he did not care for praise, when his actions to evoke it often bordered on the ridiculous!

“I have given up the notion of hawking my little manuscript book [it was *Sartor Resartus*] about any farther: for a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day.”

John Dryden had a similar tale to give a hundred and fifty years earlier:

“If I durst I would plead a little merit and some hazards of my life . . . but I only think I merit not to starve. . . . Be pleased to look on me with an eye of compassion; some small employment would render my condition easy.”

Charles Lamb gave a recipe for cooking frogs: “The nicest little rabbitry things you ever tasted.”

Laurence Sterne, to a friend:

“I have brought *your name* into my work . . . where it will remain when you and I are gone forever.”

John Milton's Bible is shown with his family register on the fly-leaf.

No end to the rarest treasures. *Gray's* “Elegy” entire; *Cowper's* “John Gilpin”; *Bryon's* “Childe Harold”—first and second cantos; *Scott's* “Kenilworth”; *George Eliot's* “Adam Bede” and lots of other gems in the handwriting of the authors throughout. Of foreigners, specimens of every name in literature, art and science; of men of action as well as men of thought. *Montaigne's* manuscript received more than a passing glance, as I recalled that he was a pupil of Scotland's great Latin scholar, George Buchanan.

Then the ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts, on papyri, vellum, parchment, wax and paper. Some go back to the third century *B. C.*—fished out of the cartonnage of a mummy-case. One of the earliest manuscripts of any portion of the Bible at present known to be in existence was found in Egypt as recently as 1892. It is the Psalter and is believed to be of late third or early fourth century date. The earliest *complete* copy

of the Bible in Greek is the "*Codex Alexandrinus*" in the British Museum. This volume also contains the Epistles of St. Clement of Rome. The period is given as middle of fifth century. Older copies, but incomplete, are: (1) "*Codex Vaticanus*" in the Vatican Library at Rome, and (2) "*Codex Sinaiticus*" in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, both manuscripts assigned to the fourth century. Photographs of the two last named are in the case with the "*Codex Alexandrinus*" for convenient comparison.

Among *Baronial Seals* I noticed that of Sir John de la Hay, Knt. (A. D., 1281), whose family vault I saw in Elgin Cathedral. Was also interested in the "*Lancasters*," particularly the seal of "John Plantagenet, of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Seneschal of England, 1363."

The *Illuminated Manuscripts*, the rare and fine *Bindings*, and the priceless *First Editions* all appealed to me, but where they are counted by hundreds it is impossible to select for particularization. There was such a surfeit of rarity, antiquity, value and magnificence that I feel now like saying to my readers what *Charles II.*, when a prince, said to the Marquess of Newcastle in regard to physic, as I saw in the royal handwriting:

"*Too much* doth alwaies make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you."

Yes, yes—

"Enough's enough—of corn or chaff,
Of praise or of petitions;"

And to round out the stanza—

Of manuscript or autograph
Or books in rare editions!

IN SHAKESPEARE'S LAND, INCLUDING AN INTERVIEW WITH MARIE CORELLI.

kinD ReAdEr, *whosoE'ER yOU be,—*
CORElli's *seLF*, OR *sidNEy LEE*
OR *one oF MORE CONTRacted View:*
TheRE *iS A cYphER hERE fOR you!*

(A Letter to the Editors of the Lancaster (Pa.) *Intelligencer*.)

STATFORD-ON-AVON, Nov. 15, 1902.

Dear Sirs: At last in my travels I have found a place that has exceeded my expectations. It is here—Stratford-on-Avon—for centuries, as all your readers know, associated with the name of William Shakespeare. Most places are overwritten, and prove correspondingly disappointing, but much as I have read of Shakespeare's birthplace the half has not been told regarding it and its wealth of romance and historic lore. I have only been able to give a few days to the town, but in that short time I feel that I have been very near to William Shakespeare. There were no jars such as I experienced at Birmingham, in the Shakespeare library there. After satisfying myself as to what was to be seen—and I thought the collection poor—I asked one of the attendants if there were any Shakespearean relics in the room. "Yes," he said promptly and confidently, "there's one of Shakespeare's letters!" "What do you mean?" I asked; and he took me to a case, and showed me a copy of a letter written by David Garrick in regard to some celebrations in honor of the poet! That young man may go to the colonies, and, having been in the Shakespeare branch of the Birmingham library, he will no doubt speak of Shakespeare "with authority," and may convince some as ignorant as himself that he has seen and handled a genuine Shakes-

peare letter; but, all the same, I think it is lucky for him now that Mr. Timmins died the other day. One naturally wonders by what process such assistants are selected.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when I arrived at Stratford-on-Avon. While enjoying my supper at the "Fountain Inn" the curfew bell rang out its warning that it was time "for a' the bairns to be in bed." I listened to the notes with a strange sensation, for I knew that the same metallic sound had been heard by Shakespeare himself many a time, and the same bell had been tolled fifty-two times on April 23d, 1616, in proclaiming the immortal poet's requiem. At once I seemed to be wafted back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and this feeling did not desert me until I said farewell to the sweet banks of the gentle Avon.

Stratford is not a big town. I should guess it to have between eight and ten thousand people. It has some modern houses, but the old and quaint still happily predominate. I hope this may be so for ever. It is the one town in England that should not change, and Stratfordians should do the utmost in their power to preserve, conserve and reserve everything pertaining to their poet. He is their most valuable asset, as they will quickly find out if Bacon should ever dethrone him.

The most natural place to seek first is the birthplace, situated on the north of Henley street. It is in an excellent state of preservation, outside and in. The deed is in existence among the borough records showing that John Shakespeare, the poet's father, owned this house and it is believed that without a doubt he occupied it during the whole time of his residence in Stratford. Its history to the present time is as clear as anything could be. Unvarying tradition has pointed out the room where the poet was born, and common sense sug-

gests the exact spot. In this room there is little material change from Shakespeare's time. At one time no registers for visitors were kept, so strangers scribbled their autographs on the walls, and scratched them on the windows, with the result that every possible space is covered with names, including some very famous ones.

I saw "Robert Browning" and the places where "Thackeray" and "Byron" had been. Many of the signatures of the most famous actors are to be found on the chimney jambs. Walter Scott left his autograph on a window pane, and so even did dour, taciturn Carlyle. I was lucky enough to secure tracings of both. Mrs. Rose, the sympathetic and intelligent care-taker of the birthplace, also gave me a newly discovered couplet from the birthroom that is worth quoting:

"In this poor place his spirit first drew breath
Who guards the English tongue from fear of death!"

It is not known who is the author, but they are worthy of a noted name. There are some pieces of old furniture in the house, and the Stratford portrait of the poet that closely resembles the bust in the church over his grave. There is also in this building a room set apart as a museum that contains many most interesting relics. Here is the letter that Quiney wrote to Shakespeare, "touching" him for a temporary loan, and so eloquently solicited that I am quite sure the poet acquiesced. A facsimile of the letter is generally shown, as the original is too precious to be handled, and is kept in the secretary's safe. Shakespeare's sword is also in this room and his signet ring, with the letters W. S. on it. The ring looks unusually large, but if tried on the forefinger, where he wore it, one can see that it is only normal size. Here also are a fair collection of copies of the original quartos and folios and many paintings

and engravings and books illustrating the poet's life and works. When one reads the tributes paid to Shakespeare by men who knew him well, and so certified him, as it were, in his first collected edition, any doubt as to his real authorship vanishes, unless indeed, all who laud him were in the plot to deceive mankind. I noticed in a case "Shakespeare's staff," of malacca, about five feet six inches in length and evidently used as an alpenstock. There were MSS. of Garrick and Washington Irving also in this room. No lights are allowed in the birthplace, and it is heated by steam pipes from the custodian's house. Mr. Carnegie recently gave Stratford a public library, and learning the other day that some cottages stood near the birthplace that were a menace to it and to some extent spoiled the view of it he promptly ordered them purchased. They will be pulled down and the ground will be kept sacred to the birthplace for all coming time. This was a welcome and universally praised gift, some going as far as to say that Mr. Carnegie may be remembered as the preserver of Shakespeare's birthplace long after he has been forgotten as a founder of libraries. My hope is that he may supplement this by providing a fund for systematic research in and around Stratford to discover some more Shakespearean relics and perhaps some of his manuscripts. This is not a dream on my part, but a conviction born of long meditation and some actual experience. Since I reached Stratford I have heard of an ignorant land steward who recently ordered over two tons of Lucy papers destroyed, some of them dating back to Shakespeare's time. A gentleman of Stratford would have given £2,000 for the privilege of selecting what he wanted. It seems to me this fire-eating clown's name is worthy of being bracketed with the Rev. Fussy Gastrell, who destroyed Shakespeare's mulberry tree and razed his old house

at New Place. I hope the parson is still in purgatory and may remain there until we find something more definite and tangible about Shakespeare as an author, since Gastrell unquestionably "put back the clock" by his iconoclastic antics.

There are in Stratford to-day hundreds of old houses that were well known to Shakespeare, and many of them he doubtless visited. Have the garrets and closets of all of them been thoroughly explored? I doubt it. Have all the old mansions in the neighborhood been ransacked? I am quite sure it is not so! When at Dumfries I had occasion to look up the home of a gentleman who was a friend of Burns, and where Burns often visited. It occurred to me that relics of the poet might be there, and I was the more convinced of this when I was ushered into the library, in the same condition almost as when Burns used to consult it. The first book I opened contained an inscription by him, unpublished and unknown! The heir-at-law told me she had seen Burns MSS. among the family papers and still had them! Here was enough to found a new edition of Burns' works, discovered by a stranger three thousand miles from home and right under the nose of the premier Burns club of the world, when every Scotchman is hungering and thirsting for the slightest scrap of new matter from the poet or relating to him! I firmly believe this could be duplicated with Shakespeare, not so easily, of course, because he is two hundred years farther off; but with ability and patience and money something could be brought to light; and even two genuine lines, yes two real Shakespearean words would justify two years devotion to such a search.

If Shakespeare wrote anything at all, he certainly wrote many of his plays here. He resided at New Place the last years of his life, and his pen was not idle. Only a very small part of the house that adjoined Shakes-

peare's is now standing, but the foundations of Shakespeare's home are plainly to be seen, and the bay window pointed out which tradition asserts lighted the poet's study. There is also in use to-day the well that he used, and I had a refreshing draught from it, thinking as I quaffed it "honest water, that never left man in the mire!" William evidently did not confine himself to Adam's ale, however, as I saw in my travels more than one beer mug that he was said to have used. The gardens at New Place are supposed to be much as they were in his time. Over the street is the chapel of The Guild of the Holy Cross, that looks just as it did when he was living and saw it every day. You can sit in his garden and turn your eyes on many objects that were well known to the poet. Here it seems to me is where one comes positively very near to the living man. In this garden the "Tempest" was elaborated if not born, and, in fact, his best works, extending over his closing years, are all associated with this place. It was the best property in the town in his day, and he was no doubt envied and much misunderstood as he "idled away his time" at home. The "Falcon Inn" is over the street on another corner, and the shuffle board of this hostelrie is shown with the remark that Shakespeare used it when he indulged in a game. About a minute's walk from New Place is King Edward's school and the Guildhall. This was the school Shakespeare attended, and it is still used as a school. The place is pointed out where he sat, and a desk such as he used is preserved. I was also shown a little garret where bad boys were put as punishment in his day. It is a cold, cheerless-looking school, and I do not think is likely to produce another Shakespeare. The schoolmaster wears a funereal gown, and I can hardly imagine that much pleasure goes with the study there. The Guild hall is in the same building on the ground floor nearest the street. This

was the place where Shakespeare first saw a play. Strolling actors were accustomed to visit Stratford, and John Shakespeare, when high baliff, was an especial patron of the players, and he certainly took his lad William with him occasionally. The place is shown where the rude stage was erected, even the clamp holes being still visible.

The next most interesting memorial of Shakespeare is a little bit out of town, but should not be missed at almost any sacrifice. This is the Ann Hathaway Cottage at Shottery. It is a pleasant walk of a mile across the fields, the very route that William took many a time when he visited his rustic sweetheart. The house is in splendid condition, and is still cared for by a relative of Ann Hathaway's, Baker by name. I could not help but think, when the nice Quaker-looking lassie showed me around the rooms and described everything to me so carefully, that she must closely resemble her famous kinswoman at her age. You are shown the fireplace, with the wide chimney and the wooden bench beside it, where the poet and his sweetheart did their courting. It is very easy to believe amidst the surroundings, for everything is there almost as in that famous day—bacon closet, dresser, trencher, linen chests, frame for rosin stick as torch, stone floor, low ceiling, big oak beams, carved panelling and doors. Upstairs is Ann Hathaway's bed—too rickety now for any purpose except to look at—but a beauty in its day. On it may be seen some specimens of needlework of the period, and a portion of the straw-plaited mattress, such as in use at that time. Even the window glass is much of it of Shakespeare's era—a dingy yellow, once seen, easily distinguished. Here too is the primitive well, with bucket, and once more we drink from where the poet drank "many a time and oft."

It has been most delightful weather all the time I

have been here—they call it “St. Martin’s summer”—and no one could have seen the town and its surroundings to better advantage. On the way from Shottery I pulled scarlet hips and black-berries that were all along the pathway in abundance, while in Shakespeare’s garden at New Place the bright red holly berries were in every corner in profusion.

The most sacred Shakespearean spot of all is, of course, his grave, which is beautifully housed in as pretty a church as I ever saw, a fit shrine for such a precious legacy. This is the Parish church, otherwise known as the Church of the Holy Trinity. It is familiar to everybody from the photographs of it so plentiful and so deservedly popular. As you enter the door of the sacred edifice you know positively that Shakespeare has done the same over and over again. It is even the old door used in his day, with the turban-headed brass knocker that if touched by any fugitive would at once give him the full protection of the sanctuary. Near the entrance are shown the parish registers, with leaves open at the entry of Shakespeare’s birth and death. Nearby is a fine specimen of a chained Bible. But you are impatient to see the poet’s grave, and the door-keeper not having the time to go with you, simply directs you to the chancel, where by aid of the church guide book you have no difficulty in threading your way. In a few minutes you are before the altar rails, where a notice says: “Thus far and no farther.” At your left-hand side, next the wall, sleeps Ann Hathaway, the poet’s wife, and next to her is the immortal bard himself. Over his remains is the plain, rude stone, with the world-known curse:

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

In spite of the warning sign I pushed aside the altar rail and walked right on to the poet's grave verifying every word of the inscription and noting that the lines had been recut. The stone seemed so frail that I was afraid I would break it and tumble through. Shakespeare smiled good-naturedly at me from his bust above, set in the wall opposite his grave. There was not a sound for the moment. I was all alone. By and by, I heard the strains of the violin or 'cello, and I listened as the notes crept up the aisle and floated around me in the chancel. It seemed a harmonious accompaniment to such a solemn occasion. "That strain again! It had a dying fall! O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet smell of violets!" It took a good tug to pull myself back into the work-a-day world, and a long time before I said my final farewell.

Shakespeare's social standing is proved to have been high by his grave's position in the chancel of the church. All his family and his family connections are buried near him. There are many theories about the rhymed inscription. My idea is that he had expressed a wish not to be disturbed, and some one later on had the stanza cut on his grave stone. I believe a similar copy has been found prior to Shakespeare's time, so it is probably a stock epitaph, like "Affliction sore long time she bore," etc. Then, I think the bust is a fair likeness of him, and was cut from the Stratford portrait and possibly a death-mask, with the approval of his widow and children. Gerard Jansen, of Amsterdam, a professional tomb-maker, made it in 1623, seven years after the poet's death. The inscription under the bust is no doubt from the pen of his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, and makes direct reference, and in most extravagant terms, to Shakespeare as a poet. They did not lose much time in Stratford in vouching for their townsman as a great writer, and London soon followed

with its endorsement. The vexing, perplexing thing about him is the lack of any scrap of his writings in the original manuscript. We have whole books by Ben Jonson and Massinger, two of his contemporaries, in their own handwriting, and Bacon's script is quite common. Even the few signatures of Shakespeare are disappointing, not two of them being fairly alike, and in one signed on a mortgage he contents himself by abbreviating to "Wm. Shakspe." But in spite of this loss, we know a great deal of positive fact about the bard, and it is all in his favor. Three new books have just been published on the Shakespeare mystery, and all are by lawyers, by judges, in fact. Judge Webb, of Ireland, is against Shakespeare; Judge Willis is for him and I do not know how Lord Penzance, the third writer, stands, as so far I have been unable to see his book. A trip through Shakespeare's country helps one better to understand the controversy, and, so far as I am concerned, the effect has been to strengthen my belief in Shakespeare's authorship of Shakespeare's plays and poems.

I have not time to speak of other interesting places, Mary Arden's cottage, Judith Shakespeare's home and Dr. John Hall's residence, and many other houses associated with the poet. To Americans the Red Horse inn is like a second home, with its associations of Washington Irving, William Winter, and nearly every distinguished American that has visited this country. While I was there it was announced that Mary Anderson was coming for a short stay on the following Saturday. The Shakespeare hotel is also justly famous and has entertained the world's best. Its rooms are named after the Shakespearean plays. In the church there is an American window of fine stained glass, showing the seven ages of man from Biblical characters, the gift of American visitors. The Memorial Fountain presented

by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is an ornament to the town, and with its clock and fountain very useful, too. No American should miss seeing the Harvard house, which was once the home of the mother of John Harvard, founder of Harvard university. It is now used as an auctioneer's office, but some day may be bought and preserved as an American shrine.

The present living attraction of Stratford is Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, who makes her home there, at Mason Croft. I had the pleasure of spending an evening with her, and shall never forget the splendid time I had. She is good-looking, amiable and brilliant in conversation, as dainty and fine as a rich Cloissoné vase, but also strong when strength is needed. T. P. O'Connor dubbed her "Dresden china," and you know that nearly all the critics pretend to hate her. But she has beaten them all, and is now at the top of the tree, in spite of all her enemies. She is passionately fond of Stratford, and has done a great deal of good to it by bringing the most noted musicians, singers, actors and actresses to the town and giving the people a chance to see and hear them. Paderewski is to be her guest this week, and the De Reszkes later on, and so she is continually providing a host of good things for her neighbors. I told her I hoped she would give the Americans a chance to see and hear her soon, but she did not give me much encouragement. Everything at home is so comfortable, and she is so happy here, she hates to go away, even for her summer holiday. Still I believe she will think it over and if she should cross the Atlantic and give us a few of her charming lectures, I am sure she will not lack for audiences nor for big fat fees.

We talked on many topics. Miss Vyver, who was also present, hardly got a chance to slip in a word, but she was too good-natured to resent her enforced silence. Miss Corelli surprised me most by her commercial

knowledge. The way, for instance, she handled the topic of "silk" would have discounted an expert in Wanamaker's store. She was lamenting the decay of silk manufacture in England, and thought it would not only be good philanthropy but good business for some rich man to start up a few mills, to make silk on the old-style plan,—provided they produced the old-fashioned, rich, real silk now so rare, but once common enough in Britain. To illustrate her remarks she showed me some fine specimens of silk cloth, and dined on the weave, the luster and the varied excellences with such enthusiasm and convincing language that had she been a seller the most indifferent buyer even in a dull season would have succumbed with a big order. If she should ever think of starting an establishment for the manufacture of silk, after the style of The Roycrofters in books and furniture, she can easily dispose of the output herself with little waste of time. And her tip is worth the serious consideration of any one looking for an artistic industrial business.

Naturally I was curious to know which of her own books she preferred, and succeeded in finding out that "Ardath" was her first choice, and next to that "Barabbas." She talked freely of her writings and in a dignified yet modest strain. It is not so well known—in America at least—that she was trained for a musical career, and has several sweet compositions to her credit. She has also written a considerable amount of poetry—of the Byron-Shelley-Keats brand, if any one should ask the kind of it. She makes the first draft of her novels in pencil, recopying in ink. Her handwriting is very beautiful,—strong, clear and dignified. Before I left she very graciously presented me with a handsome copy of one of her books and at my request autographed it, and added a characteristic inscription.

It is quite true that she is much favored by royalty,

as I had ample proof of it myself in what I saw. She also enjoys the friendship of all the best writers of the day. Amongst her souvenirs I was especially interested in Sir Walter Scott's walking stick, that came to her from her stepfather, Dr. Charles Mackay. I hope she may be spared long, to charm and cheer us with her entertaining and instructive pen, and I am happy to say she looks as if she had many decades yet before her. My visit to her was a delightful ending to my Shakespearean tour, and I shall always cherish with pleasure the memory of her beautiful personality, her brilliant conversation, and the cosy, comfortable atmosphere of her classic surroundings.

A BIT O' TWEED.

To let such twill and tweel escape
I'm sure I'm very loth,
And yet my coat I have to shape
According to the cloth.

To see my cousin, Mrs. Wilson, I paid a visit to Kingledores, in Peebleshire, and this gave me part of three days in Tweedside. On my way from Edinburgh I passed through a greater city than London, for although it is big, Biggar is always Biggar! The joke reminds me of another Scotch one. "Motherwell!" the Railway Porter announces, and a smart Cockney pokes his head out of a train window and jeeringly asks: "Father well, too?" "Ow, ay," says the ready Scotty, "and if you go on a little far'rer you'll find *Bothwell*." I left the train at Broughton, and soon reached the district referred to by Saunders Tait, the satirist of Burns:

"Powmood, Sten-up and Kingledores,
Craik and Logan, fine farm stores,
The flocks go there in hunder scores
Among the scrogs
At spenning time there's nought but roars
O' herds and dogs."

Tait was often at the heels of Burns, and probably wandered up Tweedside because the greater bard had been there before him. I hope Mr. David Lowe will soon give us his study of Tait, who figures so strongly in Henley's "Burns." At the Mitchell library, Glasgow, I had the pleasure of going through Tait's rare bookie. My destination happened to be near "Willie Wastles's Stane," and the "Logan Watter" that is mentioned in the "Linkumdoddy" song. The Laird o'

Kingledores (Wm. Stewart, Esq.) has some beautiful bits of scenery on his estate, and, as I wrote him on leaving:

Sir Mitchell Thompson weel may praise
 Potarvan and Polmood
 But Broomyknowe and Hopehead's braes
 Are ilka bit as good.
 The Broad Law Hill may nae be yours
 But what tho' that should be
 Unless the mist its tap obscures
 It's always yours to see!

The valley was in the hands of the navvies engaged at the Talla water-works and such disgraceful drunkenness as I witnessed on the Saturday night I was there exceeded anything in that line I had ever seen. The workmen were the riddlings of humanity, the mob and scum and dregs of city and country, working at good wages, but evidently for no other motive than to spend their money on whiskey. Tragedies average about one a week, and that night was no exception. A man in a drunken stupor had rolled his legs into a blazing fire and before he was awake to the situation they were hopelessly burned. I saw him shipped to the hospital at Edinburgh, and read that he succumbed under the surgeon's knife. He was quite conscious when I interviewed him after the accident and absolutely indifferent as to the outcome. Such a carnival of riot and crime as almost nightly enacted there by the Talla lads made a woful contrast to the atmosphere of "the braw, braw lads o' Galla Water," whose exquisite air is as fine as anything in Scottish song.*

* TO EDINBURGH WATER WORKS COMMITTEE.

As Scotia's Paraphraser sings—

Too true a man to fleech and flatter:
 Can troubled and polluted springs
 Produce a stream of purest watter?

Waes, waes me!

By the merest chance I discovered that Rev. W. S. Crockett, the learned minister of Tweedsmuir, resided in the neighborhood, and on Sunday afternoon paid him a visit. He is an authority on Border literature and the country of Walter Scott, also the author of a popular anthology, "The Minstrelsy of the Merse." Mr. Crockett has a fine library of Doric poetry, and paid me the high compliment of showing references to me in quite a number of his books. He is a poet himself, and in such congenial surroundings it was easy and pleasing to "drop into verse" and give him the off-hand autograph which I here record:

On such a lovely day indeed,
 O Minstrel of the Merse,
 Who could not by the banks of Tweed
 At least indite one verse?
 Let this poor stanza stand for me
 To tell to far and near
 That from my hame across the sea
 On this day I was here!

October 12, 1902.

Then how can sic a worthless gang
 That nichtly ramp upon the batter
 Dee ony less than fyle for lang
 The fountain heid o' Talla Watter?
 Waes, waes me!

At Linkumdoddie Burns was deaved
 By Willie Wastle's spouse's clatter
 But shocked he wad hae been—an grieved
 At present life by Talla Watter.
 Waes, waes me!

Ah, "Galla Watter" sang is sweet
 But I felt mad as ony hatter
 And sad enough in troth to greet
 To see the sights by Talla Watter.
 Waes, waes me!

It's bonny by the side o' Tweed
 But O, they made my fancies scatter,
 If nae indeed my heart to bleed,
 The drunken lads o' Talla Watter!
 Waes, waes me!

IN BELFAST TOWN.

"Pro tanto quid retribuamus"—City Motto.

"For all the good that I enjoyed

Shall I make no return?—"

The pen that could be so decoy'd

Contemptuously I'd spurn!

My raid into Ireland was made directly from London, *via* steamer from Fleetwood to Belfast. It was a swift run on the rails, and I came near being left at Rugby, where the express was scheduled to wait a few minutes. I had just sauntered out to a news-stand when my train started, and only a strenuous foot-ball rush enabled me to overtake it. On the way from Euston station, I had the company of a railroad man back from volunteer service in South Africa, and he was full of his adventures among the Boers. He also gave me a good account of the great railway shops at Crewe that put even our Pennsylvania Altoona in the shade. The trip across the Irish Channel was so pleasant that I slept like a top and at seven o'clock next morning was being whisked through the streets of Belfast at a lively pace,—enjoying my first experience of a jaunting-car. My good friend and kind host, Mr. Dewar,* expected me, and we were together until I left about a week later. The time from London to Belfast is about twelve hours, half on land and half on water. On the steamer I made the acquaintance of another young man who had been in the Transvaal, and strange to say he had often visited my relations, the Cooksleys, there, and had been entertained by them at their home in the Splonken. Probably in the whole British Isles at that time he was the only man who had penetrated so far into the *vaal*, and with my usual luck I had

* See page 64.

turned him up to get most interesting news of my friends!

Belfast is not rich in authentic history, jumping from 660 to 1660 A. D. almost at a bound. The "plantation of Ulster" with the Scots driven from their own land by religious persecutions gave the first stimulus to the district, and to-day Belfast, the most progressive city in Ireland, is also the most Scotch—but that may only be a coincidence. The town is situated on Belfast Lough, an estuary of the sea, twelve miles long and five miles wide at its mouth, gradually decreasing towards Belfast, where its waters are joined by the River Lagan (the "Reedy Lego" of Ossian).

The port and harbor of Belfast make a second Clyde, with sailing ships, steamers, ferry boats, docks, sheds, offices and warehouses in every direction. The ship-building, boiler-making and engineering works of Belfast are famous all over the world, the gigantic "White Star" Liners having all been made in the Harland-Wolff yards there.

In linen, Belfast furnishes the best manufactured, from the daintiest cambric handkerchief to the finest damask table-cloths. The linen trade is the oldest and principal industry of Ireland with its headquarters in Belfast. The city has also the largest ropework in the world. Its woolen mills are huge concerns. The vulcanite asphalt and roofing factory is assuming mammoth proportions. The great Irish Distillery covers twenty-five acres, and the various whiskey warehouses and establishments hold and turn out oceans of liquor annually. Carrie Nation would be satisfied with the aerated water establishments, and doubtless has sampled Belfast ginger ale, as it is well known in the United States. There are over a score of concerns, each doing a big domestic and foreign business. The provision curing plants send Irish ham and bacon

to the uttermost ends of the earth. Marcus Ward and Co.'s paper, printing and lithography have given their Royal Ulster Works a world-wide reputation.

Mr. Kilpatrick's photographic establishment will compare favorably with the best studios in the British Isles. A walk through his gallery among his beautiful specimens will explain why he has often to take a trip to London with his camera and his experts to get a special lawn-party, or make a particular portrait. He has been acknowledged and patronized by Royalty on many occasions, and some rare historical-political pictures have been taken by him. Besides being an artist Mr. Kilpatrick is a wit of high degree, and some of his rare stories and sayings were equal to the best I heard in Ireland.

One evening I was introduced to a gentleman who made a clever political speech and promised to give him a call next day, which I did at his office. He is a wholesale druggist, and among his boxes and cartons and phials and bottles we had our chat. A casual remark developed a literary talk that was as surprising to me as it was refreshing, and in the discussion my modest and friendly opponent showed an exactness and appositeness of quotation that made his conversation brilliant. I could then understand something of the power that had made Sir James H. Haslett the Member of Parliament for North Belfast, and enabled him to win the sword and spurs of Knighthood. If any of my readers should think of tackling Sir James they had better first brush up their Byron!

Belfast is kept pleasantly to the front in the United States by The Royal Ulster Yacht Club, under whose auspices Sir Thomas Lipton has made his three plucky attempts to capture the "America's Cup," which is undoubtedly the blue ribbon sporting trophy of the world. Perhaps America's failure to raise a little

more wind for the competing boats suggested to "Sir Occo" Davidson of Belfast the advisability of introducing his wonderful fans to the States! Anyhow, he has reversed the general Syndicate coup by selling to an American Company the right to manufacture his fans and pumps which have hitherto been debarred from the States by the high protective tariff. In New York City last July I had the pleasure of witnessing a display of what Mr. Davidson's machines can do under the direct demonstration of the inventor. He has accomplished results that text book theorists have declared impossible, and in ventilating and irrigation alone his reward should be as big as his inventions are marvellous.

Of special interest to me was the Tobacco factory of Gallaher, Ltd. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Gallaher in the States, and, while I knew his concern was a big one, was not prepared to see such a gigantic factory. Mr. Thomas Gallaher, the founder and head of the firm, has been pegging away at tobacco for over forty years. From a small beginning at Londonderry he has now the biggest independent tobacco business in the world. His factory and warehouse buildings cover a large square, and are new and up-to-date in every department, much of the machinery in use being of his own special design and invention. His smoke-stacks consume their own smoke. Think of a boon like that for Pittsburg or Cincinnati! The value of the stock in the Gallaher plant is enormous, half a million dollars' worth of tobacco often being in the hydraulic presses at one time. His specialties are Irish Roll and Flake, but all kinds of smoking and chewing tobacco are manufactured, also snuff and cigarettes. The Gallaher counting rooms look like fine banking offices. All the male and female help employed are well cared for, every comfort being provided and midday meals served at bare cost. The pleasant relations between the firm

and employees make the establishment resemble a large family rather than a cold, hard business proposition. I met some who have been in Mr. Gallaher's service since he started. One old man declared he did not see how it had all been accomplished, but he was sure he would not accept the factory, and undertake to keep it running, as a free gift. Mr. Gallaher buys his raw materials direct, and is as well known to the planters and growers of America as he is to the commercial men of his own city. He has large warehouses and branch establishments in London, Liverpool, Dublin and many other places. For all his successes and honors the "Tobacco King" is a most democratic gentleman, and popular everywhere. He is interested in many other enterprises of local importance, and if he cared to enter public life could have almost any office he desired. At the St. Andrew's Banquet—an important annual event in Belfast—and where I had the honor of responding to a toast—Mr. Gallaher made one of the good speeches of the evening. There were baronets, knights and squires present, members of Parliament and deputy lieutenants, editors and other professional men in abundance, but none had a better ovation than "Tom," as he is affectionately styled among his own people. He resides in a lovely home—"Ballygoland" near Greencastle, on the outskirts of the city, and to see him surrounded by his interesting family at "his ain fire-side" is to see him at his best. His career is a proof that there are chances for big commercial success in the old country as well as in the new, as he has made all his business himself, from the ground up.

An institution of a different kind is The Queen's College, which gives tone to the town educationally, and under the able direction of Dr. Hamilton (who showed me many favors) is rapidly expanding, having now every requisite for worthy service. There are also several sectarian colleges or seminaries in Belfast. Of

churches all denominations are well represented. The "State" church was called "The Church of Ireland," of which the city has about thirty places of worship. The Catholics have ten churches, Unitarians four, Baptists three and the Moravians, Quakers and Jews have their buildings. The Methodists have over thirty churches, but the Presbyterians even more. From this list the denominational temper of the community may be gleaned.

I visited many shops and offices, finding trade good, with equipments and service equal to anything in London or Glasgow. The principal streets are wide, and show many fine buildings, including banks, clubs, hospitals, hotels, theatres, restaurants, halls, etc. High Street, Royal Avenue and Donegal Place will compare favorably with any city. The Botanic Gardens are a veritable fairy-land of grottoes, ferneries, fountains, caves, cataracts and tropical corners. Mr. McKee, the superintendent, had everything at its best in honor of the visit of the Lord-Lieutenant and his Lady, so I saw the gardens and hot-houses under most favorable conditions. The outskirts of the town are particularly beautiful. Ben Madighan or Cave Hill is not far off, and from its summit a wide territory can be seen, including the Scottish Coast.

Belfast has had a phenomenal growth in the past hundred years—its population expanding from 13,000 to about 270,000, and it is destined to continue to grow rapidly. Its industries are substantial, steady and diversified; its location is advantageous; its climate is favorable; its people are energetic, enterprising and progressive; and if Ireland had only a few more cities like Belfast judiciously placed throughout its provinces the Irish Question would soon settle itself and "the Emerald Isle" become what Nature intended it to be, one of the choicest gems on the breast of the North Atlantic Ocean.

IN AND ABOUT INVERNESS.

Craig Phadrick, Tom-na-hurich, Ord,
Cathedral, Castle, Ness so clear,
A balmy clime, true Celtic cheer,
The best the Highlands can afford,
Fine folk, fine speech and hearts sincere
Are found by Clach-na-cuddin here!

By many, Inverness is admitted to be unequalled for the beauty of its natural scenery, even eclipsing Edinburgh in the opinion of some who are considered competent to judge. It has hills and mountains, woods and green fields, river, and canal and sea, with islands and bridges in bewildering profusion, all within its own limits or immediately at its doors. As a city it is very compact. The streets are well-paved and kept clean, but are rather narrow. It has a castle and a cathedral, beautiful churches in abundance, fine town hall, railway station, post office and military barracks, public library, museum and school of art, many good hotels, schools and academies, and for its size the finest shops, stores and warehouses in Scotland.

The Royal Burgh of Inverness has a normal population of about 22,000; in the summer time increased to 30,000 or more. It is noted for many swell affairs, but especially for the Northern Meeting, which yearly draws together all the wealth and beauty of the half of Scotland. To win prizes at the Inverness Highland Games is to gain the highest Scottish honors. To attend the Ball is to see Northern Society in its best dress.

The townspeople are of a free and cordial nature, anxious to please the stranger within their gates and generally succeed in doing so. The merchants put themselves to any trouble to show their wares, and

have such an assortment and variety of everything that no one need leave the city without an interesting Highland souvenir of some kind. Of course here as elsewhere the "fakir" flourishes, but he is generally an importation and not "a Clachnacudain boy."*

Inverness is the place to secure almost any genuine curiosity or relic with true Gaelic flavor. It is the Capital of Clan Land, and the various Tartan Warehouses and jewelry shops make a specialty of supplying correct family plaids and crests and badges. Scotch granite, amethysts and cairngorms enter largely into the ornamentation of the gold and silverware displayed, the designs being Scotch enough and Hielan' enough to warm the heart and satisfy the taste of the most enthusiastic Caledonian.

Historically Inverness is of great importance. All the early writers agree it was a market town before the days of Christ, having been founded by King Euenus II., who was the fourteenth King of Scotland. Modern historians concede it was the capital of the Picts and the seat of their government, Gaelic being the only language, and tartan the only dress at the Pictish Court. That it was a center of Druidism the nearby ruins of hill-forts and temples amply testify. There are also

* In one curio-shop I saw an old fashioned plaid-brooch marked "£50," and asked why it cost so much. "It was Prince Charlie's" the merchant told me. "Where are the documents in proof?" I asked, which so enraged the old man that he would hardly discuss the matter. He did condescend to say, however, that if his word could not be accepted no affidavits would be of any value. When I said to him that to ask £50 for what was not intrinsically worth sixpence without positive proof of its important associations was a poor way of doing business, he replied: "Many was the brooch of the same kind he had sold for the same figure"; and I was afterwards informed that more than one American had paid their \$250 and carried across the sea just such a pin in the belief that it was the very one that Prince Charlie had worn in his plaid on the battlefield of Culloden.

traces of a Roman fort at Bona, in the neighborhood of the city.*

Of course I visited the site of Macbeth's Castle, where King Duncan was murdered. Shakespeare closely follows the Boethius version of this tragedy, as translated by Bellenden. Here is the exact text:

“Makbeth, be persuasion of his wife, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Innernes, quhare King Duncane happinit to be for the time. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie be support of Banquho and otheris his friendis, he slew King Duncane, the VII. yeir of his regne.”

Holinshed's Chronicle furnished the poet with fuller details. It is believed by most critics that Shakespeare had visited Inverness, reaching it by way of Forres from Aberdeen. Scottish historians differ as to the exact place of Duncan's death, but the final opinion seems to be that while he received the mortal stroke in his Inverness Castle he actually expired near Elgin, and, as I have said elsewhere, was for a time buried in the cathedral there.

Many Scottish kings visited Inverness, but none held court there after Macbeth's day, until James I., in 1427. It was a “killing time” among the northern barons, who refused to show proper respect to their sovereign. The Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, held several courts in the castle in July, 1555. Mary Queen of Scots paid the town a visit in 1562. She at first was denied access to the Castle, and for his impudence the deputy governor had his head cut off and exposed on

* When Christianity was being introduced to Scotland by St. Columba Brūdeūs II. was the Pictish monarch at Inverness. This was about A. D. 565. The Highland King closed his castle-gates in the face of the missionary, but the age of miracles was not yet gone, and Columba had only to make the sign of the cross before the entrance, and tap the doors lightly with his staff to see them fly open of their own accord! No wonder he made a good many converts among men of position, including the King.

one of the towers. In 1652 Oliver Cromwell (who, as old Affleck said, taught kings they had "liths" in their necks like ordinary mortals) took possession of Inverness. He built a fort there which was named after him, and the ruins of it are easily traced to-day. Among other buildings the Clock Tower yet stands with his clock in it, still going and keeping excellent time; just as Cromwell's parlor-clock does in the Philadelphia Library, where I have often seen it. The great Noll was "up to time" in more ways than one.

I noted with high satisfaction the fine statue to him in front of the Houses of Parliament, London, and felt the "powers that be" had really complimented themselves in—at last—giving his memory a recognition so conspicuous. The monument marks a prominent milestone on the world's political turnpike, and is a standing sermon to the rulers of the earth who do not believe in the divine right of kings to be demonarchized when they too far forget their creators, supporters and sustainers.

"Hey, Johnny Cope" was guardian of Inverness Castle, 1745-46. He is still jeered down the corridors of time by the indifferent verses of a Scotch Ballad maker. He also figures as a "Can't-er" in—

"Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,
Nor Hawley haul his cannons to the foe."

Prince Charlie and his followers drove Cope's successor, Lord Loudon, with all his men into Ross-shire, and afterwards destroyed the Castle.

The night before the battle of Culloden the Prince took up his quarters in Lady Drummair's House, No. 43 Church street, and the night after the battle the Duke of Cumberland occupied the same house and the same bed.

Inverness is full of Jacobite associations, as may be expected. The saddest of all places to me was the burying-ground of the High Church. There are shown

two grave-stones standing about twenty feet apart. One stone is high enough for a man to lean his knees against, and two depressions had been made in it for that purpose. The other stone was a little higher and had a V-shaped incision on top of it. After the battle of Culloden more than thirty Highland prisoners were one by one taken to the first stone and made kneel against it, while a Cumberland soldier with his musket resting on the second stone, blazed away at the poor unfortunate. It saved prison expenses, and was almost as swift an ending as the burning of the hutful of Highlanders immediately after the battle.

Accompanied by my father I visited the battle-field of Culloden, which is situated about five miles from Inverness and easily accessible by train or coach. The first thing that attracts notice is the "Cumberland stone," as hard in composition as the heart of the man it is named after. We climbed on top of the boulder and had a good general view of the Moor. The large Memorial Cairn and the clan stones marking the trenches where so many brave Highlanders are buried next claimed our attention. We took our lunch by the grassy mound where our own folks fought and fell, struggling for an unworthy prince and a worthless cause. But they did not see him as history has since revealed—I may say exposed—him to us, and they are entitled to all the honors that belong to truly valiant soldiers. Then "all was done that man could do, and all was done in vain."*

The battle of Culloden, often called by the Jacobites "Drumossie Moor," was fought on the 16th of April,

* To the pathos of the situation there was added for me on that bright September day no small item of romance. By force of circumstances I had, only a few days previously, been privileged to meet my father! In the government service and away from home he did not retire from duty until I had emigrated to America. We had occasionally

1746. It was a most unequal fight—5,000 ill-clad, ill-fed, poorly armed men, under Prince Charles Edward Stuart, were opposed by twice as many Royal troops, in the pink of perfection, abundantly supplied with all the implements of war; and yet such marvellous courage did the Highlanders show that it was everywhere conceded, in spite of the great odds against them, they would assuredly have won the day had not the proud Macdonalds (for a fancied slight) sulked and refused to charge. The Jacobites swept aside the first section of the Royalist troops as if they had been made of straw, but before the second line was reached the Prince's men were mowed down by the terrible and well-directed fire of the English. It was all over in less than forty minutes, and the undoubted rightful heir to Britain's Crown was never again able to give battle for his rights. The Duke of Cumberland was the victor if not the hero of the day.

As we walked over the field we met several other tourists, and in exchanging comments with them we discovered a complete unanimity of opinion as to the unnecessary cruelty of the English Duke, who still rightly retains in history the ignoble title of "Butcher" against all comers.*

corresponded, but never came nearer, and I saw him for the first time when he was just twice my age. In the gloaming of his life after an honorable and useful career he is still hale and hearty and was able to give me much valuable and reliable information regarding himself and his interesting ancestors. I make no apology for noting this curious episode in my life, but on the contrary have a melancholy pleasure in putting the fact on record. Truth is certainly stranger than fiction, and such a remarkable event is without a parallel in the whole of my knowledge of life, or in all my reading experience.

* Innumerable stories of his brutality were told to us, but one specimen must here suffice: Riding over the field with some followers, immediately after the battle, the Duke of Cumberland noticed a young wounded officer resting on his arm and viewing the triumphal procession as it passed by. He asked the half-dazed man to what party he belonged, and instantly received the reply, "To the Prince." Cum-

Personally I am glad that Cumberland got a good drubbing at Lawfeld about a year after Culloden, and ten years later, at Hastenbeck he was compelled to hasten back to a safe position after another inglorious defeat.

What a horrid, senseless, devilish thing war is and ever will be! How much better for even Revolutionists to wipe out a dynasty by wholesale assassination, as has just been done in Servia! And who would have greatly objected if Cousins Cumberland and Charles had blown each other's shallow brains out on Culloden field, if such a performance would have saved the countless noble lives and suffering and property losses that had to be endured on account of "The Forty-five"? Nay more; good man as George Washington was—he would have shown still more nobility if he had ventured a personal duel with George III. and the world had bound the followers of both leaders to abide by the result. Suppose the two Kentuckians, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, had decided the issues of America's great Civil War by an acceptable duel confined to themselves! The political results would have been the same as they were in 1865, I believe, but how much would

berland ordered one of his staff—who happened to be Major Wolfe of Quebec fame—to despatch "that insolent scoundrel"; but the gallant Wolfe refused point-blank to do it. Several other officers were asked to "pistol" the youth, but none would perpetrate such a cold-blooded murder, until a common soldier was commanded and compelled to be executioner, and brave Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallochy, thus fell a victim to the inhuman monster. Wolfe was never forgiven for his "insubordination" by the "Butcher," and on more than one occasion in his later military career was snubbed and insulted by the loathsome creature he had very properly rebelled against. It speaks well for the self-control of the Highlanders that Cumberland was permitted to die in his bed, as the feeling against him while he lived was most intense, and to-day his name receives far more execration from the Clansmen and Clanswomen of the north than even the devil himself has ever experienced.

have been saved!* If old Kruger had faced Chamberlain with pistols or broadswords and both accepted the issue, how much South African misery and financial loss might have been averted, and how many brave and able men might still be with us!

The literature and art that is connected with Jacobitism is a most important section in all first-class libraries of Scottish History. In my travels I have seen many collections, but none to compare with the Jacobite treasures of Mr. William M. MacBean of New York City, a native of Nairn, and consequently almost a child of Culloden Moor. He very wisely has not wasted much time and money on what may be called personal relics, but his accumulations of books, pamphlets, ballads, maps, manuscripts, prints, etc., pertaining to the Stuarts' "lost cause," and collateral topics, are not equalled by anything on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. MacBean also knows all about his collection, and has developed the fastidious taste in regard to fine copies and perfect classification that marks the true enthusiast.

One of the interesting features of Inverness is the new "Mercat Cross" presented to the city by Sir R. B. Finlay, M.P., for the Inverness Burghs, and at present Attorney General for England. At the base of this cross is the famous Clach-na-cuddin which has been called the "Palladium of Inverness."

* We decry lynchings, as they always ought to be decried, and resisted in all civilized countries, and yet what is war but the wildest kind of lynching on a colossal scale, and too often bearing in its train protracted ills that lynchings do not bring. If fights are necessary,—and they often are—confine them to the principals. When any single man becomes a menace to the good of humanity he should only need a warning "move!" from the great Policeman "International Law," and if the hint remains unheeded the same powerful officer should be able to run him in and dispose of him by International Arbitration. Jacobite as I am to the core in one sense, and grateful for all the fine Scottish songs that cluster around the hopeless Stuart movement, I have long believed them to be bought at too great a price.

I was greatly impressed with the town hall, containing many finely stained glass windows emblazoned with the Royal, Scottish, Burgh and Highland clan arms, also figures of Sir Walter Scott and Ossian, representing modern and ancient Scottish literature. There are also in this hall many fine paintings and busts of local and national celebrities.

In front of the county buildings and court house, occupying a site commanding as fine a view as may be seen in the north of Scotland, a magnificent statue of Flora Macdonald has been erected, the gift of Captain J. H. Macdonald, of Caskuben, Aberdeenshire. The sculptor was Mr. Andrew Davidson, of Rome, a native of Inverness, whose work has been greatly and justly admired.

All the cemeteries claimed my attention, and in two of them I was fortunate in seeing tombstones made by Hugh Miller, who also lettered them and composed the inscriptions. In Greyfriars Churchyard I received quite a shock in coming unexpectedly on the grave of Mr. Baillie, that I knew as tenant of the farm of Mains of Rhynie.*

In the same burying ground is an effigy of a warrior, supposed to be the Earl of Mar who commanded the Lowland army at the Battle of Harlaw, 1411. As he was also Lord of Kildrummy Castle it appealed to my imagination with extra force.

* He was "a man of weight," and when John MacPherson measured me for my first Sunday suit he said to my uncle with a smile: "I think I have a pair o' troosers here that will suit the laddie ready-made"—at the same time reaching for a pair of Baillie's. They were tried on and wrapped around me several times, to the delight of Johnny and my uncle, the opinion being expressed that I would be "a gey gutters to fill them oot."

While I think of it I must here tell one of John MacPherson's stories. It was about a Rhynie lad that had fee'd to a place in the Cabrach, and after being away for two months returned home unexpectedly, saying, in the manner of the district "I'm come hame." "And what brings

Tom-na-hurich cemetery is a symmetrical wooded hill, standing alone, like an island, its top being 222 feet above the level of the sea. It is a most beautiful spot, and commands a fine view of Inverness and the surrounding district. An American naval officer was the first to be buried in this cemetery. His grave is marked by a monument.

A line must be given to the lovely Ness which flows through the city like a river of shining silver, always filling its banks from shore to shore. To walk along its side as far as the Ness Islands, and lose oneself among the rustic bridges and sylvan nooks in the summer gloaming, inhaling the fine, balmy air for which Inverness is so justly noted, is to enjoy one of the choicest natural bits of bonnie Scotland.

Among indoor treats I must include a visit to Rev. Murdo Mackenzie's church, where the services were all conducted in Gaelic. The sermon lasted forty-five minutes, and judging by gesture, facial expression and voice intonation was an eloquent discourse. One of the congregation with an ear-trumpet sat on the top step of the pulpit stair.* The style of "precenting" was new to me, and I think the nearest approach to the old

ye here?" said his mother. "Were they nae guid to you?" "Oh, ay." "Did they work ye owre hard?" "No." "Did ye nae get meat enough?" "Ay, plenty." "Foo did ye leave than?" "Weel," said the loon, "When I gaed there a stirkie dee'd (died) and they sauted (salted) it—and we lived on it for a while. Then a sheep dee'd and they sauted it and syne we lived on that." "Weel?" "Yesterday the aul' granny dee'd an'—I was sent awa' to the shop for saut (salt), so I thocht it was time to leave." The boy did not evidently stop to think the salt was needed to place on the corpse (according to an old custom) but imagined the old woman was to be pickled and go the way of the stirkie and the sheep!

* My attention was also distracted by an evident maniac who came into church during the sermon, took a stand in the most conspicuous place in front of the congregation, and behaved so strangely that I was very glad to see him take his departure before the benediction was pronounced.

time "Letter-gae" I am ever likely to see. The music was curious to begin with, and when the leader of the singing chanted alone every line or couplet in advance of the worshippers, it seemed a decided return to primitive times. I noticed the Bibles in the pews were titled "Biobull," and the "Epistle to James" was represented by "Litir Sheumais." After the final psalm was sung a young married couple presented a child for baptism. The man held the babe for a time and then passed it to the woman. Before the rite was performed the minister gave a long exhortation, stamped his feet, and clenched his fists, sometimes looking at the congregation and sometimes at the parents of the child. It was well he was so far away, as if nearer he would have assuredly scared the infant. The poor father stood with bowed head, looking thoroughly ashamed. I have no doubt he had the responsibilities of a parent pictured to him as he never realized before. When the preacher at last let up, the father snatched the child from the mother, the minister descended from the pulpit, quickly sprinkled the child and the whole ceremony was concluded by all present singing what I soon realized to be, in spite of its Celtic veil, "Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me."

From Inverness I ran up to see and taste the world-famous Strathpeffer Springs. This Highland Spa, the property of the Countess of Cromartie, nestles cosily at the base of Ben Wyvis in Ross-shire, and from spring to autumn the little village is crowded with beauty, fashion and wealth from every quarter. In addition to drinking the healing waters—which are sulphurous and chalybeate—the complete Strathpeffer treatment embraces a system of baths, including peat, pine and needle bathing. With fine music, golfing, cycling and other attractions this Highland resort never knows a dull season. There are fixed hours for serving

the waters, but although I was late in reaching the pump-room and various wells, I had no difficulty in getting a Highland lassie to permit me to sample the springs, and see all the particular sights. Coming through Dingwall I had found it so inviting that I lingered longer there than my program called for.

No one needs to go to Pisa to see a leaning tower, as there is a fine example of a big monument considerably off the plumb in Lord Tarbat's memorial at Dingwall. I walked around it and could hardly believe it has been "hanging" in the same position for many decades. It is located on a little knoll opposite the establishment of the *Northern Weekly*, a first-class business and family newspaper with a wide circulation at home and abroad. I was very fortunate in meeting Mr. Norman Macrae, the editor, and he kindly accompanied me to as many of the notable Dingwall points of interest as my limited time permitted, giving me as we walked along an outline of the ancient city's history. Dingwall has a great claim to distinction in being the birthplace of Macbeth. The local records about him give him a good character. He was neither traitor nor usurper and held a better title to the throne than "gentle Duncan," but thanks to William Shakespeare's gifted pen poor Macbeth will never be able to overcome the dramatist's version of his doings.*

The very name of Dingwall proves its importance in ancient times, as it indicates the seat of the Norse parliaments. It has long been a royal burgh and the capital

* So far as history is concerned—and who shall say that history does not affect mankind?—it was really up to recent times of less importance to do than to get a poet to imagine what should have been done, to idealize it, to give it "a local habitation and a name" and to start the conception on an immortality of fame or infamy as fancy or whim might dictate. No wonder poets were called "makers," "creators," as they had powers that ordinary creatures could never aspire to; and even yet, I doubt not, in some places they are making and unmaking reputa-

of the important shire of Ross—the County Palatine of Scotland. Gladstone's maternal ancestors were natives of Dingwall, as the present citizens are justly proud to tell.*

The late lamented General Sir Hector A. MacDonald was a native of the district and in looking through the town hall I saw a fine collection of his military trophies on display. Poor fellow, he was then in the height of his fame, and how soon and how sadly it was to be obscured. Much has been said and written on his death and maltreatment by the War Office, and I must needs record here some of my own musings evoked by the tragic end and shabby treatment meted out to the modern Highland warrior:

THE BEST REBUKE.

His name it was Hector MacDonald,
 He came from the Highlands so grand,
 And he fought and he bled for his country
 Wherever his country had land.
 Braw Scotsmen are yet in the army,
 But the bravest and freest o' flaw,
 The gallant Sir Hector MacDonald,
 He noo is forever awa'.

His foes that were foreign wha met him
 He conquer'd again and again,
 And the fiends in the end that upset him
 Wore uniforms just like his ain.

tions in the same old way, but of course under much greater limitations. On the whole they have been good men, and even in the field of history they are conceded to be better recorders and interpreters than most of the professional historians. The press has pretty largely succeeded to the ancient powers of bards and chroniclers in civilized countries and any man who cannot now win name and fame "by right divine" has still a chance to get printed prominence in the newspaper; just as surely as no man can ever hope to achieve full power and position who is so foolish as to antagonize the reporters, the reviewers and the editors.

* Writing me March 12, 1890, Mr. Gladstone said that by accident of birth he was born in Liverpool, but "*my father and mother, and all my forebears, were Scotch exclusively.*"

They envied the higher promotion
 Their jealousy couldna reca',
 And repaid him for a' his devotion
 By drivin' his head to the wa'.

Ye Highlanders, lookin' to listin',
 Consider afore it's owre late;
 Review the career of MacDonald
 And think, while ye may, on his fate.
 The man who had thrice saved his country
 Was left like a felon to fa',
 Neglected, dishonor'd, affronted
 As if he were naething ava.

Great Britain has need o' her sodgers—
 And never mair needin' than noo;
 But Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,
 Stick fast to your trade, or the ploo.
 When sergeants come roon' ye recruitin',
 O' glory and honour to blaw
 Remember poor Hector MacDonald
 And thunder your "No" to them a'!

Mr. Munro, of the editorial staff of the New York *North American Review*, also hails from this part of Scotland. It is the home of his clan, which has flourished here for nearly a thousand years and is still in power. Some writers say the tartan of the Forty-second Highlanders is a Munro plaid, the darkness of the cloth suggesting the name of "Black Watch." If this claim is accepted it gives an added interest to Scotland's "Munro doctrine," as preached by that famous regiment. The Munro tartan of the present era is a decided red.

I concluded my visit to Dingwall by carefully examining the Old Court House, even ascending the rickety clock tower to get a better view of the town and surrounding country. It made me "creepy" to see some of the old prison cells, including the hole where the maniacs were kept for want of a better asylum. What a contrast to the fine establishment for the insane of the northern counties which (thanks to the kindness of

Mr. Gilbert Matheson) I had visited a few days previously when at Inverness! Dr. Keay, the superintendent, had everything as clean as a new pin, and the comforts, conveniences and helpful appliances everywhere to be seen in my tour of inspection, outdoors and in, left me with the best possible impressions as to what is being done for those who are mentally so unfortunate as to need a community's most loving care.*

* I was pleased to learn that the superintendents of such places receive big salaries, and it has naturally resulted in bringing to the work some of the ablest men in the medical profession. Only last June Dr. Keay was called to a higher position at Bangour near Edinburgh. The announcement made me think not only of his great Inverness asylum, but also recalled his magnificent deer-head trophies and the finest collection of curling stones I had seen in Scotland.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE FINAL VERDICT ON "FIGHTING MAC."

The Commission appointed to examine the charges against Sir Hector MacDonald early in October issued their report unanimously, unmistakably and completely vindicating him, and endorsing the opinion of all true and well-informed Scotsmen.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the hero that here lies."

The pity is that the gallant Highlander did not send a few of his would-be vilifiers to "Kingdom-come" before him, particularly including all execrably connected with the scurrilous sheet that first printed and circulated the infamous lies.

SOME OF THE BONNETS OF BONNY DUNDEE.

My first impression of this important Scottish town was disappointing, but I had not been an hour in Britain's Juteopolis until I began to see beauties as well as blemishes. It was here I struck the nearest approach to a reasonably priced first-class American Commercial House that I had found in Scotland, and I am quite sure any one that patronizes "Mather's Temperance Hotel" will thank me for the recommendation I cheerfully and freely make.

I had an invitation to visit Sir John Leng, M. P., the first citizen of Dundee, and, although a native of England, the one man who has done more for his adopted home than any other of his day and generation. As a publisher of popular newspapers and magazines he has forged ahead of all competitors. His *People's Journal* and his *People's Friend* are more widely circulated than any other weekly Scottish publications, being known all over the British Isles and also enjoying an immense patronage in the colonies and in fact wherever the Scot has settled. This partiality has been shown to them for many long years, and coupled with the fine business of the Dundee *Advertiser* and its evening edition, also owned by Sir John, he has been enabled to build up a colossal fortune, and erect a publishing and printing establishment of altogether American proportions. Had he depended on the trade of Dundee alone the chances are he would have made only a fair living; but the very necessity that drove him beyond his immediate locality proved to be the main cause of his big success. He is over the Psalmist's limit in years, but is too busy a man to know it or to show it. His Parlia-

mentary duties now naturally absorb much of his time, yet any one that comes in close touch with him can soon see that he is still the actual director of all his enterprises, whether on the banks of the Tay or on the banks of the Thames. At his private office I had the pleasure of meeting his able son, Mr. Wm. C. Leng, also Mr. A. H. Millar, the historical and antiquarian expert, and other members of the noted editorial staff. There also by accident I was introduced to Mr. Alexander Hutcheson, retired architect, who spent considerable time in showing me the most interesting sights of the city. No one could have had a more patient or intelligent guide, and I profited largely by the steps he saved me and the information he imparted. Among others, we visited R. C. Walker, Esq., a solicitor, and one of the foremost heraldic experts in Scotland. His knowledge of his hobby is sufficient to make even a big man look small. We also took a run in to see James Falconer, known everywhere for his museum of antiquities, and his unique library. I was shown fine specimens of "horn-books" from the earliest ages until the last example. Long letters by Scott, Hogg, Tennyson, Christopher North and such intellectual giants were everywhere in profusion. It would take days to go over his crockery and his pottery. A blue and white jug showing "Poll of Plymouth" on one side and "George Washington" on the other aroused my cupidity, but it was too big to steal for the Lancaster Historical Society, or the attempt might have been made, as Falconer is not a seller, but a collector. Miss Falconer, his sister, is also imbued with his tastes, and is a sympathetic assistant in classifying and displaying his treasures. Falconer is specially interested at present in railroad literature and printed relics relating to the introduction of "The Iron Horse."

Finally, although more a head than a 'bonnet,' I must not omit to mention the most conspicuous natural object in the neighborhood of Dundee since it is associated with my own name,—the high hill known as "The Law." "Law" in Scotland means "hill" and instances readily occur in "North Berwick Law," "Largo Law," "Dunse Law," etc., but "The Law" is also not uncommon. Strange to say "Low" is a corruption of the same name, as in "Caldon Low," and thus we have "Low" applied to something "high" which is only another demonstration that black can be proved to mean white if we have the requisite information.

JAMES SCOTT SKINNER.

Almost a Dundee man now, although preëminently a citizen of Scotland, is James Scott Skinner, Caledonia's veteran violinist and composer. Skinner comes of a distinguished musical Aberdeenshire family, and was himself born at Upper Banchory, on Deeside. He is now full of years and honors, and has to his credit the best Strathspeys and melodies that have been produced in Scotland in our day and generation. His own name and the names of his leading tunes are household words wherever Scotch people foregather. This enviable position has been attained by Skinner through the hardest kind of work, united to native genius. His compositions run into the hundred and he has at least half a score of stately collections to his honor, while his masterpieces are numbered by the dozen. Any one of them would be sufficient to secure immortality for a musician, but we have become so accustomed to good things from Skinner that when a new favorite comes from his prolific brain we take it as a matter of course,—and expect another soon to follow. Skinner belongs to the class more appreciated when dead than when liv-

ing, and only when his fiddle is laid aside for the last time, will Scotland realize his greatness—and her loss. He is at present our leading exponent of Scotch violin music, and is a first favorite wherever he appears. He scored a big success in his American and Canadian tour some eleven years ago, and since then he has been continuously before the public in the old country, appearing at all the leading music and concert halls from London to Inverness. In his picturesque Highland costume he makes a striking figure anywhere. His patriotism is of the intensest type, and considering what he has done and what pleasure his works will continue to give after he is gone few indeed of our day will be entitled to more of Scotland's gratitude. I have known him intimately for a score of years, have seen him close at hand, as well as viewed him from a distance, and I pronounce him a genius of the highest order and an industrious, well-informed, kindly, friendly man. He is happily mated and permanently located at Monikie near Dundee. When I visited him last summer I questioned him closely as to his methods of composition and was fortunate in securing from his own lips the story of the birth of all his most noted successes. His style is spontaneous, erratic and to some extent irresponsible, but he knows the value of cultivation and polish, getting neither peace nor rest until he succeeds in putting the final touch to his work. Amidst his many professional engagements he is steadily progressing with "The Harp and Claymore," which will be his greatest collected work and is destined to give him a preëminent position among Scottish musical composers and editors of any age and for all time. It is out of the question for me to enumerate his many big hits, but as a matter of record I feel that I cannot miss this opportunity to name his "Cradle Song," "Bonnie Lass of Bon-Accord," "Miller o' Hirn," "Laird of Drumblair" and

last but not least, on account of the personal compliment to myself, "James D. Law's Reel."*

* Last summer I saw quite a lot of Skinner on the platform and at his home. Monikie is an ideal location for him, handy for reaching any place north or south, yet sufficiently away from the highways of travel to guarantee the rest and peace he needs when "off duty." The Dundee Water Works are at Monikie, and many other interesting points, not the least being the Maule Tower erected by a grateful tenantry to Lord Panmure, the eccentric and generous. Was pleased to note in the register the signature of my friend, Wm. Henry Maule, of Philadelphia—a recent visitor, and no doubt of Panmure stock.

AULD AYR.

"A wicked toun" in days bygane
I'm sure it needs nae special glasses
To see it still can haud its ain
For "honest men and bonny lasses."

Just as Dumfries, before the days of Burns, was associated with Bruce, so, before the poet arrived, Ayr rejoiced in the fame of Wallace. The hero of Scotland held "a black Parliament" there in 1297. It had its beginning at Lanark where Wallace was provoked into a quarrel with some English soldiers and after killing one had to take "to the woods" with his followers. In revenge the English general killed Wallace's wife. News was brought to the warrior and his grief for one "so blithe and bright" was terrible to see. He collected thirty men, attacked the English at night, himself killed the cur who had slain Lady Wallace, and with the aid of his devoted "brither Scots" sent the souls of two hundred and forty more Sassenachs into eternity before morning. It was then war to the hilt, but between strategy and open fighting Wallace held his own. At length his enemies laid a trap for him and pretended to call "a council of peace" to be held in Ayr. The English had fixed on a big barn and secretly filled it with soldiers, furnishing it with noosed ropes hanging from the rafters. The Scots in knightly faith kept the compact. Barons and squires went in—men brave as lions, and always able to hold their own in a fair field. They were seized as soon as they entered, hanged in a twinkling, and their dead bodies heaped in a corner. The trap was a great success. Wallace by rare luck came late, and a loyal woman who had found out the treachery waylaid him and told him all. It nearly un-

nerved him, for many of his best friends, including his uncle, Sir Reginald Crawford, were lying with stretched necks in that dismal corner. Wallace retired to plan revenge. The English were so overjoyed they celebrated their success in a big carousal. Most remained over night in the barn and where the others had gone to sleep the houses were marked. At the proper time Wallace and three hundred men he had collected surrounded the barn and fired it. They also attended to the marked houses, and not a man of the English escaped. All were burned to death, or killed by the sword, and to this day "The Barn of Ayr" is remembered by the Scotch—and by the English not forgotten. Wallace is commemorated in Ayr by "The Wallace Tower" and two other statues of Scotland's deliverer.

But for every one that visits Ayr even for Wallace's memory at least a thousand look it up for its Burns associations. Fighters and generals are necessary evils at the best, and the antithesis of the poets, although the poet and the soldier have been united more than once in feeling and in fact. There is something fascinating and romantic about war from a surface view, but it is a sorry *profession*. Even Burns himself thought once of applying for "a stand of colors," and we know he joined the volunteer movement at Dumfries, shining better however as Laureate than as a marksman. Byron rushed into the field, but openly declaring his desire to commit suicide. The old Cavalier poets were soldiers by accident or force of circumstances. Had they been "sodgers" *only* they would have died unnoticed but in the mass, with a few rare exceptions.

And so Ayr is esteemed for its bard—it is "The Land of Burns." The birthplace of immortal Robin has attracted more pilgrims than the proudest palace in the British Isles. Even Shakespeare shrines do not command the homage of the hallowed ground asso-

ciated with the name of Burns, any more than can Shakespeare's birthday evoke the universal enthusiasm that greets the twenty-fifth of January. The English are fond of naming their poet when a Scotchman begins to brag about Burns. But as one loyal admirer said: If Burns michtna hae written Hamlet certain sure it is that Willie Shakespeare never could hae written "Tam o' Shanter"—so there you are! Glory enough for both and room for both. Just as we know Burns was a lover of Shakespeare's works, so we believe Shakespeare would have enjoyed Burns's had their eras been reversed. But Scots can better relish the two languages than the English can do. Cavil not at the word "language" applied to Scotch, for it is more than a dialect variant, being one of the three big British linguistic streams that parted company after Chaucer's day. Before that period English and Scotch poets used the same vernacular or mother-tongue. What is now known as English flowed through England, permeated English and confined itself to England. The Scotch, who generally know a good thing when they have it, held on to what is now called Doric, the true language of poetry, and right well worthy to be styled the sweetest, couthiest, richest, subtlest, strongest,* most melodious, most graphic, most patriotic, most natural and most winning tongue in Europe. In tonic flavor the only rival a Scotch voice need ever fear is the soft, musical cadence of correct English as spoken by a belle of Old Virginia. While on this topic it is to be remem-

* Let Croasland, and other crass-headed Cockney scribblers, ken—for instance—that in some parts of Scotland "unspeakable" is pronounced "unspikeable." If the Scotch sometimes eat what he thinks is the wrong end of the celery it is because they *prefer* that end. He found them so bright, poor man, that his *reflections* on Scotia and the Scots were really his own reflections *from* them, and he never knew he had only drawn his ain miserable "counterfeit presentment" until he appeared betwixt the brods o' his bookie "taken from life."

bered that literature was flourishing in Scotland in the era of Caedmon and Bede, long before it appeared in England; and we also know that down to the time of Dunbar and Lindsay the Scottish poets believed they were writing in "Inglis."

The first Burns item that greets the stranger in Ayr is the fine statue of the poet not far from the railway station. "Broad based" on its pedestal of Aberdeen granite it seemed to recognize the northern foundations of the bard, since his father was a native of the "North Countrie." I paid a visit to Stonehaven and Glenbervie and saw the graves and homes of Burns's paternal ancestors in my walks through the district. The Kincardineshire branch of the family still stick to the old form of the name—"Burness."*

At Drumlithie a nice old lady, proud of the fact that she was a kinswoman of the poet's, was invited by my cousin to take tea with us, and she had lots to tell of the Burnesses of the Mearns with traditionary stories of the bard's visit to his father's relations.

The great hostelry of Ayr is the "Tam o'Shanter Inn," where Douglas Graham of Shanter Farm spent more time and bawbees than his dame approved of—but who could resist the blandishments of the landlady, the fine liquids and the company of "Souter Johnny"? We had to pree something ourselves from the bar and the famous quech in memory of "auld lang syne." "The Twa Brigs" may still be seen, but the new one is new since the poet's day. There is a Carnegie Free Library in Ayr, and many fine walks and drives about the town. But of course the attraction of all is "The Cottage where Burns was born." You can now reach it in a few minutes by trolley which runs as far as the

* It is a pity in my opinion that the poet ever changed it to "Burns," presumably because he could find more rhyming words to the contracted form. Who would care to have Horace Howard Furness follow the example and go down to posterity as "H. H. Furns"!

monument at Bridge of Doon. A fine lodge, museum, and well-kept grounds first attract notice, and after a look among the relics and a chat with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, who are in charge, the birthplace is entered from the back door. It is not unique as a building, many yet existing in Scotland like it and much worse than it in appearance or appointments. When one sees such hovels, and comes to know what great men and fine women have had their origin in them they excite wonder as well as reverence. We find ourselves speculating how any one could ever crawl out of such sordid and comfortless surroundings. William Burnes was one of nature's noblemen; though poor in worldly wealth a millionaire in all the finer qualities of manhood. His life was a constant struggle with poverty, sickness and misfortune. He was well-behaved, well-liked, even respected, but never succeeded. His wife—Agnes Brown—was a woman of superior mould with no book-learning, but full of mystic tales and ballad lore. The father realized before he died the treasure he had in his oldest son, but he received no advantages the other children did not get. Gilbert, the second child, was also a man of unusual ability. The younger brother, William, died in early life. The sisters were clever above the average. All had brains—and to Robert was given extra the divine spark of genius. Poor fellow, he paid a big price for it, but “what is to be—it is to be.” Too often the laurel crown leads by the way of the martyr's cross.* The cottage is as well known as the alphabet,

* How easy it would have been for some one with plenty, or in political power, to have put poor Burns in a soft crib! No pension, nor even a sinecure wanted, but a position that would give mental independence, financial ease, and ample leisure to woo the muse. I doubt not but what there were men of wealth then living who posed as lovers of literature, and even admirers of poets, but the bards—as in the case with most patrons now—had all to be safely dead before exciting real interest. “Put not your trust in princes” is an old song. Here is a recent echo:

LIPPEN TO YOURSEL'.

Air—"Birnieboosle."

Lippen to yoursel', laddie,
 Dinna look to ony ither;
 Gin ye would do a' ye should—
 Lippen to yoursel'.
 'Twill save you aft a heavy he'rt
 To cultivate the helpfu' airt
 Of actin' aye a manly pairt
 An' trustin' to yoursel'!

Lippen to yoursel', laddie,
 Irrespective o' the weather;
 Rain or shine aye bear in min'—
 Lippen to yoursel'.
 Ye'll meet in life wi' lots o' men
 When naething's wanted gleg to len'
 But speir them when ye need them—then
 It's lippen to yoursel'!

Lippen to yoursel', laddie,
 Frae this counsel, dinna swither;
 Frien's may dee or disagree—
 Lippen to yoursel'.
 Wi' your heid and he'rt and han'
 Help your brither a' ye can
 But for you, yoursel', my man—
 Lippen to yoursel'!

All honor to the noble Duke of Buccleugh, who did not prate about his high opinion of James Hogg, and try to borrow some lustre from the poet on the thrifty plan of empty public praise; but on the suggestion of his Duchess, quietly presented the "Ettrick Shepherd" with a farm and a home for life; by this single act of substantial kindness doing more for Scottish letters than all the nobility and gentry that so grandly "patronized" Burns when he lived, or have tried to advertise themselves by fattening and battenning on his fame since he died neglected, starved and broken-hearted in dark Dumfries. Opportunely, my daughter, America, has just brought me the *Lancaster New Era* of this evening (July 11, 1903) by which I see that a copy of the "Kilmarnock Burns" was sold in London on Thursday to the Alloway Monument Trustees for \$5,000. Proud as we are to record the fact it only adds to the sorrow and the shame of every true Scot who remembers Robin's treatment when he lived and moved and had his being—and his needs. It is fine to see him so highly appreciated now, but why, oh why, did he not taste a little of it when it would have done him good? What sum would be paid now to restore the fine Lyrical Machine named

"ROBERT BURNS," with all details in good shape, and thirty-eight years of happy output guaranteed? We could then count on three times as much work as he left us and even (if possible) an improvement in quality. Why should we have to write "'Twas ever thus"?—

Since Time began, whate'er the cause
It's fixed as ane o' Nature's laws
To stint the poet o' applause
As weel as bread
Until he fills the maggots' maws
Amang the dead!

And when he's fairly o'er the burn,
Withoot the sma'est chance to turn,
There's coontless thoosan's gleg to mourn
The clever chiel
And big a costly vase or urn
Aboon his beil.

Ay, some will syne pay for his book
A ransom that micht free a Duke
Wha wadna gi'en the bard a look
When he was here,
Forbye to help him to a neuk
His he'rt to cheer.

What say ye, BURNS? Direct my pen!
Are you more worthy now than then?
Were you less needin' gear to spen'
On bairns and wife
Afore Death sleely slippit ben
An' took your life!

*"It mak's me turn within my grave
To see the wye the coofs behave;
Mysel' they didna care to save
Nor ease my lot,
And noo their praise and a' the lave
I value not!"*

*"Instead o' raisin' stanes to me
And warin' gear I'll never see
I hope they'll maybe think a wee
Upon my kin
In blood or brain—whaure'er they be
The warl' within."*

*"Noo happy here,—weel sure I am,
 Wi' clearer views, since here I cam',—
 Expense on me is but a sham
 That they may shine
 Wha ne'er were worth a tinkler's—dram
 To me or mine.*

*"And even tho' I micht succeed
 To raise my body frae the deid
 I wadna hae to lose my heid
 On hoo I'd fare,
 Jaloosin' I micht beg my breid
 For a' they'd care!*

*"'Severe'?—It may seem sae to you,
 But I am independent noo;
 And mindin' what I wareslt thro'
 In auld lang syne
 I only fear it's just as true—
 As 'Truth's divine!'"*

and calls for no detailed description here. It is now in good hands, cared for in a dignified manner, and will remain for countless ages one of Scotland's most noted pilgrim shrines.* Up the road towards Doon Auld Alloway's Kirk is found, and then the big Monument, and the Brig,—and the banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon, and Doon itself. All are minutely and lovingly inspected, examined and mused upon, and finally locked up with the choicest treasures of a literary pilgrimage. At every spot and point and place Burns seems to be with the traveler. My visit was paid on October 25, 1902. To be in harmony with the poetical atmosphere all around, my note-book jottings took the form of verse, and are here reproduced to conclude this chapter, with some alterations, from the copy printed in the current *Ayrshire Post*.

* Kilmarnock pleased me best in regard to Burns relics, MSS. and books. The poet's memorial there occupies a commanding position and has a fine statue. I paid a visit to the little bookseller's shop that represents the one where the first edition of Burns was printed. "Auld Killie" looked thriving, but I could not procure a Kilmarnock bonnet or even a nicht-caip in any of the stores I visited, much to my disappointment. A visit to the Dick Institute was greatly enjoyed.

WITH BURNS AT AYR.

The “banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon”
 Looked unco saft and weet the day,
 When a’ my lane I wander’d roun’
 Whaur Burns was aften wont to stray.
 And yet in spite o’ cauld and rain,
 The little birdies free frae care,
 Sang oot to me as sweet a strain
 As they had ever warbled there.

I saw the noted places a’—
 The Monument upon the hill,
 The Auld Brig and the New Brig braw,
 Baith feats o’ engineerin’ skill;
 I saw the grotto o’ the shells;
 And Alloway’s auld ruined kirk,
 Whaur Cloutie, as oor poet tells,
 And witches whyles were kent to lirk.

Within the little rude kirkyard,
 Unvex’d by ony pompous urns,
 I stood before the sacred sword
 That marked the grave of William Burnes.
 The father of the poet he,
 In quiet grooves his race was run,
 Who all his lifetime proved to be
 A worthy sire for such a son.

Syne doon the road that leads to Ayr,
 I saunter’d till I reached the spot,
 Whaur some sev’n-score o’ years and mair
 The bard began his lowly lot.
 The Cottage noo looks trig and clean,
 The wa’s are soun’, the thack’s the same,
 And a’ the grass aroun’ as green
 As Robin’s everlasting fame.

I wander’d thro’ the but and ben,
 And view’d the fixtures auld and worn;
 I saw within the farrer en’
 The very bed whaur Burns was born.

Yes, there he utter'd first the cry
That later so enrich'd our lore,
A voice that was not born to die
Till Scotland's self shall be no more!

Ah, Robert Burns, now Scotia's pride,
How sad, how tragic, was your fate,
To have to lay your harp aside
Before your years were thirty-eight!
Had you been spared, as well you might,
To reach the three-score years and ten,
How much that never saw the light
We might have gather'd from your pen!

But sad reflections are in vain;
Within the tomb his faults should rest;
We'll not divorce him from his strain,
Nor judge his work but by his best.
Were he alive and with us now,
How should we strive to pay our debt?
The laurel wreath upon his brow,
And all he wished for he would get!

Here first the poet found his wings,
And all around on either hand,
His genius touching common things
Has made of Ayr a hallow'd land.
For all the world a pilgrim shrine,
Revered alike by rich and poor,
Its title true, because divine,
And to the end of time secure!

THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

No matter where the pilgrim turns
The name of names is Robert Burns.

Dumfries, sang W. Stewart Ross, "is the grandest city of the world for it has Burns's grave." Long before, William McDowall wrote:

"Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, forever dear to me:
Of burgh-touns the pick and wale, the bonniest place I see."

The Royal Burgh has the flavor of antiquity all about it, and the name of Burns stamped everywhere. A fine Burns statue unveiled April 6, 1882, occupies the central square. The "loved Nith" of the poet divides Dumfries from Maxwelltown's braes on the Galloway side, as bonny as the trysting place of Annie Laurie, though not, as some have believed, the locality of that deathless song.

After reading for a lifetime about Burns, it gives one a strange feeling to be at last among the places he frequented. They are so different from what fancy had painted them, and yet much remains of the poet's gilding. Walking through the streets of Dumfries, and minutely examining the leading howffs, haunts and homes of Burns, we forget that a hundred years and more have elapsed since he was here. We conjure him up in imagination, and often find ourselves expectantly watching a corner in hope that he may come striding round it, and give us a chance to ask the hundred and one questions that no biographer has ever answered.

Of course our first visits are to the two dwelling-houses he occupied here,—the first on Bank Street,*

* When in Dumfries I made the acquaintance of many of the leading citizens, and much enjoyed the company of the editors of the two newspapers—Mr. Ballantyne of *The Herald*, and Mr. Watson of *The Stand-*

where he moved from Ellisland in 1791 and the second in Burns Street, where he dwelt from 1793 until his death in 1796. All the space he and his family had in the Bank Street house was the second story or floor, divided into three small rooms. The middle apartment was his study. It was about big enough to hold a bed. There were tenants above and below the Burns family. The Burnses must have keenly felt the change from the freedom of the farm; most of all the wife and children, who were compelled to be there; the poet himself being out on Excise duty, or musing by the Nith, or with his friends the greater part of the time. No wonder Jean grumbled and scolded, as he himself has told us. It must have been a mean house in Burns's day: it is a mean house still. The old lady who now owns it will keep you downstairs where Syme's stamp office was, if you do not insist on seeing the poet's quarters. It is impossible to look at the cramped, dark rooms without a shudder, when one remembers that this habitation was for so long the cage of our greatest song bird. What matchless lyrics were born here!* In imagination

ard. The former is an Aberdonian and the latter "native, and to the manner born." Mr. Watson is second to none in his knowledge of everything pertaining to his illustrious townsman, and being himself a poet can better appreciate the artistic side of Burns than most of his critics. In Mr. Watson's office I saw a fine letter in Carlyle's own handwriting, penned by the Ecclefechan scholar during the Dumfries cholera epidemic. Among many good sentiments he said: "I do not participate in the panic. We were close beside cholera for many weeks in London; 'every ball has its billet.' . . . Your days and the days of those dear to you, are now, as before and always, in the hands of God only; from whom it is vain to fly; *towards* whom lies—the only refuge of man. Death's thousand doors have ever stood open; this indeed is a wide one, yet it leads *no farther* than they all lead."

* It was in this hole that he wrote "Ae Fond Kiss" containing the deathless lines:

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

we can see the handsome poet "lucubrating" as he balances himself on the hindlegs of his favorite elbow-chair, the bairns running out and in, and "Bonnie Jean," perhaps with her sewing by his side.

The second move in Dumfries to the house in Mill-Hole Brae, now called Burns Street, was a flitting for the better. It was self-contained and had two floors with an attic. The poet's study was in the garret, and in size was just nine feet square, but had much more exclusiveness than the Bank Street chamber. The bed-room where Burns died was the smaller one in the second story. The house is to-day pretty much as it was when Burns resided in it, and within the past few weeks has been put on a better public basis, as befits such a shrine.

It would be tedious to run over the names of the various Dumfries inns which have each some connection with the bard. I visited them all—saw the relics that were to be seen, handled as many of them as permitted, and like most travellers had drinks from the cups and mugs and quechs that were said to have been used by the famous exciseman. The "Globe Hotel" had the strangest fascination for me as it was unquestionably Burns's favorite "howff." The tables and chairs that adorned the upper parlor in Robbie's day are still to be seen there; but now carefully preserved and reserved. I saw the lines scratched on the window panes by the great minstrel to "lovely Polly Stewart," and when looking at them remembered that this also was the home

To hear Madame Annie Grey sing this song to the original Gaelic air that suggested it, we can well believe Burns's saying, that it was 'the wail of a broken heart.' Here also Burns wrote his grandest "Highland Mary" song, beginning "Ye banks and braes and streams around the Castle o' Montgomery." There is hardly a true rhyme in all the four stanzas, and yet no jar is noticed, the pathos, the tenderness and the sadness of the sentiments being so overwhelming as to hide either rhythmic harshness or verbal discordance. "Duncan Gray" and "Galla Water" were two other first favorites written in this residence.

of "Anna wi' the gowden locks." As a result of Burns's admiration for her I have among my autographs a letter from Mrs. Thomson of Pollokshaws, who was Elizabeth Burns, the daughter of the poet by this same Anne Park. She was a niece of Mrs. Hyslop, the landlady of the Globe Tavern. Burns considered his lyric on her—"The gowden locks of Anna"—the best love song he ever composed, but it was too warm for general circulation in the poet's time, although now well known to all Burns students. In discussing the surroundings of The Globe Inn with the present proprietor she showed me the route taken by Burns when he made his way home, after a prolonged sitting with his boon companions—through the close to Shakespeare Street passing on his way the unlucky stone-steps where tradition says he fell one wintry night, and slept until early morning after having contracted the unfortunate illness that was the beginning of his end. But the same kind of a tale is fathered on other poets with minor differences, so that we must not be too hasty in accepting the Burns legend. I rather prefer to dwell on the testimony of Mrs. Burns, and she has assured us that while the poet was of a convivial nature he was not a sottish drunkard, and no matter whether he reached home early or late he was always fit to close up the house and see that the children were comfortably cuddled doon.

In this Burns Street house he wrote about a hundred songs, including such masterpieces as "Afton Water," "Scots Wha Hae," "A Man's a Man for a' that" and "Auld Lang Syne." To the very last his lyric genius retained its finest quality. On his death bed he evolved one of his tenderest couplets:

"Sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear."

The last conscious melody that floated through his brain

was the half joyous half pathetic, haunting tune of "Rothiemurchie," to which he wrote the fragment "Fairest maid on Devon's banks." This was at Brow on the Solway Firth, and three weeks later all was over.*

* My contribution to the Burns Death Centenary was the following song to the same air, written July 12, 1896—exactly one hundred years after Burns wrote his last lyric:

BURNS CENTENARY SONG.

(Tune—"Rothiemurchie" or "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks.")

A hundred years hae come and gane
 Since Burns, oppress'd wi' care and pain,
 By Solway sang his parting strain,
 The last that he was e'er to do:
 Chanting to the Ocean's croon,
 Ranting Robin, rhyming Robin
 Hummed his hinmost Scottish tune
 The seal o' death upon his broo.

His gloomy leisure to beguile,
 And brush awa' his woes awhile,
 He ventured in his auld-time style
 The Doric Muse aince mair to woo:
 Singing with his wonted fire,
 For a moment he was happy,
 Bringing from his soothing lyre
 A ditty tender, sweet and true.

By sunny recollections sway'd
 Again on Devon's banks he stray'd,
 And wi' his waning strength essay'd
 A posie for his love to pu';
 And the charming, tender lilt,
 Halfins gentle, halfins chiding,
 He on 'Rothiemurchie' built,
 He is nae Scot that doesna lo'e.

O, wha but reads maun surely see
 He meant the little song to be
 His last appeal and final plea
 To a' that should his life review:
Dinna credit a' the blame,
Aft in vaunting, aft in malice,
Put upon the poet's name
By scandal-mongers auld and new.

From his last residence it is but a short walk to his Mausoleum, an imposing tomb in the form of a Grecian temple, tastefully ornamented and well cared for. Turnerelli's sculptured marble design makes a striking contrast to the plain original head-stone (erected by the poet's widow) and now most fittingly preserved in the mausoleum. All around are seen monuments erected to the memory of Burns's friends and acquaintances, whose names are familiar to us from his writings. Not even Shakespeare's home and grave attract so many pilgrims as pay their devotions to the last residence and tomb of Burns.

Not all Valhalla's vaunted halls
Can ever in importance vie
With humble Bank Street's lowly walls
That saw the Scottish Laureate die.

It was the Minstrel's Last Good-Nicht,
The closing, brief, poetic flight;
Alas, that wi' his gifts sae bricht,
So soon to fate he had to boo:
Caledonia's sweetest bard,
O, the pity—pity of it,
Slept within Dumfries Kirkyard
Afore the month was fairly thro'!

Pathetic was the final scene:
Beside his bairns and faithful Jean
At hame he closed his weary een,
And paid the debt to Nature due:
Dead sae long afore his time—
Think upon it—think upon it;
Dead sae long afore his prime
His lot sae hard, his years so few!

But, by the brilliance of his line,
Adorned with Poesy Divine,
His fame will live and brightly shine
As lang as o'er us bends the blue:
Dearer name will Scotia show
Never—never—never—never;
Loved a century ago
It's mair than ever worshipp'd noo!

Not Abbey nor Cathedral bust
Of Britain's proudest, grandest names
Can draw more homage than the dust
That old St. Michael's graveyard claims.

It was pleasant to turn from the dead to the living, and intensely interesting when the living were the nearest lineal descendants of the great bard. The eldest child of the poet was Robert Burns the Second. He was affectionately styled "the Laird," and several songs and versicles by him are in existence, showing he had inherited something of his father's genius. His oldest son was also named Robert. He became a schoolmaster and by a strange coincidence married a Mary Campbell, which, as all the world knows, was the name of the great Burns's "Highland Mary." Robert second also had a daughter Jane who married Mr. Thomas Brown, and it was the Browns I visited. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are well advanced in years, but still able to move about. I had known of them for a long time and was particularly anxious to meet them. My good friend Wm. R. Smith, of Washington, D. C.,—

to whom our country turns

For what is best in botany and what is best in Burns—

had more than once excited my interest in the Browns, and I found the affection he had for them was warmly reciprocated. I saw them several times, and I think my visits to them must rank among the choicest of my Burns experiences. Mr. Brown is a good sensible talker and I grew to like him very much. Mrs. Brown, the poet's granddaughter, captured my heart at once from her close resemblance to my aunt, Mrs. Watt of Lumsden,—the "Ma" of my childhood and only mother I ever had.* The third and last member of the Brown

* Alas and alas!—after all her patient waiting to see me she died while I was on my way across the Atlantic, and was buried beside my mother in Kildrummy Kirkyard the day I landed at Glasgow. My

family—Jean Armour Burns Brown enjoys the distinction of more closely resembling the Nasmyth painting of her illustrious great-grandfather than any other living representative. I felt as if Burns himself looked through her glorious eyes. What fine talks we had together! What a lot I picked up I had never known before! I had tea with them and a dram from the poet's glass and decanter; saw many priceless family relics, and—best treat yet—we had a Burns concert all to ourselves with the poet's choicest songs inimitably rendered by his own flesh and blood. Mrs. Brown has a sweet and pure voice, and even yet can sing with much spirit. She rendered alone with fine feeling "A' the airts the Win' can blaw," "Bonnie Mary o' Argyle," and a rollicking Irish song, also accompanying her daughter in "My Nannie's Awa'" (a delicate compliment to myself—since my Nannie—Mrs. Law—was not present). Jeanie sang with fine dash and voice "A Man's a Man for a' that," "Green grow the Rashes" (at my request), "The Auld Scots Sangs" (a Philadelphia song by Rev. Dr. Bethune), and the inimitable "Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut." Her mother good naturedly protested a little at the selections, some of which I admit are more suited for a male than a female voice, but we conducted things all our own way, and carried through our program. When it came to "John Anderson, my Jo" and "Auld Lang Syne" we had the male voices and the female too. If Jean Armour Burns Brown could be persuaded to come out as a public concert singer, I am sure she would only need one tour around the world to be able to retire with a competence. But she has refused more than one good offer to go before the public in this way.

uncle, John Law, had also been taken in the May previous so that my brightest hopes for my holiday at home were cruelly shattered when almost reaching realization.

Since I was in Dumfries the Browns have moved into the Burns house where the poet died, and will be life-tenants in return for taking care of it. The intention of Dumfries City is to make the place a Burns Museum, and no better or more appropriate move could have been made than in placing the Browns at the head of it, nor a change more likely to please locally and generally. It will also bring the Browns into better contact with the Burns pilgrims from over the world, so should be beneficial all around.*

There is an interesting collection of Burns relics at the Maxwelltown Observatory,† which also contains relics of John Paul Jones, a native of this district; some fine pieces of sculpture; old coins and bells; and I looked through curiously stained glass windows that perfectly represented the scenery as it would appear by sunlight or by moonlight, and in the golden summer time or on a bleak wintry day.

* On being asked to add something to Miss Brown's autograph album I wrote the following impromptu:

The Bard o' Ayr, my bonnie Jean,
 I've followed lang thro' mony turns
 But feel I've never nearer been
 Than I am noo to Robert Burns.
 And here upon the Banks o' Nith
 Wi' thochts o' him that's far awa'
 I'm pleased to credit Willie Smith
 For this rare treat to—

October 28, 1902.

JAMIE LAW.

I am sure neither Robert Burns nor Jean Armour would have been displeased to note that "Uncle William" of Washington, was gratefully remembered in my musings, even if the Nith had failed, to suggest his loved and honored name.

† There, too, I saw the finest specimen of a camera obscura that I had yet come across. It is better than the one in Professor Geddes's Tower, Edinburgh. The camera obscura is a fascinating and instructive—what shall I call it?—implement, instrument or toy?—that might well be—and doubtless profitably—introduced into America. It provides an ever-varying picture-gallery which far surpasses the work of the

Dumfries has many points of interest besides the Burns associations, the most notable being The Old Bridge, originally built by Lady Devorgilla, mother of John Baliol; Comyn's Court, marking the site of the Greyfriar's Monastery where King Robert Bruce slew the Red Comyn, finally resulting in Scotland's independence;* the Town Hall† which has hanging on its walls the famous "Siller Gun" presented to the Trades by

greatest artists,—old masters or modern experts—for who can paint like nature? In a darkened room, on a smooth white table easy to look at, the whole surrounding country can be reproduced in sections showing everything in natural colors, and at rest or in motion with nothing of the irritating vibration and shimmering and noisiness of the cinematograph. With such an instrument well located in our city or in any city in the United States every street and alley and square could be reproduced and all the life that they contain, without the fatigue or expense of visiting but the one place. What a boon, for instance, it would be to retire into a cool chamber in New York and away from all the heat, bustle, and excitement quietly view a yacht race or a big parade, or even the normal stir and traffic of an ordinary day! I think this is a tip worth the serious consideration of any one looking for a sure and pleasing money maker. Chaps me Washington!

* Dr. Arthur Johnston, the eminent Latin poet, has a beautiful reference to this incident:

"Here Comyn false who sold the realm
And came to share the spoil
Fell by the dirk of valiant Bruce
To stain the hallowed soil.
Scotland! of all thy famous shrines
Let one be dear to thee—
Dumfries! which bore that priceless fruit,
The deed that made thee free."

Johnston was born in 1587 and died in 1631. He was a native of Caskieben, Aberdeenshire, his mother being a Forbes of Drumminor Castle. Among other honors he held the post of Physician-in-Ordinary to Charles I., just as another Aberdeenshire man, Sir James Reid, of Ellon, is to-day Physician-in-Ordinary to King Edward.

† Joseph J. Glover, Esq., is the present worthy mayor of Dumfries. He is a most intelligent Burns scholar and has some orations to his credit that rank among the best. When in office he sits in a chair that is adorned with a rare bas-relief carving of the Archangel Michael who is the tutelary guardian of Dumfries. The artist's conception of a saint or angel is worth careful examination.

King James VI.; one of the first savings banks in Scotland started by Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, a good Scottish poet and the *originator* of savings banks; the Dumfries academy where Barrie the novelist was educated; and the King's Arms Hotel with Prince Charles's Room. In the way of trade the leading industries are the manufacture of tweeds, hosiery, leather and confections. There are also a couple of iron foundries.

One of the latest valuable additions to Dumfries is the Ewart Free Library, presented by Andrew Carnegie, and named in honor of the author of the Free Libraries Act, Mr. Wm. Ewart, M.P., for Dumfries Burghs. Mr. Carnegie has also been heard from in connection with Burns descendants, as it is reported he has agreed to settle an annuity on Mrs. Brown (now in Burns House, Dumfries), the granddaughter of the Poet.

LANCASTER COUNTY VIGNETTES.

RUS IN URBE.

Let other poets in their rhymes
Imbued with tastes of distant times
Delight to sing of foreign climes
And fabled commonweals :
Be mine the task with honors due
To try to sketch in colors true
The varied and the lovely view
My balcony reveals.

No Highland bard from Hill of Ord,
Not Barbour pent in Bon-Accord,
Nor Walter Scott at Abbotsford
E'er saw a rarer scene ;
The country blending with the town,
As fair in fact as in renown,—
The gem of Pennsylvania's crown
Is in the rich demesne !

A castle* looms in lordly style
Beside a fort's† embattl'd pile,
And barns and houses, mile on mile,
In red and white array'd,
Seem sailing onwards with the trees,
Like painted yachts on summer seas,
Till wafted skywards with the breeze
In fleecy clouds they fade.

The pleasing plots of varied shape,
Now here a gulf, now there a cape ;
The drooping boughs that seem to drape
The islets strewn around ;

* The County-House.

† The Prison.

A road transfigured to a brook,
With many a winding curve and crook,
Make shining knoll and shady nook
Like fairy-haunted ground!

The gorgeous tints that may be seen
From golden brown to glossy green
And all the tones that intervene
Beneath the vault of blue,—
What artist e'er could hope to catch
The secret of their charm, or snatch
With human hand the dyes to match
Each lovely changing hue!

The gentle Conestoga stream
Of all our waters here supreme
Has hid itself in hope to dream
Unnoticed to the bay;
And with no grating sound to mar,
But as an echo faint and far,
The distant train or trolley-car
Glides smoothly on its way.

And when the moon in early night
Hangs out her shield of silver bright
Reflecting o'er the land a light
Exhaling dew like balm
The sultry day though e'er so hot
Recedes and is remembered not,
Life's vexing cares are all forgot
So soothing is the calm.

O, favor'd spot beyond compare
Where common folks are free to fare
On wealth for which the millionaire
Is doomed afar to roam!
Who would not surely grateful be
In no minute or scant degree
So exquisite a show to see
Beside their doors—at home!

July, 1903.

VIEW FROM "BLEAK HOUSE."

The mountains rising on the left where observation ended by some manipulation deft seemed with the azure blended. The nearer ranges in their swell like waves upon the ocean, as shadows o'er them rose and fell, appeared to be in motion; and through the haze, as in a dream, with smoky pennons trailing, we saw the white-washed houses gleam like stately vessels sailing.

BY SUSQUEHANNA'S SIDE.

Who cares to visit Chickie's Rock
 May gaze upon a sight to mock
 The finest scenes from Nature's hand
 In any clime or any land:—
 Where water, islands, rocks and trees
 Caress'd by sun and kissed by breeze
 And fields of fresh and dazzling green,
 With spots of darker soil between,
 In shape arrangement and in hue
 Combine to make a matchless view!

"PENNSYLVANIA'S PRIDE."

The Garden Spot of all the State unequalled for its farms, its handsome buildings, splendid stock and other rural charms; in Agriculture's widest range without a par or peer,—the very first upon the list where'er you care to steer;—so brilliant, and so big a gem that it was doubtless planned to be the flawless Koh-i'-noor to place on Nature's hand!

THE CONESTOGA RIVER.

[O, Conestoga, languid stream,
 Howe'er my muse may smile on me,
 When you I make my willing theme,
 This favor let me ask of thee:
 Shine through my lay like golden ore
 That not a verse but may proclaim
 And show how dearly I adore
 And love thy sweet poetic name.
 And then I'll know—since thou art there
 Each stanza must have something fair.]

How sweet it is, when gloaming tide
Concludes a sultry summer's day,
By some cool water's shaded side
With loved ones, young or old, to stray!
And where did any eye survey
A landscape matching scene on scene
Where Conestoga winds its way
Betwixt its trees and meadows green?
O, lovely Conestoga!

What curves and coves, what bays and bends,
What nooks and niches not a few!
The rugged with the gentle blends
Where'er the path we may pursue.
For rare variety of view
No streams with vaunted classic names
Within the Old World or the New
Surpass the Conestoga's claims—
Unrivalled Conestoga!

Not Turner's noted Crook of Lune,
Nor Byron's wide and winding Rhine;
Not Burns's banks o' bonny Doon
Nor boasted Tweed, nor lauded Tyne;
Not Delaware nor Brandywine
Nor Spey, nor Tay, nor Don nor Dee
Nor Shakespeare's Avon still more fine
E'er seemed so beautiful to me—
As tranquil Conestoga!

The bard who looks for castled crags
May find them here, and ruins old
As fine as any country brags
The Conestoga's banks uphold!
Yea, could the poet's muse unfold
The secrets of each rock and dell
And bygone haunts of Indians bold,
What lays and legends might he tell!—
Romantic Conestoga!

And best of all—and always best—
The chief of Conestoga's charms:
Without an equal, east or west—
Her big and little fields and farms!
They shine like jewels on her arms!
Fine thriving stock and rich estates,
Exempt from all the rude alarms
That perch upon the merchant's gates!—
Consoling Conestoga!

O, wearied folks in city pent
Seek Conestoga's beauties soon;
Before the finest days are spent
With Nature for a space commune
And there, while birds will lilt a tune
To match the crooning water's fall
Be grateful that so rare a boon
Is near you here and free to all—
Consummate Conestoga!

July, 1903.

How lovely Conestoga is,
To whatsoe'er analysis
The scrutinizing critic brings!
And verses in its praise are *nil*
Or at their best seem poor and chill
Contrasted with the mellow glow
The halo of romance it flings
As fed by cloud and creek and rill
It passes in its stately flow
By city, village, farm and mill
Until its current, soft and slow,
Is falsely lured,* unkindly led
And roughly scattered to and fro
In Susquehanna's rocky bed!
And choicest stretch of all to me
In Conestoga's checker'd course
I count the scenes that one may see
(And seeing must in truth endorse)

* Near *Safe Harbor*.

Within a mile or maybe more
Above and underneath the bridge
That safely brings the trolleys o'er
From Ann Street to the wooded ridge
That terminates in Rocky Springs.
Ah, there the finest sights begin
The Conestoga's sweep within!
As gracefully it sways and swings
Along its channel broad and deep
Its farthest shores from edge to crest
Reflected from its glassy breast
Without a tremor or a break,
As from a quiet Highland lake
I've seen the sky and mountains peep;
With here and there, across a dam
Or stony clump or brushwood jam
A giant jump or little leap;
As if to tell what it could do
If cataracts were needed too;
Or if to show what savage teeth
It has behind its smile when toused,
What angry passions lurked beneath
Its tranquil bosom when aroused!
Then on it slides with easy sweep
Where busy streets and pavements gleam
As calm as if it were asleep
Yet ever in its deepest dream
Its guardian city's guardian stream,
Consoling with affection true
The living as it passes on,
And after they are dead and gone
Its music as it wimples through,
Becomes their mournful last adieu!
O, softly may its water creep
Forever watch and ward to keep
With soothing touch and loving skill
So smoothly spread, so hushed, and still
By silent Woodward Hill!

After the storm and stress and strife
That makes so much of human life,
How sweet to gain the blest release
That must be found in perfect peace,
And who will question doubly so
If one could for a surety know,
A stream like Conestoga's tide
Would with unruffled current glide
Beside one's grave a dirge to sing
Through summer, autumn, winter, spring
The requiem repeating o'er
Till time itself should be no more!

LIKE AN ALADDIN FAIRY TALE.

A two-story brick Dwelling House built and completed inside and out in ten hours and a half.

When I revisited Scotland one of the difficulties I found in conversation was to convince my friends of the bigness of America in almost every particular;—not in any boastful way, but as a sober statement of facts. They could hardly forgive me when I said that all the lakes, lochs, rivers and burns of Scotland could be turned into one of the American rivers and not show a perceptible rise; that Scotland, England and Ireland could be dumped into *a corner of one of the counties of one of our States* and leave plenty of space to spare; that one could travel night and day on the train for almost a week before crossing the States directly from coast to coast; and other little items of a similar nature that were all as true as the multiplication table. But the thing that riled them most was the story of the Quickly Built House. It was always set down as a "Yankee Yarn," and yet every word of it is the plain, bare truth. As it may interest others I note it here; my data being procured from the current files of the local newspapers and from interviews with many Lancastrians who witnessed the feat, including also the report of my neighbor, Mr. P. Henry Leonard, who was one of the 100 workmen employed on the building, and not only gave me all details, but kindly showed me photographs of the house taken every hour from commencement to completion.

On August 1, 1873, a "Dr." Benjamin Misshler (of "bitters" fame) actually had a house erected on the east side of South Prince Street, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A., within ten and a half hours. It was to be a two-story and attic brick, 20 x 30 feet, with eight rooms, and

a tinned roof. In the morning at six o'clock not a brick had been laid. At 6:30 P. M. same day the building was completed, exterior and interior, a tenant had moved into it and, with furniture, etc., all in place, supper was served in the new home! The house still stands, is occupied, has been occupied continually since its erection, and will to-day compare favorably with any of its type in our city. There was nothing skimped, as might be supposed; partitions, lathing, plastering, painting, glazing and everything else being finished in a satisfactory manner. As an instance of how the workmen hustled it is recorded that five tin-smiths laid 800 square feet of tin in an hour and a half. The construction of the house was witnessed by thousands of people and it required an extra force of police to keep the crowds from interfering with the workmen. Think of it, ye British contractors!—A complete, eight-room brick house in considerably less than a round of the clock!! Any one on the outlook for a really good advertisement may secure it by beating this record.

A MAY-DAY PICTURE.

In sunny meadows fair to see
The flocks and herds held jubilee;
The dandelions all around
Like double-eagles filled the ground,
And from the whizzing trolley-cars
Were seen the rural Queens and Stars;—
Some plump as Falstaff, some as quaint
As West or Fulton e'er could paint;—
Maneests and Dunkards, young and old,
And Amish, with the few enroll'd
Whose Seats in happy realms enskied
Already from the earth are spied;—
The cause perhaps of why they walk
With such a gloomy garb and talk

And why such heights and depths they preach
That common Christians never reach.
For to the people known as *plain*
All other creeds alike are vain

LEAVES FROM A THON-IAN DIARY.

A native Lancastrian author, almost equal in his prose to "Eusebius the euphonious" in verse, was the entertaining Squire Charles Thon. Were I a believer in Spiritualism I should certainly conclude that the old diarist was behind the pen in the following paragraphs that it has been my luck to secure for my pages:

"REJUVENATION IN ADVANCED AGE."

"As I never saw, heard or read of such a thing before I make a note hereof, to wit: Major Slaymaker and John R. Russel are the two persons I have reference to, both being, as must be so, nearly 180 years old—when added, one to the other. The Major, to my utmost surprise, conversed with me most dexterously, and his talk was very instructive to the rising generation, hence my report thereof. He had the graciousness to inform me, as we stood in East King street, while the sun beat perpendicularly down upon us, which the vivacious veteran evidently regarded not, that when a child he was fondled or dandled by General Lafayette, who was then visiting the city of Lancaster, and the paternal parent of the now Major being a committee-man for the reception of the afore-named General the babe Slaymaker was thus (happily) singled out and honored and may be seen to this day. The Major looks as if he could leap a five-rail post fence. His pedestrian movements were not even assisted by home-made crutches or fancy cane.

"In corporal construction my old friend Mr. Russel is much bigger than the Major, and his intellectual faculties are equally well preserved. I discovered him in his comfortable domicile on North Queen street, deftly engaged in manipulating the Bell telephone. Through strict obedience to his parent's mandates J. R. R. has attained to his patriarchal age and is able to express his views in few words without any other agency than that of sharp intellect, uninfluenced by fear, friendship or favor. He told me that when a little youth his

Scotch instructor, Duncan McNabb MacGregor, who was ever most punctilious in deportment and affairs of suavity, one day approached him and in hushed tones announced that General Lafayette and his military cavalcade would that afternoon pass by or near to, the school, and that all the scholars thereof must salute the great hero and military friend of our beloved Commander-in-Chief, who was often in communion with the great Father of us all, which they all did accordingly in due time, as was most faithfully planned by the said MacGregor for the dear little ones. And how the gallant Frenchman rode magnificently past, but not haughtily or vain-gloriously, and was decorously honored of the trembling scholars, by the bowing of their knees, and the lifting of their little caps, as our worthy citizen Russel is alive to testify to this day, the whole being done so nimbly and yet so staidly that I know not where other such dignified gymnastical exertions may be read about. Citizen Russel shows yet no impediment in perambulatory tasks, albeit for over fifty years he has been at sundry and diverse times vexed by pedal pains solely confined to his soles, yet ever borne with Democratic patience, and for the preponderating part in dignified silence."

"THE OBSERVANCE OF LABOR-DAY.

"September 7, 1903. Weather clear. A perfect day. This forenoon from the curb-stone coigne of vantage opposite to the elegant mansion of John A. Coyle, Esq., wherein his worthy lady as I have been pertinently informed has a praise-worthy display of antique furniture of great value and rarity, unequalled, so I have seen it conscientiously stated, by any rariora collection in the museums of Dealers Barr or Steigerwalt of international fame, with my back to the ancient Caleb Cope mansion where Major André was once a prisoner, I witnessed to my great astonishment the Parade of Labor's hosts on this their allowed, set-apart and government-sanctioned holiday, namely: Hon. Paul Heine, on a proudly stepping \$1,000 cake-walking war-horse, controlled all with the mechanism of clockwork, and proved a faithful functionary, and cynosure, which he met with all-becoming grace and gravity. There were also buglers with bugles and sashes that were loud

and glaring. Wherever my eyes lit were banners of variegated hues, lettered with figures and devices like printed signs, embodying masterly mottoes chosen if not composed by the individual trades and professions, or "lodges" as they are oft-times designated. Policemen walked in front and seemed orderly and well behaved, without extra pay as I have been confidentially apprised. Many equine quadrupeds and teams were in the parade, some carrying "floats" that seemed to sail in the air, gaily decorated with floral contrivances, and others likewise with appliances and appurtenances of trade; to wit brick-making, and bakers exhibiting their labors before our eyes to the great delight thereof. My worthy and illustrious friend Mayor Cummings I beheld walking modestly with his comrades or typographical brethren, and rejoiced thereat much more than had he been espied as some I witnessed proudly lolling in open carriages and ignobly smoking vile cigars, the only blemish I wish to particularize on this eventful day and most praiseworthy celebration."*

* "Conversing afterwards with my neighbor on the philosophy of the spectacular display, to my amazement I found him to be permeated with 'SOCIALISM,' and think fit to record his marvellous prophecy, which I now do faithfully, yet succinctly. Neighbor C.'s prophecy: 'Labor is in the ascendant, and just as soon as it truly realizes its power it will control capital and dictate to capital what must be done at any and all times, and firmly too; retaliating for the bygone abuse and tyranny of cruel, rich, mean men. Not much to be expected from Labor Unions, as they have too many traitors and weaklings and have ever been purchasable at critical times, but they are commendable so far as they go, and a great advance. The world-wide movement called "Socialism" is the solution of all vexing problems, not only here but everywhere, and its progress, now most marked in the two hemispheres, will be accelerated with the rush of whirlwinds before the next four years are over our heads, insuring us a Socialist President and Government in 1908.' To which I will append: The reign of Bossism and privilege seems nearing a termination, and if the venerable parties are not adapted to cope with impending problems, as before discussed, they must perish like Tyre and Sidon of old, or Sodom and Gomorrah, or Greece and Rome. May the revolutionary operations be accomplished without the spilling of innocent blood, is my fervent prayer!"

A COUPLE OF NOTED COLLECTORS.

The Steinman family is one of the oldest in Lancaster, and the name has been continuously conspicuous in local business circles for over four generations. Mr. George Steinman has been retired from active commercial life for some time, and in his leisure has built for himself a monument more durable than brass or stone. This memorial has taken the form of A BOOK that probably could not be duplicated in America. In the period dating from 1774 to 1781 a gentleman by the name of Christopher Marshall kept a *Diary*. This was the stirring time of the American Revolution, when every day was making important history. Marshall began his notes in Philadelphia, but soon moved to Lancaster, and the house he occupied on East Orange street still stands, and is tenanted. Wm. Duane, Jr., edited "Extracts" from the Diary kept by the Philadelphia-Lancastrian—an intensely interesting volume of about 300 octavo pages—and this book Mr. Steinman has expanded into four elephantine folios of over 1,200 pages, filled with the rarest portraits, scenes, autograph letters and other relics, illustrating the characters named and the events recorded by the faithful and gossipy diarist. For instance, one of the first gems to be noted is a fine specimen of the obnoxious STAMP that raised all the colonial hubbub. 'Tis the real thing, and little, we imagine, did the designer dream, when he first "proof'd" it, that it would be the immediate cause of such a Revolution! George Washington is represented by many portraits, including not a few rare ones, and by several holograph letters, specially noting one or two written in early life, and also a curious example where Washington held the pen for another man who was content to sign with an X mark. Local celebrities like George Ross, Jasper Yeates, Peter Miller, Caleb Cope, Parson Barton, General Hand, the Hubleys, the Shippens, the Atlees and the Muhlenbergs, all live again in Mr. Steinman's sumptuous volumes. On one page may be seen the fat and fatuous George III. followed by a Government document with his signature; on another Patrick Henry's well-known features facing an important letter by his own hand; then examples of lottery tickets sold for such "pious purposes" as the building

of churches; fine examples of two-shilling and ten-shilling notes; and copies innumerable of Colonial proclamations, petitions, rules and regulations, descriptions and declarations relating to everything from the treatment of the British prisoners in Lancaster jail to the specifications of male and female slaves. Many of the papers contain curious information not to be found in our history-books. During the American War the fathers of the Republic found valuable allies in the *mistresses* of the British generals. Some irreverent artist and publisher put the pictures of the leading soldiers and their ladies in a book, which was suppressed almost as soon as it appeared. Mr. Steinman, however, succeeded in securing several *pairs* for his gallery, and there they are pilloried for all time, shedding light on a certain kind of "baggage" that is rarely absent from an army of conquest. Another interesting "exhibit" is the "bill of particulars" relating to the raising of one of Lancaster's church bells. It was evidently baptised with stronger liquor than *aqua pura*, and an amusing entry shows that a local wine-merchant paid his donation "in kind"! The most of Mr. Steinman's prints are contemporary pictures and portraits, and no place or individual of importance noted by Marshall has been overlooked. No wonder it took ten years to collect, and who knows what an amount of money! But it is a good investment as every day adds to its value. Mr. Steinman is well under way with a Grangerized copy of Ellis and Evans' "History of Lancaster County," and has also made a commencement with Dr. Dubbs' recently published "History of Franklin and Marshall College." What more delightful hobby could any man have? But in addition to time and money and infinite patience it takes superior knowledge to sift, glean, arrange and place such treasures so that we can only pray Mr. Steinman may long be spared with us as he is not likely to have many imitators in his chosen field, and, truly, more's the pity!

Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, Audenried Professor of History at Franklin and Marshall College, has long enjoyed enviable fame as a collector of "Americana" and of book-plates. He gathered together one of the finest lots of historical autographs and documents made in our day, but disposed of this

collection some years ago. His book-plate treasures have been accumulating for a long time, but other more pressing matters have recently side-tracked his favorite hobby. Still, a man that has several thousand fine examples is no mean collector, and as Dr. Dubbs is fastidious and thoroughly posted on the subject in all its ramifications his specimens are of more than ordinary value. The oldest book-plate Dr. Dubbs has in his collection is a fine specimen of the work of Albrecht Dürer, who flourished 1471–1528 and was the founder of the German School of Painting and Engraving, by some being regarded as the inventor of etching. The Dürer book-plate in the Dubbs Collection was made for a Nuremberg Patrician, named Pirkheimer, in the year 1521. The plates of many other leading German families are included, and Dr. Dubbs has also excellent examples of the French and Italian artists. His English book-plates begin with the Jacobean series, dating from the time of James VI and I. The Chippendale style is fully represented with its characteristic angels and garlands of flowers, while the "Ribbon and Wreath" series is shown complete. Among recent plates the work of Marks, R. A., has not a missing number, and there are many fine specimens of Sherborn's artistic creations, and in fact of all the leading modern engravers. American book-plates begin with those of Colonial times, and in this section the book-plates of Washington, Lee, Harrison and other noted Virginian families are given the place of honor. Of old time Lancastrians I noticed the book-plates of Judge Atlee and Stephen Chambers. A good son of Lancaster has long made a hobby of designing as well as collecting book-plates, and now ranks among the leading American artists and authorities in that line. This is Dr. D. McN. Stauffer, one of the editors and proprietors of the New York "Engineering News." Dr. Dubbs can show no less than twenty-one specimens of Stauffer's art, the interest in them being greatly enhanced from the fact that they are all book-plates made for local men. This is a most creditable corner for Lancaster, and a complimentary showing all around. Dr. Dubbs' entire list is of high quality, without any padding merely to swell the numbers, so that it can be safely said his Book-plate Collection is without many equals anywhere.

A SCOTCH DE PEYSTER.

Readers of the Life and Works of Robert Burns will recall frequent references to Colonel de Peyster of Dumfries who was one of the poet's intimate friends. Burns addressed letters and Poems to him, and was a frequent visitor at de Peyster's home. When the writer was in the Queen City of the South of Scotland last year he found much to interest him and to interest the Dumfriessians in connection with Colonel de Peyster, and the following extracts from the leading local paper will show in part what was accomplished pertaining both to Burns and to de Peyster and was considered of sufficient importance to be copied by many of the Scottish newspapers.

From the Dumfries and Galloway "STANDARD,"
Nov. 1, 1902.

An American de Peyster.
"Our Honoured Colonel's" Illustrious
Kinsman Across the Sea.

On Wednesday afternoon we had a call from Mr. James D. Law, the well-known Scoto-American poet. Mr. Law has been resident in the States for over sixteen years, and is now with his wife and family on a visit to his native country. He is making a pilgrimage through the land of Burns, and Dumfries in that and other respects possesses a special interest for him. He was at Ayr a few days ago, and left his impressions in a poem. It will appear in our next issue.* Mr. Law is very favorably impressed with Dumfries and its people, and has met and talked with a number of our most prominent townsmen, from the Provost down. His conversation is animated and informing; and in the course of our interview he related some entertaining experiences of his own to illustrate

* See page 407.



FREDERICK DE PEYSTER.

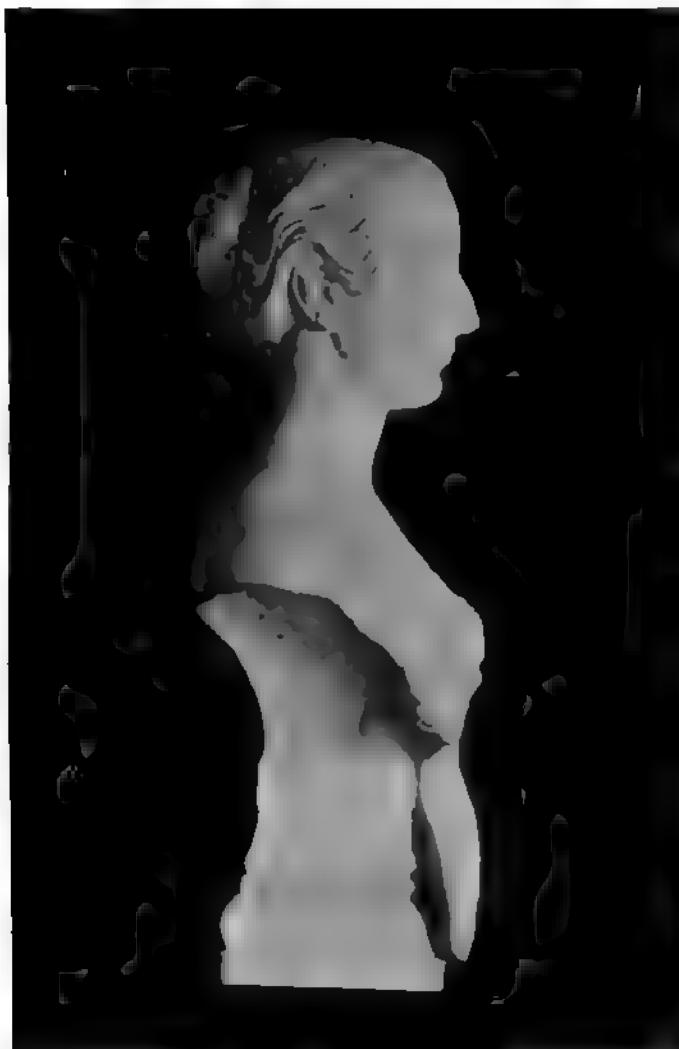
Born in New York, 11th November, 1796. Died at Rose Hill, Red Hook, N. Y., 17th August 1882.
At his death President of the N. Y. Historical Society, St. Nicholas Club and "probably
connected as an active officer with more Social, Literary, and Benevolent
Societies than any other New Yorker who ever lived."

the easy accessibility of great men in the Republic. He thinks, for a town of its size and importance, noting particularly its fine suburban features, Dumfries should "hurry up and instal a first-class tramway system." It is, he says, 'the rapid transit route to municipal development, and, at the same time, generally turns out to be a direct paying investment for a city. Dumfries, with every succeeding year, is sure to have a greater influx of transient visitors, and with better traveling facilities for the public, more and more people will be encouraged to come here, to the benefit of our shops, our hotels, and our citizens in general.' He is specially delighted with a visit paid to the family of Mr. Brown, where he not only met Mrs. Brown, the granddaughter of our National Bard, and her daughter, Miss Jean Armour Burns Brown, but had the rare pleasure of hearing them both in splendid interpretations of some of the best of Burns's immortal lyrics. Mr. Law was, as everybody is, particularly struck with Miss Brown's close resemblance to the Naysmith portrait of Burns, and said he should have had no difficulty in noting the speaking likeness wherever he might have seen her. Mrs. Brown has a voice that is singularly pure and sweet even now, and her daughter is a fine natural Scotch singer, from the descriptions he has read, of the exact type of her immortal great-grandmother, "Bonnie Jean."*

Incidentally, Mr. Law, while here, is looking up data relating to Colonel de Peyster, who, it will be remembered, was the commanding officer of the Dumfries Volunteers, of which company Burns was not only a member, but the beloved poet-laureate. Mr. Law has handed over to Provost Glover, for the reference department of the Dumfries Public Library, two valuable volumes of de Peyster Papers, recently received direct from the editor, General John Watts de Peyster, of Tivoli, New York, U. S., America. General Watts de Peyster is the only child of Frederic de Peyster, who was one of the most prominent men in America of his time, and General J. W. de Peyster himself, now over eighty-two years of age, worthily upholds the splendid and honourable record of the two famous names he bears. He inherited one fortune from

* See "The Queen of the South," p. 415.

his grandfather Watts, and another from his own estimable father, and few men have made better use of their means and time in any country than General de Peyster has done. With every advantage that his position could bring, he is essentially a self-educated man. Of a strong military bias, a master of many languages, and with literary ability of the highest order, it is easy to understand why he takes leading rank as a military critic, military historian, and military biographer. In this field he is unquestionably without a peer in the United States, and equalled by few, if any, in Europe. His published works are actually numbered by the hundreds, and all are of the highest grade. We note as specially interesting to Scotsmen that he has made an exhaustive study of "Mary Queen of Scots." The special library he accumulated on this topic alone numbered thousands of volumes, and was afterwards presented by him to Columbia College, New York. He is also a poet, novelist, and dramatist, with many important works to his credit. From universities he has received every title in their gift, many of his degrees being duplicated. He has been the recipient of a still rarer honour—the gold medal of the London Society of Science, Letters and Art, "for Scientific and Literary attainments." As an active soldier he rapidly compelled promotion after promotion for merit. He introduced many lasting reforms into the police system and military matters of his native State, and his good influence has even been extended to national affairs. He is an active, honorary, and corresponding member of over fifty of the leading historical and literary societies of the United States and Canada, and life-member of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain. He has been highly honored by civic, state, and national bodies too numerous to enumerate here. As a philanthropist and public benefactor his record is a glorious one. He has given away completely equipped libraries, churches and chapels (regardless of creed or sect), statues, halls, schools, and hospitals, with the most lavish profusion, and his private benefactions have been innumerable. Personally he is more remarkable than his work, his sincerity of character shining through all his actions. Socially and innately a true gentleman, in every way worthy of the title,



MARY JUSTINA WATTS.

Youngest child and daughter of Hon. John Watts (2d) and Jane de Lancey
Born 26th October 1801 and died 28th July, 1821 in the City of New York.
Mother of Gen. John Watts de Peyster.



General de Peyster is no ordinary man in his mental equipment; and to us in Dumfries, where the name of de Peyster has so long been honoured and esteemed, it is a special pleasure to present to our readers this brief and entirely inadequate sketch of one who bears a name beloved and revered by us all, and who is now, so far as we know, the only connecting link with the "honour'd Colonel" of our immortal Poet.

Mr. Law paid a visit to Mavisgrove on Thursday, and felt well rewarded for the journey. This was the residence of Colonel de Peyster, and the home from which he was buried. 'The mansion-house' (Mr. Law writes us) 'is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Nith, in Kirkcudbrightshire, about two miles from Dumfries. It is a quaint looking house, well and substantially built, with all its rooms, some dozen or more, on the ground floor. There is near it a stable and coach-house, harness room, and coachman's cottage. The garden has a large conservatory, peach house, vineries, and gardener's cottage. In all, there are about five acres of garden and surrounding policies, and the Mavisgrove home farm extends to about seventy-five acres. With the slight addition of a new porch at the front door, Mavisgrove mansion is just as Colonel de Peyster left it, containing much of the quaint furniture especially made for it, and still snugly and handsomely filling its many cosy niches and corners. I found Miss Dods, the present tenant, at home, and spent a very enjoyable time going over the relics and visiting the various rooms. The library is rich in books of the eighteenth century, and without doubt many of the volumes have been handled by Burns, as he was a frequent guest at Colonel de Peyster's home. An unpublished versified compliment by Burns to one of the M'Murdos was shown to me in one of the books. Many of the authors mentioned by Burns, and not listed in the printed accounts of his library, are here to be seen in excellent editions. There is a fine old desk and bookcase, surmounted by a green stuffed parrot in a glass case. We have here the famous "Polly" that Lieutenant (afterwards General) Brock presented to Mrs. de Peyster. This bird's powers of speech and mimicry were almost beyond belief, and have been the theme of story and song from many pens.' Some fine Indian relics Mr. Law was

able to identify and describe to Miss Dods; notably, the otter-skin tobacco pouch that was given to Colonel de Peyster by Wabashaw, the king of the Sioux. In this room also is the 'Great Belt of the alliance formed by Colonel de Peyster and the North-West Indians for the security of trade.' Above the door is a fine set of Indian snow-shoes. In the hall are many good pictures of scenery; but the most interesting pieces of art are two large oil paintings of Colonel de Peyster and his lady in their old age. The Colonel is shown in the full dress of his rank as Commandant of the Dumfries Volunteers. In a corner stands the silken banner, embroidered by Mrs. de Peyster, and presented to the regiment on one of their festive occasions, "when all hands adjourned to 'The King's Arms' to complete the celebration." Of all the relics the most interesting is undoubtedly the White Beaver Skin preserved in a glass frame, and bearing on the back the following inscription, all in the Colonel's own handwriting: 'In the year 1777 Mr. Joseph Ainse, the Indian interpreter at Mitchilimackinack, informed Colonel de Peyster then Major to the King's Regiment and Commandant of that port, situated at the confluence of the Lakes Huron and Michigan, that an Indian had been seen standing for several days at the corner of the store-house, who had just informed him that he had been directed by a spirit in the form of an aruik-wabuscau (white beaver), whilst slumbering in the great Beaver Island, to take his stand there and kill the Commandant as he passed; but finding his heart failed to give the fatal blow he begged to be sent out of that part of the country, which the Commandant refused, but ordered him to go to the island and to fetch him the white beaver, which the Indian accordingly did. It was the only white beaver ever seen in that part of the country. This is the skin of it.—A. S. de Peyster.' A romantic story surely, and a priceless record for any family to have. The drawing-room and dining-room have excellent views of the winding Nith, the Galloway hills, and the smooth moss of Criffel on the right—the mountain that Carlyle speaks of in his apostrophe to Paul Jones in the "French Revolution"—with the quieter scenery of Dumfriesshire on the left bank. In the spacious dining-room are the lovely portraits of Colonel de



CAPTAIN ARENT SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER.

Discoverer, in May, 1817, of the Ellice Group or de Peyster, or Peyster Islands, in the southern Pacific.

with the Punch Bowl, cost 125 Gumeas, equivalent to-day to \$2,000. Presented in 1779 by the Merchants of Michillimackinac to his uncle, Arent Schuyler de Peyster, Colonel of the King's (8th) Regiment of British Foot.

Peyster and Mrs. de Peyster, both in their twenties apparently, she being painted in the airy costume she wore when she danced "Monymusk" with the Prince of Wales, the three ostrich feathers being shown on her sash. The whole house is in excellent condition; some rooms papered in 1849 showing neither blot nor blemish.' Mr. Law thinks it was surely a special Providence that directed him to Mavisgrove at this particular time, as Miss Dods, preparatory to leaving the mansion very soon, has already commenced to dismantle the rooms. This will be the first serious disturbance in the old house since Colonel de Peyster occupied it, and for the first time in its history a stranger will have the opportunity of renting and of using it. What may eventually become of the valuable de Peyster relics seems unsettled, but, we understand, it is Mr. Law's intention to communicate at once with 'the King owre the water,' General de Peyster, of New York, and find out how he may view the present turn of affairs."

Supplementing the foregoing, it was learned that while Miss Dods is the sole trustee under Mrs. McMurdo's will, Mrs. Rawlins a blood relation was left a life rent of "Mavis Grove" house. The two women were not apparently on friendly terms, and Miss Dods was stripping the old house of all of its furniture and pictures, books, paintings, relics and contents of every kind, preparatory to moving to a smaller house nearer Dumfries. Mrs. McMurdo died in 1902, aged over ninety years. Miss Dods had been her companion from girlhood and is now over sixty. By a recent number of the Edinburgh "Scotsman" it was noticed that Miss Dods had given the de Peyster portraits and relics to the Maxwelltown Observatory Museum, but whether an outright gift or only for safe keeping was not stated. In St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, not far from the Burns Mausoleum, there is a large monument erected over the grave of Colonel de Peyster, somewhat in disrepair at the present time, as evidently no provision has been made for its care, Mrs. McMurdo having been the last personal link in Scotland connected with Burns's friend. From several old residents stray items about de Peyster were picked up. Mr. Brown who is married to Burns's granddaughter, told the writer that he remembered seeing

many paintings at "Mavis Grove" that are now missing, one of the most striking being entitled: "Colonel de Peyster burying his accoutrements." Miss Dods admitted she had somewhere many de Peyster papers and also Burns MSS. addressed to de Peyster, including Poems and Letters unpublished and unprinted. The ambition of Dumfries is to sometime own the "Mavis Grove" property and turn it into "de Peyster Park." The City already owns the land on the opposite bank of the Nith. Colonel de Peyster's kinship to General John Watts de Peyster is fully shown in the interesting account of the Watts and de Peyster family history collected and printed for private circulation by General de Peyster.

WALT WHITMAN.

Forceful, mystic, *nonchalant*, rugged, rocky, careless, steep, crude.
Audacious, wild, gigantic, heavy, wholesome, vital,
Deep, democratic, manly, terse,—All, and more,
Is Whitman's verse.

When I lived in Camden, N. J., Walt Whitman was its greatest resident celebrity. The "good gray poet" was often to be seen on the streets of the city, and a refreshing sight he was. The common people, who probably never read a line of his writings, admired him and loved him, considering him a valuable and unique local property, which they could all enjoy, and with special claims denied to outsiders. The first time I saw him I was out with one of my children who hailed Walt as "Kris Kringle" the moment he hove into view. I met him several times, and find among my papers a detailed memorandum of a visit I paid him at his residence in company with another Scottish friend on Sunday afternoon, January 5, 1890.

"We were ushered into the poet's sitting-room and found him alone by the window, beside a small table covered with books. He had evidently been reading. He spoke first and greeted us kindly. His first sentence made me feel at home at once. I was forcibly impressed by his appearance: very white hair and beard, actually lion-looking; somewhat disappointed in his forehead which was not so big in reality as it looks in his pictures. Thought also he looked thinner, smaller all through. He was slightly deaf, and we had to talk pretty loud. He had lost all power of moving about, he told us, and had to be assisted everywhere. Had just come from his den upstairs for a breathing space. He was dressed as shown in his portraits—big roll collar, and wore a dressing gown. Had his staff—a sturdy one—in his hand even when sitting. After some complimentary personal references to me in connection with my recently published epistle to him we commenced to talk about Burns. We let Whitman do the most of the talking. He had a fine, clear voice, but was not what I should consider a fluent, easy speaker. Very often he seemed at a loss to find his words—at other times it fairly poured from him. He was strong

enough in his expressions at times, not scrupling to use 'damn'd,' 'devil,' etc., upon several occasions. Remembering all the ancient and modern poets, finding pleasure in the classical and other writers, in the polished, learned, polite, etc., he said he preferred Burns to all; and none of all the writers past and present would he so much desire to converse with, have a two hours' chat with, as this 'odd kind chiel' of Ayr. Spoke about the indelicacy of Burns, of his taking to drink and women—of his ambitions, his struggles, his independence, enjoyments, and so forth. With Carlyle he considered 'The Jolly Beggars' the greatest of all Burns's poems. He was pleased that we agreed with him when he said that the most of the people who now were prominent at Burns festivals and birthday celebrations would not have associated with Robbie in the flesh. In leaving he said he had spent the time happily with us, and asked us to be sure and come again. The only thing lacking was a little 'hot scotch' or 'toddy,' and he was sorry he could not supply the deficiency. On our next visit he would give us his autograph."

Doubtless a good Boswell would have made considerably more of such an opportunity, but meager as it is, what a sensation would be caused if as much genuine matter could be shown from the pen of a visitor to William Shakespeare "of Stratford-on-Avon, gentleman!" I found my way back again to the venerable author of "Leaves of Grass" and secured the promised autograph. Later on I was one of the number at "The Last Supper" given to the poet, an evening which has been happily described in every detail by my friend, Horace L. Traubel, in the interesting volume entitled "In re Walt Whitman." At the home of Thomas B. Harned, Esq., one of Whitman's most intimate friends, I have had many interesting items about Walt. The two gentlemen just named with Dr. R. M. Bucke, of Canada, became the poet's literary executors. Whitman was a magnet that drew many of the world's greatest celebrities to Camden. I remember Sir Edwin Arnold's visit, and on account of a similar call I had the pleasure of spending a delightful evening with the poet-naturalist, John Burroughs, who came frequently to worship at Walt's shrine.

TWO PRESIDENTS I HAVE MET.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BACK FROM WASHINGTON — WHAT THE TOBACCO MEN ACCOMPLISHED
— HAD LONG AND SATISFACTORY TALKS WITH THE PRESIDENT
AND SECRETARY WILSON, SPEAKER HENDERSON AND
CONGRESSMAN CASSEL.

From Lancaster local papers, January, 1902.

With a local pride that is very pardonable and egotism that is inoffensive, we might say that Wednesday was Lancaster County day at Washington. This applies more particularly, of course, to the Tobacco and Cigar men of the county, but through the personal efforts of Congressman H. Burd Cassel, the gentlemen who represented the tobacco and cigar interests of the county, Messrs. James D. Law, B. Ezra Herr, Captain John R. Bricker and Morris Rosenthal, were accorded privileges of a particular nature. Of Mr. Cassel, Mr. Law, speaking for the local delegation, can be quoted as saying:

"We particularly desire that strong mention be made of our Congressman, Mr. Cassel. He gave us more than a fair share of his time, attending with us all the committee and delegate meetings. He was at all times watchful of our interests, zealously seeing that we were not sidetracked, which might well have happened. We found with considerable pleasure, personal as well as local, that he commanded the respect of the best people in Washington, and feel sure that his influence enabled us to reach men and places that an ordinary member could not have come in touch with."

With this graceful but deserved compliment to Lancaster County's popular Representative, Mr. Law, acting as spokesman for the three gentlemen in question, said, in an interview with a reporter of *The New Era* this morning:

"We saw President Roosevelt yesterday at the White House, where we shook hands and exchanged greetings. He said, with special emphasis, that he was glad to see anyone from Lancaster County. Talking directly to us as a delegation, the President said that the proposed Cuban reciprocity measure now under discussion was one of the weightiest, if not the most important, measures now before Congress. He assured us that he would give it his careful and conscientious attention, and we understood him distinctly to say that if Cuban reciprocity was to come it should not come at the expense of American industries.

"The final impression the President left with us was that something should be done for Cuba, and he was not yet prepared to say that he had solved the very difficult problem. He concluded the interview by again assuring us that our arguments and appeals would be given every consideration by him. We left the White House feeling that we had made a strong impression on the Nation's Chief Executive."

The President personally impressed me as a gentleman, dignified and democratic—a rare combination in a man. Of medium height, he has the frame of an athlete, with the glow of perfect health. To look into his sparkling eyes and have the hearty grasp of his hand, left the impression of a strong, clean, honest man, amply able to fill the high position which he now occupies.

[Since the foregoing was written President Roosevelt—(pronounced "Rosy-velt")—has met all the high expectations of the people and has also retained the good will of his party. He is sure of a renomination and at the present writing—November, 1903—his reelection seems also sure.]

"Later in the day the Lancaster delegation paid a visit to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, at his office. I introduced my fellow-countryman* to the others of the party from Lancaster County, and we secured information of vital importance to us in our fight now under way.

"Mr. Wilson is an enthusiast on the cultivation of tobacco under government supervision and aid. He gave us very interesting accounts of the culture in various States to date, and outlined the policy of his department in regard to the future, including Lancaster County."

* Hon. James Wilson hails from the State of Iowa, but is a native of Ayrshire, Scotland. He has never had his equal as a Cabinet officer in the important position to which he was called.

"Mr. Law also met his Aberdeen friend, Speaker Henderson, who gave the local delegation a most cordial reception. They were given a rare privilege—that of seeing Congress in session from the Speaker's bench.* As a pleasant ending to a most satisfactory day, the delegation visited the United States Botanical Gardens. Here they met another friend of Mr. Law's—who, by the way, was a most valuable man to have in the party—the Superintendent, Mr. W. R. Smith. They were shown everywhere, and ended up by having a look at Mr. Smith's Burns collection, which is the finest in the world.

"In addition to seeing the President, Mr. Law and his colleagues were brought into close conference with Senators Quay and Penrose. The senior Senator said that, as a Lancaster County farmer himself, he was thoroughly identified with the county's interests, and he was with the tobacco growers heart and soul. His sentiments were echoed by his junior colleague, Senator Penrose, who declared that he would do all he could for Lancaster County.

"After lunching in the House restaurant with Congressman Cassel, the delegates took the two o'clock train for home, via the river route. They returned with an intense feeling of satisfaction in having accomplished in no mean measure matters of vital interest to our county, particularly to our farmers and cigar manufacturers."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

HAD A CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT — MR. JAMES D. LAW HAS A PLEASANT INTERVIEW WITH THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE AT HIS HOME IN CANTON.

From Lancaster, Pa., *New Era*, August 9, 1900.

Mr. James D. Law, of this city, has just returned from an extended business trip in the West and Northwest. On Tuesday, he was in Canton, Ohio, and in the evening had the privilege of a very pleasant interview with President McKinley at the President's home. It was the warmest day of the year for Canton and the President remarked that he had put in the two busiest weeks, on State affairs, since his inauguration. While

* General David Bremner Henderson is a native of Old Deer, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Had he been a born American he might have been President. He attained the next highest position in the gift of his country and the most powerful office possible to a citizen of foreign birth. As Speaker he was a great success, and as a man no Congressman was more popular.

he is nominally enjoying a holiday, the business of the Chief Executive is carried on in Canton exactly as if he were in Washington. He had just finished a forty minutes' conversation with the State Department, by long-distance telephone, when Mr. Law met him. Quite a variety of topics were discussed, including literature, history and commerce. The President soon recognized that Mr. Law was a Scotch-American, and became quite enthusiastic over the record of the Scot in America (both as men of thought and men of action), remarking that the McKinleys originally hailed from the Land of Cakes.

The President also showed that he was quite familiar with the history of Lancaster, and made pleasant references to not a few of our distinguished citizens. Altogether, Mr. Law's visit was an incident to be highly treasured, not the least enjoyable features of it being the democratic simplicity of the President and the delightful informality of the conference.*

* It may please my European friends to have a few further particulars of this visit, if only to show more clearly the genuine democratic spirit of the Chief Magistrate of the greatest country under the sun. I had no letter of introduction to Mr. McKinley, not expecting to be near his residence when I left home. Many friends would have been only too glad to have given me a note to break the ice, had I given any indication to that effect. After finishing up my business in Canton I decided I would take a stroll up the street and see the President's house, so that I could tell my family about it when I got home; but as I drew nearer the cottage the thought occurred to me that I should try to see the President himself; partly to test the possibility of such a thing in a plain citizen without any political pull, and partly, I confess, to add to my pride in being able to say I had met McKinley. Very soon then behold me marching up to the door as if I had been the duly accredited British Ambassador! In answer to my bell-pull a gentleman promptly responded. "Good evening." "Good evening." "Is the President at home?" "Yes, sir." "Can I see him?" (Hesitatingly) "I'll find out. What do you wish? Have you any business with him?" "No business whatever, and no favors to ask, except the privilege of shaking hands with him, since I have the opportunity of being in his town." "Please give me your card and I'll see." He took this, and disappeared quickly, returning to tell me that "the President

was dressing for dinner and was that moment at his bath. However he had presented my card, and ——” I did not let him finish, the ludicrousness of the situation appealing so forcibly to me that I said something I should not have said,—about coming so far to catch the President of the United States in such a funny position and condition (using a homely figure of speech that just filled the bill). It tickled the attendant so that he said: “I’ll just go back and tell that to the President!” “Oh, no!—don’t you dare,” I beseeched him, but he was off, and the explosion of laughter that came through the screen doors told me that he had not miscalculated the President’s appreciation of my remark. By and by my man reappeared and said the President would be particularly pleased to see me after eight o’clock and to be sure to come. This gave me a chance to spruce myself up and change my travelling togs for more suitable clothes, and I was on hand at the appointed time. The porch was swarming with all sorts and conditions of people, finely dressed ladies, officers in their brilliant uniforms, and quite a horde of office seekers, as I afterwards heard. It was the President’s summer vacation reception hour. When I saw one by one go indoors to be swiftly ushered out again and take their departure I decided all I could do would probably be to shake hands and go my way too. But my friend of the door episode soon found me out and whispered to me that I was to wait until the last and not be impatient, as the crowd would soon be dismissed. When the last man had gone in and come out I thought “It will now be my turn to go through the same operation,”—but no; after waiting a little bit the door was pushed open and out stepped Mr. McKinley himself. I knew him at once from his resemblance to his photographs. He came briskly forward, held out his hand with a winning smile and put me at my ease at once by saying, “Mr. Law: That joke of yours was worthy of Abraham Lincoln. It had just enough wit in it to disinfect it.” He would hear no apology and I am glad a shaded corner hid my blushes. “If you don’t mind we’ll sit out here. It is hot and stuffy inside.” “I shall be delighted, Mr. President, but don’t let me take up your time.” “Oh,” he said, “school’s out now, and I am free for the evening. Take a chair.” There were three rockers on the porch, and to be modest I sat down in the one farthest from him, but he insisted on me taking the nearer one. In a few minutes we were as “pack and thick thegither” as if we had been life-long friends. It really surprises myself when I recall how many topics we touched upon, public, national, racial, local, and also some of a private nature. The President talked brilliantly, even joyously, just as if he really felt like a boy let loose from school, and yet he had his soft and tender moods when his heart with its sorrows and disappointments seemed to be revealed. We had much in common and many mutual friends to talk about. On the other hand we both showed our Scotch by differing on several matters and had one or two pleasant debates on points that we had to leave unsettled. I liked the President for his *home*

patriotism, and his desire to convince me that Stark County, Ohio, was perhaps the finest agricultural district in the Union. But primed as I was with Lancaster statistics and knowing that she safely "led all the rest," I would not concede an inch, and even told him that Stark doubtless owed her supremacy in Ohio to the fact that her pioneers hailed from Lancaster. He was so bent on me having a better opinion of his home land that he asked me to stay over until next day so that he could drive me around some of their finest farms. I regret now that I did not avail myself of this rare invitation, but at the time it seemed to me to be impossible. The President even planned a practical joke with me to be perpetrated on our friend Smith of the Botanic Gardens when I should next be in Washington. As I sat in the dim light with Mr. McKinley so long, and all by ourselves, I could not help thinking that he was a fearless man so to expose himself. If I had harbored any designs on his life there would have been no difficulty in picking him off. We even discussed the matter and he showed me he was without any fear. He could not imagine any one having such a grudge against him as to try to kill him and plainly hinted that if the position had to be coupled with that constant dread it would not be worth having. No doubt he still felt so, on that fatal day at Buffalo, when he fell a victim to the assassin's bullet.

As I said in a short talk before the children of Clay Street School, Lancaster, on "McKinley Day" (January 29), 1902: President McKinley had strength as well as gentleness, and all his life he showed that he was steadily growing in power and usefulness. Beginning in obscurity, he became one of the foremost figures in the world. At his lamented death he was in the full height of his fame. He represented the noblest type of statesmanship—irreproachable in his private life, and unselfishly devoted to what he believed to be for the best interests of his country and people.

SNAP SHOTS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

To any one pressed for time the best way to see Washington is by the "Seeing Washington Car." The first time I was in the Capitol City I availed myself of this opportunity, in company with many others from all parts of the Union. A thousand points of interest were passed in review in about two hours at a total expense of fifty cents. This excellent enterprise of the trolley company is supplemented by a lecturer who points out every noted place, and enlivens the facts with little facetious remarks of his own spoken through the megaphone. For instance, after telling us many times that "Henry Clay lived here" or "There Daniel Webster had his office" the guide observed: "These noted people were in so many different places in Washington it is believed by some that, like more common mortals, they found it easier to move than to pay the rent!" After pointing out "the house presented to Admiral Dewey by a grateful nation" the lecturer added: "And presented by Dewey to his wife, and by his wife to his son—making the quickest transfer on record—except on a trolley car!" And some will have it "the most expensive too," asserting that this little episode cost the gallant tar the Presidency of the United States. Our cicerone showed us a typical old negro shanty, owned by the first free black man in Washington, noted for his big family and his slender purse—not an uncommon combination among white people. This "coon" was accustomed to satisfy the clamors of his hungry "black-birds" by saying: "Never mind, chillun: If I only had a little meal I'd make you a little mush if I only had a little milk." When the car stopped beside the

former residence of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, we had the pleasure of seeing her daughter, who now lives in the old mansion. We saw the Potomac where George Washington threw the dollar across, and concluded with Senator Evarts that a dollar must have gone farther in those days than now. Yet the immortal G. W. did a bigger feat than that when *he chucked a sovereign across the Atlantic!* We saw hundreds of other equally interesting points and places associated with the nation's celebrities, and more than could have been taken in by a carriage drive of several days' duration.

Among the places I visited by myself the magnificent Library of Congress interested me most. I was taken in charge by my countryman, Mr. D. Hutcheson, whose official title is Superintendent of the Reading Room in the big library. He has a little Burns nook too, but makes no pretensions to completeness. Amongst its gems, however, may be mentioned the copy of Burns that belonged to his friend and brother poet, now better known as "The American Ornithologist"—

"Rare Sandy Wilson, in his day
To Burns the second best."

My own pride was kindled by seeing a copy of my "Sea Shore of Bohemia" beautifully bound at Uncle Sam's expense, and prominently displayed in the Shakespearean alcove. I made a hurried tour of the leading rooms of this splendid building, and felt that our Republic at least had not been ungrateful to the memory of the "literary fellers" that were too often kept on short rations while producing their immortal masterpieces.

In the House of Representatives and again in the Senate Chamber I had the rare privilege of making a speech and "laid down the law" in both instances to

an appreciative, if rather limited audience. If my talks did little good they certainly did no harm and it were well if as much could be said of most of the orations made in our legislative halls.

Once in writing me from the House of Parliament, London, Sir William Allan dated his letter "From Our National Gas-House," but I think our Federal statesmen could give the sleepy British law-makers new wrinkles on "hot-air" exhibitions. By the kindness of one of the attendants I was shown through the rooms of the President and Vice-President, and as it was then near lunch time and I felt I could not relapse too suddenly into my normal condition I had a meal served in the Senate restaurant. After sampling the tempting bill-of-fare I had no need to ask the well-worn question: "Upon what meat doth this, our Cæsar, feed that he has grown so great?" As to the drinkables, with the exception of filtered Potomac ice-water, I contented myself with simply perusing the lengthy list. A little note of pathos was struck when I came upon a great mass of desks and chairs removed to give place to new furniture for the next Congress. After some difficulty I located the seat and desk of our late lamented Brosius. I learned that the old "fixings" are sold for a song to any one who cares to buy, and I suggested to some of the Young Republicans of Lancaster that they could do a worse thing than secure for their Club-house the chair and desk used in Congress by our county's recent brilliant Representative. "True," I said, "these souvenirs might cost the price of a vote at a primary election," but I did not think any loyal Republican would object even on that score. However, so far as I can learn, "government of the Boss, by the Boss, and for the Boss" wasted no coins on such a sentimental recommendation. To make an open confession I never expected it, but I think it worth recording as a fair sam-

ple of "practical politics" in our "advanced" era. "The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors." Right you are, Sir Horace Walpole! "Dead men tell no tales," and of what use to pot-house politicians are the most sacred relics of a Lincoln, a Jefferson, a Webster or a Brosius?*

Washington is a lovely city, permanently prosperous, and undoubtedly destined to be the Paris of the New World.

CHICAGO.

This city has always to me stood in a class by itself. It is big and lively,—solid as well as spry. The very air about it seems charged with "weight" and "dash" and "go." I have seen it when in the throes of reform, and been in it when "everything went." It would be a dull day indeed when the Queen City of Lake Michigan could report "Nothing doing." I have been abroad in its streets at all hours, and never once was molested or interfered with, which certainly speaks well for its police protection. At the same time I must say that other strangers have had a different story to tell,

* Another time in Washington I happened to be a delegate representing the Allied Tobacco interests of Lancaster County before The Ways and Means Committee of Congress. Personally I had no trouble in delivering my speech, but I was surprised and shocked to note the evident desire of some of the members of Congress to ridicule delegates, and try to vitiate their arguments by impertinent questions and impudent comments. One "honorable" gentleman indeed leaned back in his chair and informed a speaker who had got the better of the discussion that he must not talk so to the Committee of Ways and Means and least of all ask questions, emphasizing the statement that while delegates could be questioned they must not attempt to question! It was only another exhibition of the arrogance of men in position, but hardly to be expected of Congressmen. They should never forget that they are only *servants*—the people are the rulers and their masters, because their creators—and this applies to every man in office from the watchman of a Government store to the tenant of the White House. As in other countries, the most courteous officials are generally those highest in power, so the most insolent are the flies that have crept from a dung-heap to "hold down" some petty post.

and there are authentic cases in abundance where foot-pads between dusk and dawn have robbed and maimed and murdered within the boundaries of the town. In the number of drunken men and women to be seen staggering through the streets it reminded me more of Glasgow than any other American city. One of the outstanding features of Chicago is the great display by outdoor speakers to be heard holding forth nightly in the leading thoroughfares until the wee sma' hours of the morning. It is only paralleled by the freak and fakir exhibit of a first-class county fair. Here is a preacher denouncing all churches, while another agrees to prove anything from the Bible.* At one corner a quack doctor puffs up his wonderful nostrums, and at another a faithful son of Erin undertakes to defend the Mother Church against all comers. Astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, with tricksters of every shade and degree have no trouble in collecting large audiences. Sometimes discussions are precipitated that end in free fights and free trips to the station-house, but as a rule anything is listened to with great tolerance. Here, too, in the open air, while policemen loitered with the crowds, I heard attempts at speech-making that ran the whole gamut of lawlessness from so-called "philosophical anarchy" to red-flagged Nihilism that not infrequently ends with the bullet and the bomb.† Between the unrestricted dissemination of such vicious doctrines, the wanton abuse of power by the large syndicates, and the unblushing, unpunished corruption so prevalent at our political elections I sadly fear America has troublous times ahead of her in the near future;

* This gentleman on a challenge to quote anything relating to "Trusts" gave the story of Joseph's wheat "corner" in Egypt, and showed that in spite of this "crime of the eighteenth century" (B. C.), he was signally rewarded and blessed by Jehovah.

† Part of this article was published in *The Examiner* of Lancaster, Pa., and before the types were cold the world was horrified by the assassination of McKinley.

and it is a doubtful question which form of ruin will the sooner result in national chaos. Strange as it may seem, history will show that while monarchies can weather such open and insidious enemies they have carried down to destruction all the republics of the past without a single exception. To my mind monopolistic combines, boodle politicians and anarchistic societies are equally dangerous, and are all working hard, from different points, for the ruin of the United States.

The "star" attraction of Chicago on my last visit was my countryman John Alexander Dowie, who desires to be known as "Elijah III." In this he is only copying after a German fanatic who flourished in the early days of the Reformation, but he seems "original" enough to his followers to make "Dowieism" in their estimation second only to "Christism." The modern prophet has a good deal of the "Get there Eli" spirit, and successfully unites business with his Bible interpretations. I paid a visit to "Zion," and felt well rewarded for the time spent in Dowie's tabernacle. The walls of the church were covered with crutches, bandages, canes and all such souvenirs of people who claim to have been cured by "Divine Healing" "per J. A. D." Every disease and complaint known to humanity seemed to be represented, and when "Elijah's" wings sprout a little longer he will commence raising people from the dead. He is booked for a crusade against wicked New York this fall, and according to some "he is to invade the temples of the money-changers, and drive the gamblers of Wall Street out of Gotham." Several thousand followers will accompany him and it is also reported that "he and his cohorts are determined to come to the rescue of many multi-millionaire Christians who would be glad to die rich but do not know how."

Prophet Dowie shows his Scotch wit in the name he

selected for his model city. He calls it "Ben Macdhui," which is a *canting* reference to his own name, the vernacular pronunciation of "Dowie" being "dooie." But "dhui" signifies "black," and a "dooie" is "a little pigeon." "Dowie" means "sad, sickly," so, considering what the High Priest of Christian Healing stands for, the word carries both bane and antidote! It is also claimed for our modern John of Brienne that he is related to Admiral Dewey, and that his reverence has a new "Dowie" Bible in the press! When in his church I heard several "Zionists" give their "testimony," describing in detail miraculous cures by the Dowie methods. In front of me sat a couple of ladies, one young and pretty and the other old and deaf. A deaconess in charge of a Dowie "children's home" was giving her experiences. My elderly neighbor only caught an occasional sentence, but evidently got it into her head that the deaconess was the mother of all the children, as I heard a whispered "How many she must have!" to the giggling beauty by her side. A little later on the speaker said: "Yes, my friends, and this one is now as well as any one of my whole flock, and (raising her voice) I have now sixty-seven of them." "Did you ever hear the like of that?" said the deaf old lady. "She says she is the mother of sixty-seven!" and not waiting for any more enlightenment she grabbed up her umbrella, clutched her companion by the arm, and indignantly marched out.

NIAGARA FALLS.

It seems a more wonderful place every visit. For any one with limited time nothing can equal a round-trip on the Rocky Gorge trolley-car. It takes two good hours to make the journey, but its impressions will last a life-time, and I believe justify the claim that it is "the most magnificent scenic trip in the universe."

Niagara will always be indescribable. It simply is, and any attempt to do it justice only shows the weakness of the writer and the poverty of our language. Perhaps if one were to camp by the Falls for a whole year he might absorb something of their grandeur and their glamour, their power, their majesty and their glory. To look up at them or to look down on them is thrilling enough, but to draw close to them and watch them where the water turns over at the level of the eye is to see the incarnation of beauty and sublimity. The rapids are in some respects as marvellous as the falls, and equally fascinating. At first a disappointment, they grow on one until their movement and their music find a lodgment in the brain never to be wholly eradicated—typifying in concrete form the solemn dirge of time in its ceaseless flow from eternity to eternity.

KANSAS CITY.

Up to the present writing Kansas City marks the extreme limit of my travels westward. It is noted for many things, but somehow its association with the Jesse James boys will always persist in obtruding. Although not in my line of reading I had heard of the Jesse James books long before I saw the town, and I had not been but a short time there when I was taken to “a Jesse James cigar store,” said to be managed by “a genuine Jesse James boy”—in fact one of themselves! He was then under suspicion of being implicated in a train-robbery, this style of hold-up being the kind of amusement the “J. J. boys” have made peculiarly their own. The “old man” was also pointed out to me, and a harmless enough looking soul he seemed, but one can never pass final judgment on first appearances.

Kansas City has an atmosphere entirely different from our eastern towns, being even breezier than bus-

ting Chicago or stately St. Louis. The people of Kansas City are hospitable, quick to discern and prompt to act. Their town is big already, but struck me as a very much bigger place in the making. Although liable to damage from floods, it is well situated for rapid expansion, and is bound to be a great metropolis. Its citizens live well, denying themselves none of the comforts and luxuries of modern civilization. I mention this explicitly because I have met many readers and even travellers of intelligence who were under the impression that Kansas City was only a collection of dry goods boxes on a bluff inhabited by a set of semi-civilized cowboys and Indians with the tail-ends of the Eastern States.

THE WARM SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

Bath County, Virginia, is noted for its fine mountain scenery and remarkable springs. Hot Springs can be reached by rail, but the still more famed Warm Springs are five miles farther up the mountains. Part of the largest building at Warm Springs has been used as a hotel for over a hundred and twenty years, and seems good yet for quite as long a term. The resort has been patronized by the aristocracy of the South for generations, and the registers and account books are still shown containing the entries for such distinguished guests as Washington, Jefferson, Madison and many other names of the fathers of the Republic. At Warm Springs one can make the acquaintance of genuine old-fashioned Virginia cooking, and get into the atmosphere of a first-class southern home. The "help" of the place is all "colored," and many of the darkies have grown gray in the service. Their "old-time concerts" are among the most interesting events of the season. The place is still largely favored by the best families of the South and West, and when I was there had quite a

sprinkling of notables among its patrons. "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and Miss Mary Johnston, the novelist, were all to be seen on the porch at one time. But the miracles and marvels of the place are, of course, the Warm Springs themselves. The scientific explanation of these springs is that they have their source over an extinct or dormant volcano. There are two large enclosed pools—one for the men and one for the women—and for once at least the ladies get the better. The water is of great volume, of bluish transparency, and is continually bubbling and sparkling like champagne. Its natural temperature is 98 degrees, and anything more luxurious or refreshing I have never experienced. That it is an unapproachable specific for all kinds of nervous troubles can readily be believed when even one bath is found to be beneficial. Near by are cold springs, and in the neighborhood are sweet springs and sulphur springs and every other variety of springs known to the dictionary, so there was a special significance in naming the territory "Bath" County.

FLAG ROCK AND TAP O' NOTH.

Flag Rock is the highest point in the neighborhood of Warm Springs, Virginia, U. S. A., and on a clear day commands a view of one hundred miles. I climbed it easily in half an hour on a hot August forenoon, and felt well rewarded for my exertions. It seemed to be the very peak from which the devil tried to tempt Christ, for I am sure such a panorama as was there unfolded is nowhere to be found in all Palestine or on the entire Eastern hemisphere. It is not its height that gives it such importance; but its commanding position with the clear atmosphere and the bewildering variety of hill and dale, farm and city, wood and river, railroad and mountain path, to be seen in every direction from

its stone-surmounted top, makes it the grandest look-out it has ever been my good fortune to be on. I am half-ashamed to be disloyal to my own "Aberdeenshire Tap o' Noth," but "truth will stand when a' thing's failin'," and I must yield the palm to Flag Rock, Virginia, until I scale a better hill.

FRESH MATTER ABOUT BURNS.

Over and over again the statement has been made that Burns has never been appreciated in Dumfries as he should be, considering how much the place owes to his genius. So far as I could see during my short stay in 1902 the charge is certainly groundless. It was "Burns" everywhere, and not a blind unreasoning worship, but the admiration of friends who were also critics and knew the poet's writings from his first to his last song. At the same time one cannot be blamed for wishing that some of the Dumfries Burns clubs, or individual scholars, had long ere this paid some attention to looking up more closely the private libraries in their neighborhood where with any plausibility there might be in existence unknown or unprinted writings of Burns. By the merest chance I was led to visit Colonel de Peyster's old home at "Mavis-grove," on a private mission and was astounded to find myself transported back to the era of Burns, into the very rooms that he had often graced, and permitted to examine the books among which he had browsed when the guest of his rhyming brother and commanding officer. The library had been waiting my coming for over a hundred years, and after a round-about journey of more than 6,000 miles! Without any hesitation or delay I gave to the Dumfries newspapers a partial account of my discoveries,* thereby hoping to incite the local scholars to follow up my visit, and believing that with more leisure they could accomplish better results. Whether or not any one has done so is unknown to me, and I rather fear the opportunity pointed out has been allowed to pass unimproved. "Mavisgrove" should not

* See page 434.



MAYIS GROVE.
Residence of Col. Arant Schuyler de Peyster, B. A. Dunfries, Scotland.

be the only old mansion near Dumfries where new Burnsiana might be found. The noting of de Peyster books which Burns had undoubtedly handled and annotated was surely interesting enough as far as it went, but of more importance—as now for the first time told—was the securing of a small collection of manuscripts, not in the handwriting of Burns, but containing, I feel sure, several unpublished poems by him.* The following piece is endorsed “*This is by Burns,*” and bears internal evidence of being his composition. Robert Aiken was the gentleman to whom the poet dedicated his “Cottar’s Saturday Night.” He also figures as his “Orator Bob,” and we know he subscribed for over 140 copies of the first or Kilmarnock edition of Burns’s poems—about a fourth of the whole issue! Aiken’s son was the “Andrew, lad” of the poet’s magnificent “Epistle to a Young Friend.” The last stanza of the present poem seems to be a foreshadowing of the poet’s death-bed remark to his wife.

“ROBERT AIKEN”

“Assist me Coila while I sing
 The virtues o’ a crony
 That in the blessings friendships bring
 Has ne’er been match’d by mony.

* The best piece is unfortunately in too profane a vein for general circulation. It is a satire of twenty-one Sempiltonian stanzas, purporting to be a reply to David Sillar, who (in two verses, also quoted) had rebuked Burns for his frequent flippant rhyming references to King David the Psalmist, and shows R. B. on his Biblical and bardic mettle with crushing effect. Each verse to Sillar terminates with the refrain “*Look up and See,*” which is also the title of the daring Epistle. From its reference to “Goudie,” and from other allusions, the period of composition must have been about 1786. Several expert Burns students to whom this satire has been submitted concur with me in saying it is unquestionably a characteristic product of the Ayrshire poet’s racy pen. I have had a few copies printed for private circulation to be distributed among “the faithful,” on request, until the small edition is exhausted.

And wha's the man sic laud to gain?—
There can be nae mistakin',
As if there could be mair than ane—
Step forrat Robert Aiken!

“When I had neither poun' nor plack
To rub on ane anither;
When hope's horizon seemed as black
As midnight a'-the-gither:
When chased and challenged by the law
My he'rt was aften quakin',
Wha stude my steady fiere for a'?—
O, wha but Robert Aiken!

“When he and she baith young and auld
Were bent on my undoin'
And tried by lees and scandals bauld
To drive me clean to ruin:
Wha never aince withdrew his smile,
Or listened to the claikin'?—
Ah, he's a frien' that's worth the while,
A man like Robert Aiken!

“When first I tried my rustic pen
In little bits o' rhymin'
Wha introduced me but and ben
And helped me in my climbin'?
Wha advertised abroad my name,
'A minstrel in the makin','
Wha fairly read me into fame,
But Lawyer Robert Aiken!

“And when wi' muckle qualms I socht
To get my poems printed,
While mony 'frien's' nae copies bocht
And some, their orders stinted:
Wha by the dizzen and the score
The names to me was rakin'?—
The King o' a' the buyin' corps
Was surely Robert Aiken!

"The time will come when I'll be deemed
 A poet grander, greater,
 Than ever prophesied or dreamed
 The loodest, proodest prater.
 Then let this fact be published too
 That at the bard's awakin'
 The truest, kindest friend he knew
 Was honest Robert Aiken!"

Another item of the "Mavisgrove manuscripts" is a song signed "JOHNNIE FAA," but entitled "*Song by Burns*," the subject being "Elibanks and Elibraes." I have a vague recollection of seeing a song with this heading in the compilation that goes by the name of "The Merry Muses of Caledonia"—a trashy, little, bastard book that has for long been wrongly fathered on Burns. In one of the poet's letters, too, he refers to a futile attempt to write decent verses to the tune. It is possible that he returned to the theme—as he often did in such cases—and the following may be the result of another trial. He has assuredly written worse verses, and just as truly many better. So far as I know this is their first appearance in print.

"SONG BY BURNS.

"O, Elibanks and Elibraes
 It was but aince I saw ye
 But a' my days I'll sing your praise
 Whaeveer may misca' ye.
 Your trees were in their freshest bloom,
 Your birds were singin' cheery
 When through your wavin' yellow broom
 I wander'd wi' my dearie!

"How sweet the siller mornin' sped
 In cheerful contemplation!
 How fast the gowden gloamin' fled
 In loving conversation!

Noo doon the bank and up the brae
 How could I ever weary
 In sic a place on sic a day
 Wi' sic a bonnie dearie!

“O, Elibanks and Elibraes,
 Aye pleasant be your waters!
 May a' your sons hae winning ways,
 And lovely be your daughters!
 My life to me maun surely be
 Existence dull and dreary
 If I forget the day we met
 When I was wi' my dearie!

“JOHNNIE FAA.”

Among the scraps there is an “Address to Burns” by Colonel de Peyster which is quoted in Vol. I., p. 60, of the “De Peyster Miscellanies” referred to on page 435 of this book. There is also a piece initialed “R. B.” and docketed “From the Poet,” bearing the title—

“TO MR. GOW VISITING IN DUMFRIES.”

I quote it in full:

(AIR—TULLOCHGORUM.)

“Thrice welcome, King o' Rant and Reel!
 Whaur is the bard to Scotia leal
 Wha wadna sing o' sic a chiel
 And sic a glorious fiddle!
 It's but a weary warl' at best,
 Wauf an' weary—aften dreary—
 It's but a weary warl' at best,
 A wauf and weary widdle!
 It's but a weary warl' at best,
 Gang north or sooth or east or west,
 But we will never mak' protest
 When near you and your fiddle!

"Let prosy parsons pray and preach
 And wise professors try to teach
 The secrets far beyond their reach
 As Stradivari's fiddle!
 We'll leave them to themsel's to read
 Things sae vexin'—and perplexin'—
 We'll leave them to themsel's to read
 Life's cabalistic riddle!—
 We'll leave them to themsel's to read
 To spin their scheme and mak' their creed;
 Come, screw your pins and gie's a screed
 Frae your unrivall'd fiddle!

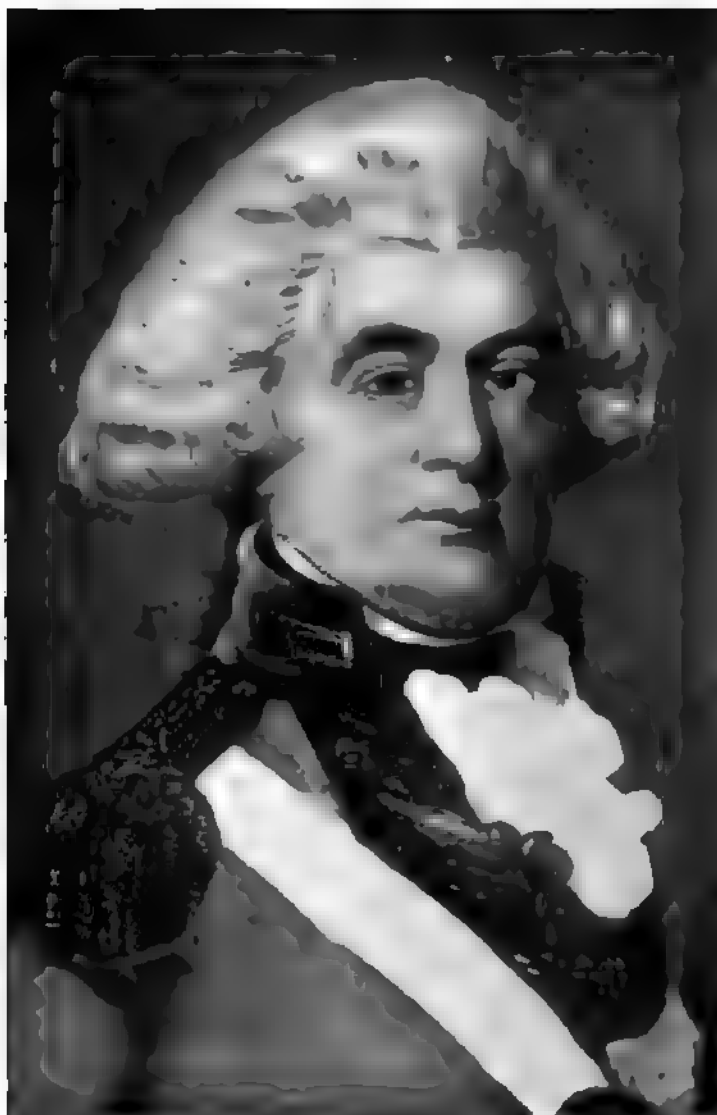
"Nae fabled wizard's wand, I trow
 Had e'er the magic airt o' Gow
 When wi' a wave he draws his bow
 Across his wondrous fiddle!
 Sic fays and fairies come and dance—
 Lightly tripping—hopping, skipping—
 Sic fays and fairies come and dance,—
 Their maister in the middle!
 Sic fays and fairies come and dance,
 So gently glide and spryly prance,
 And noo retreat and noo advance,
 When he strikes up his fiddle!

"In brisk strathspey or plaintive air
 What rival can wi' you compare?
 O, wha could think a hank o' hair
 Could thus transform a fiddle?
 What are the notes o' lyre or lute—
 Wizzent, wheezy—slim and sleezy—
 What are the notes o' lyre or lute?—
 Inconsequential diddle!
 What are the notes o' lyre or lute
 O' pipe, piano, fife or flute
 Wi' a' that ye can execute,
 On your enchanting fiddle!

“Wha doesna joy to hear the ring
 O’ ilka bonny lilt and spring
 That ye frae recollection bring
 And wheedle through your fiddle!
 The sumph that wadna praises gie
 Siccan measures—siccan pleasures—
 The sumph that wadna praises gie—
 I’d toast him on a griddle!
 The sumph that wadna praises gie
 A soulless clod maun surely be;
 A chiel should never hae to dee
 That half like you can fiddle!

“R. B.”

From the other siftings I finally select a lyric that almost seems an echo of “Wilt thou be my dearie?” Colonel de Peyster, as has been said, was himself an assiduous cultivator of the Muses and wrote frequently in the vernacular. He certainly was a superior poet to Robert Riddell, or Mrs. Dunlop, or the Guidwife of Wauchope House, but it would have been the most natural thing for him to exchange verses with Burns, and to preserve carefully all communications from the Nith-side Laureate. So this is probably a Burns song also. The wonder of wonders to me is that the Mavisgrove library and archives have been so long overlooked by Burns students, but it is perhaps not too late yet to make a systematic examination of the papers admitted to be there. Burns manuscripts are not so valuable as Shakespeare autographs, but they are yet of sufficient importance to be worth their weight in gold, and to bring to light any new or unknown poems by Burns should be second only to announce that he was risen from the grave, again to charm and cheer us with his matchless lyre. As the following verses are neither signed nor endorsed, I have placed them last in this presentation.



ARENT SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER

British Governor at Michilimackinac and Detroit, Michigan, 1776—1785. Colonel of the 8th
"King's Regiment Foot," oldest Line Regiment in the British Army.
Born in New York 27th June, 1736. Died suddenly 26th November, 1824,
at Dumfries, Scotland

"SONG, EVER TO BE NEAR YE!

Tune—"The Sutor's Dochter."

"Ever to be near ye!
Whaur ye bide or whaur ye stray,
To comfort and to cheer ye!
Be your fortune what it may,
Hearken noo and hear ye:
I'd be happy nicht and day
Ever to be near ye;
Happy I'd be nicht and day
Ever to be near ye!

"Ever to be near ye!
Neither rocks nor currents rife
Ever need to fear ye
Frae the stress and frae the strife
Couthiely I'll steer ye,—
Thro' the stormy sea o' life,
Ever to be near ye! etc.

"Ever to be near ye!
Good and bonny as ye are
Wha could nae revere ye?
In your circle or afar
Nane there is to peer ye:—
O, for better or for waur
Ever to be near ye!
O, for better or for waur,
Ever to be near ye!"

